STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
No
PLATTEVILLE, WIS.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1888. No. 2.

RIVERS AND VALLEYS.

By N. S. Shaler.

THE greater part of the facts with which geologists have to deal possess for the general public a recondite character. They concern things which are not within the limits of familiar experience. In treating of them, the science uses a language of its own, an *argot* as special as that of the anatomist or the metaphysician. There is, however, one branch of the subject the matter of which demands no special knowledge for its understanding, viz.: the surface of the earth. At first, geologists were little inclined to deal with the part of their field which is visited by the sun. Gradually, however, they have come to see that this outer face of the earth is not only a kindlier but a more legible part of the great stone book, and they have made a division of their work which they entitle Surface Geology. In this division they include all that is evident to the untrained understanding, the contour of land and of sea floor, the aspects of shores, the conditions of soil, etc. Under the head of Rivers and Valleys we propose to consider one division of this simple but ample division of geologic science.

If the reader wishes to begin a series of studies of an unprofessional character which will lead him to some of the most important fields of knowledge which the earth's science can open to him, he cannot do better than find his way to his subject through a river-valley. There are many advantages offered to him in beginning his inquiries in this pleasant way. In the first place, the outward aspect of the phenomena with which he has to deal is already familiar to him. We can all recall to mind some of these troughs of the earth through which flows a stream, be it mountain-torrent, brook, or river. The steep or gentle slopes of the valley toward the agent which has constructed it, the flowing water, as well as many of the important actions of the stream in its times of flood or in its cataracts, are also familiar. In fact, there is not a feature or a phenomenon visible in the valley which has not a popular name, indicating that it is a matter of common and unrecondite observation. Whoever will follow an ordinary stream from its sources to the sea in such a journey as he may make in a few days' travelling, and will avail himself of its teachings, with the aid of the simplest understandings derived from a knowledge of physical laws, will obtain a clue to a very large part of the earth's machinery.

To see the actual beginning of the river under the conditions which are best for our inquiry, we must observe the surface at some point on the dividing line between two streams where they head together, near the crest of a mountain, in a time of rain. All that is visible are the drops of rain which slip out of the leaden air and patter on the surface

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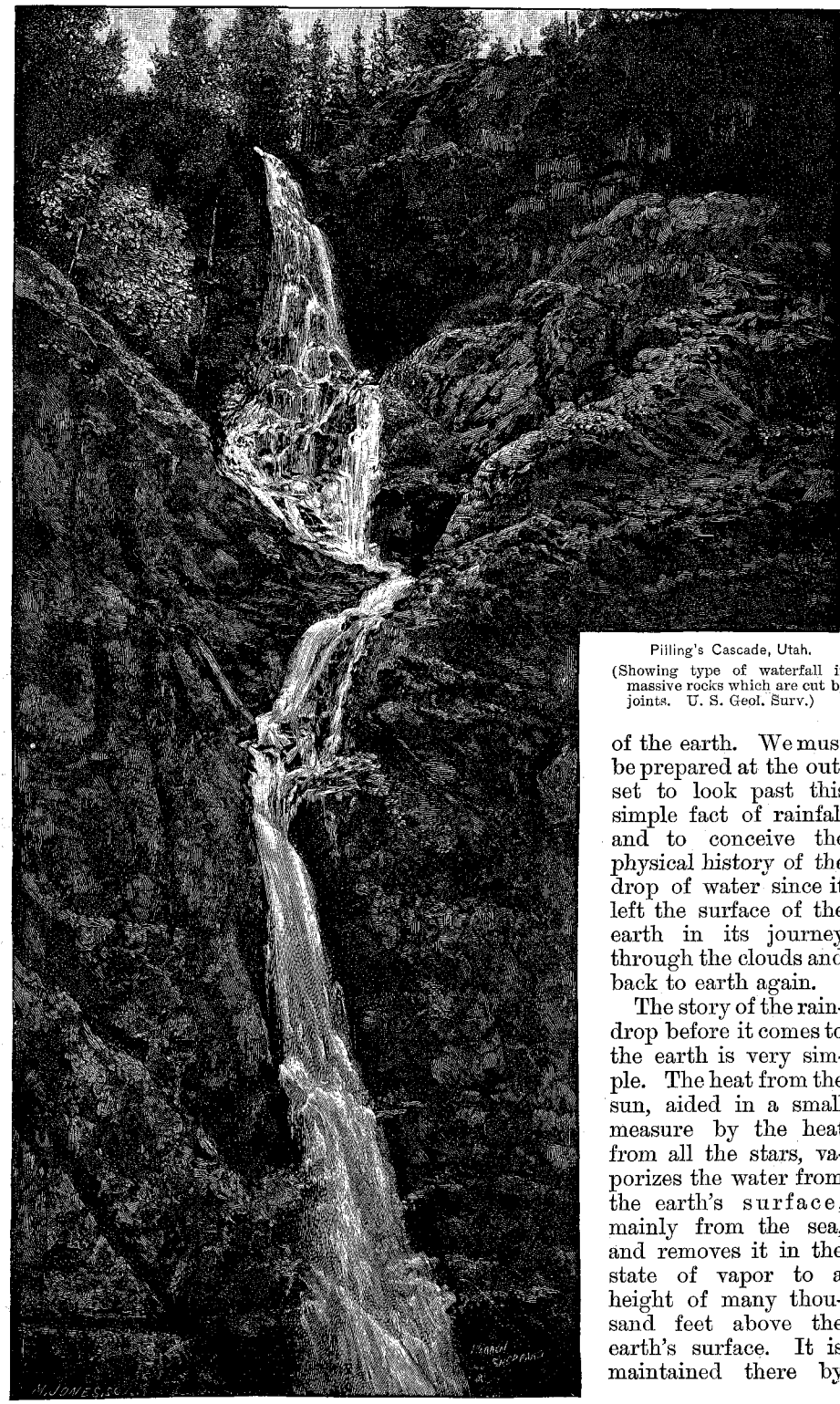

Pilling's Cascade, Utah.
(Showing type of waterfall in massive rocks which are cut by joints. U. S. Geol. Surv.)

of the earth. We must be prepared at the outset to look past this simple fact of rainfall and to conceive the physical history of the drop of water since it left the surface of the earth in its journey through the clouds and back to earth again.

The story of the raindrop before it comes to the earth is very simple. The heat from the sun, aided in a small measure by the heat from all the stars, vaporizes the water from the earth's surface, mainly from the sea, and removes it in the state of vapor to a height of many thousand feet above the earth's surface. It is maintained there by

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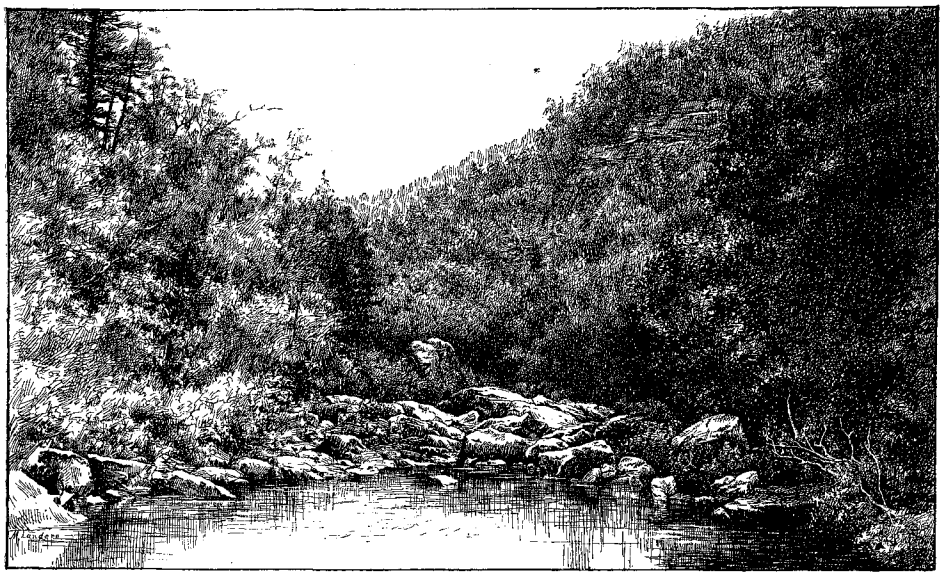
the heat which it has absorbed, and thus the main spring of the rain is in the sun. After abiding awhile in the upper regions of the atmosphere, by some of the many chances which beset the clouds, the vapor is cooled; it condenses from the loss of heat and falls as rain or snow. The circumstances of our imaginary mountain top, if that summit be at a considerable height above the sea, favor the cooling of the cloud and therefore the precipitation of this rain. These uplands retain the cold of winter, and during night they pour forth their heat by radiation through the thin air, with more rapidity than the lower lands, which are covered beneath a thicker blanket of atmosphere.

When the drop of rain falls to the earth's surface, if it be of ordinary size, it gives a sensible blow. If that surface be covered with a thin layer of scattered sand-grains or small pebbles, we may observe that the bits of rock dance about and thus apply a little of the force which comes from the drop, to rub the stone on which they lie. At first, the water spreads over the earth's surface as a thin sheet, but as that surface is never perfectly level, it is, provided the rock be bare, quickly gathered into rivulets; or if it be covered with mosses, or the thin layer of porous soil common to mountain-tops, it may for a moment disappear from sight in the spongy mass; but a little farther down, we find that it is gathered in rivulets, which quickly join together, so that in descending even a hundred feet below the summit, in a time of rain, we find a number of shallow valleys, each occupied by a little rivulet. The union of these streams gives us one of more power, which may be taken as a typical mountain-torrent. We observe that such a stream descends with considerable rapidity; it is rare indeed that it does not have a fall of more than fifty feet to a mile. The rate of fall in steep-faced mountains often amounts to as much as five hundred feet in that distance. As soon as the stream is more than two or three feet wide and a foot in depth, we begin to see evidences of its energy. Even if the fall be but at the rate of fifty feet to the mile, we shall find that such a stream is able to urge forward with great violence masses of stone several inches in diameter. If we roll a stone the size of a man's head into the channel, it is swept along, bumping violently against the obstacles it encounters,



Torrent Bed in Eastern Kentucky.
(Showing channel embarrassed by masses of stone fallen from the sides of the valley.)

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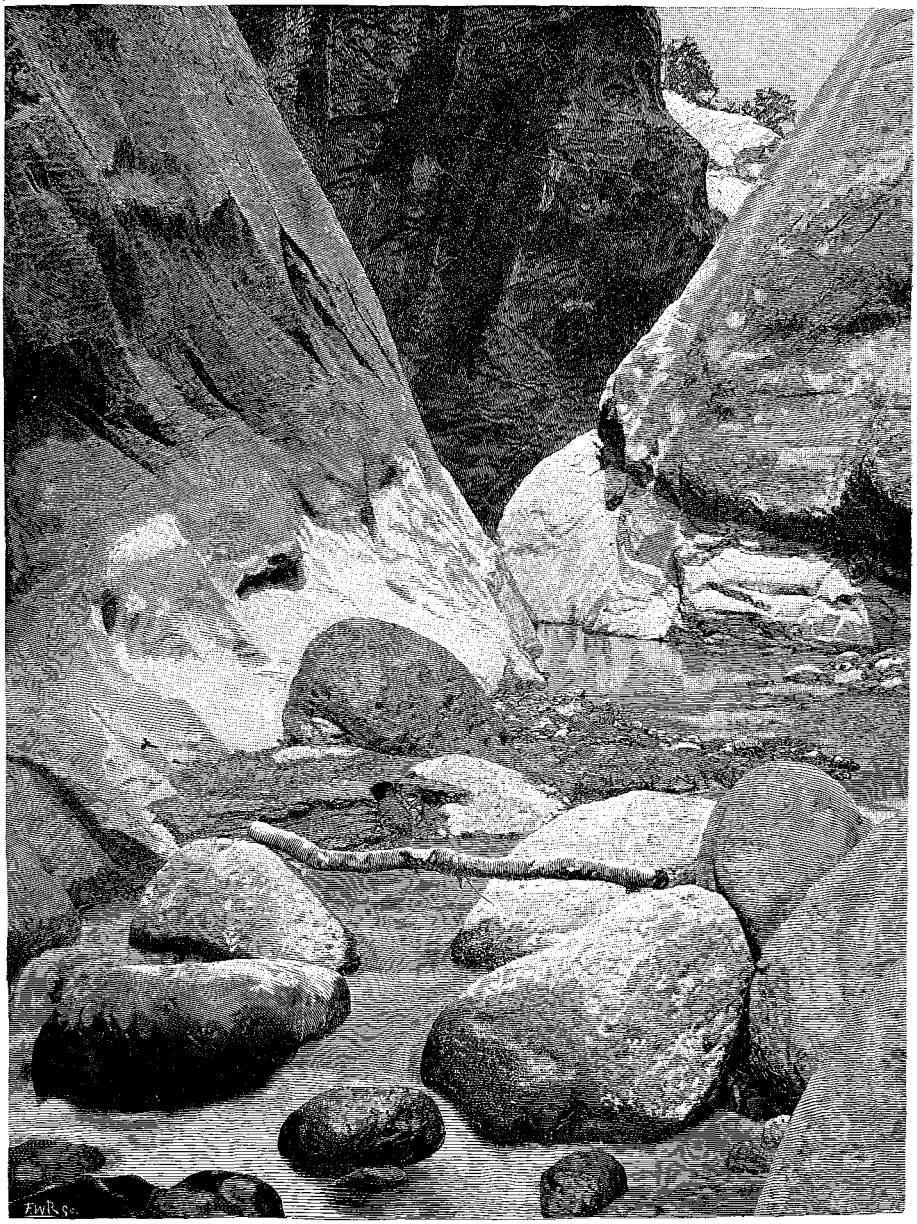

Stream Bed with Boulders Formed from Angular Masses Rolled in Times of Flood.

striking first one rock-bank and then another, until it becomes fixed in some crevice. If, after the pebble has journeyed for a few hundred feet, we recover it from the stream, it is often easy to note the dents on its surface, produced by the collisions on its journey. In most cases there has been a corresponding blow and an equal wearing inflicted on the firm rocks against which it collided.

A little observation with streams having different rates of fall will show the observer that the ease with which a stone is urged onward, and the size of those which a stream of given vol-

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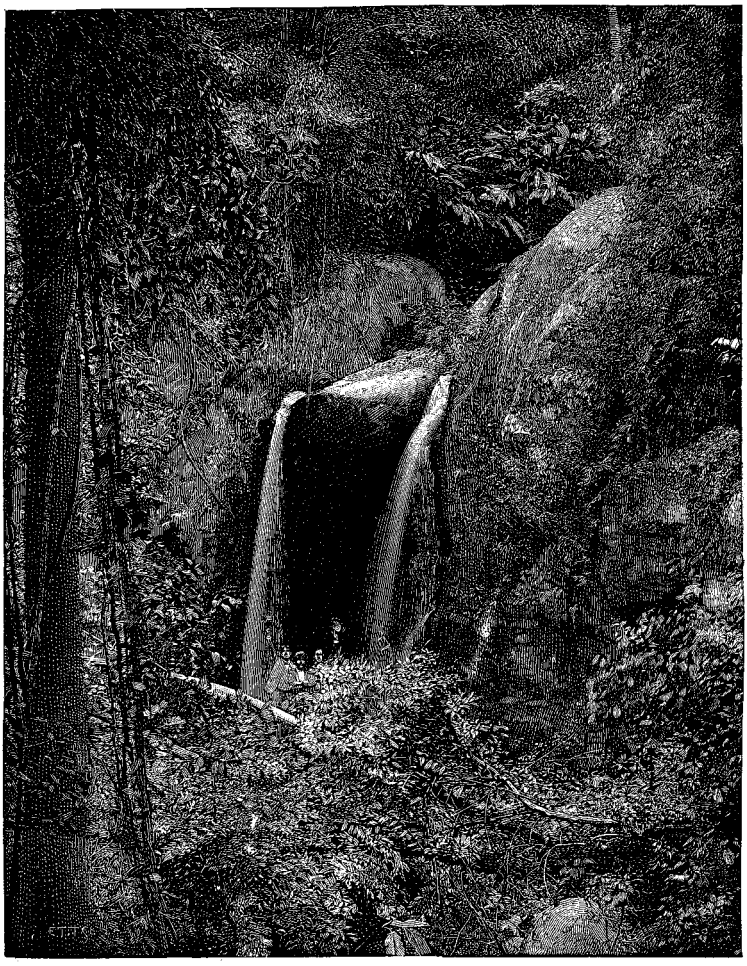
ume can carry depends in a remarkable way on the rate of its descent toward the sea level, and therefore on the velocity with which its waters flow. Computation and experience have shown that this increase in speed is proportionate at least to the cube, or third power, of the velocity with which the current flows. One distinguished student of this hydraulic problem has come to the conclusion that the increase of the propulsive power of the stream upon the fragments which it encounters increases as the sixth power of its speed. It is not worth while for us to pause in our imaginary journey to consider whether the third power or the sixth be the rate at which the efficiency in the carrying power of the stream increases with its speedier flow. It is enough for us to know that the stream, with very slight increase in its velocity, is able to carry a very much larger stone than it could before its speed was increased.



Cascada de la Sirena, near La Guayra, Venezuela
(Showing stream divided by following joint planes.)

The sides of these mountain torrents are generally steep. It is rare indeed that the slopes which lead to them are much less inclined than the roofs of ordinary houses. Over all the surface on either side of the torrent, frost and other agents of decay are constantly at work breaking out bits of stone or form-

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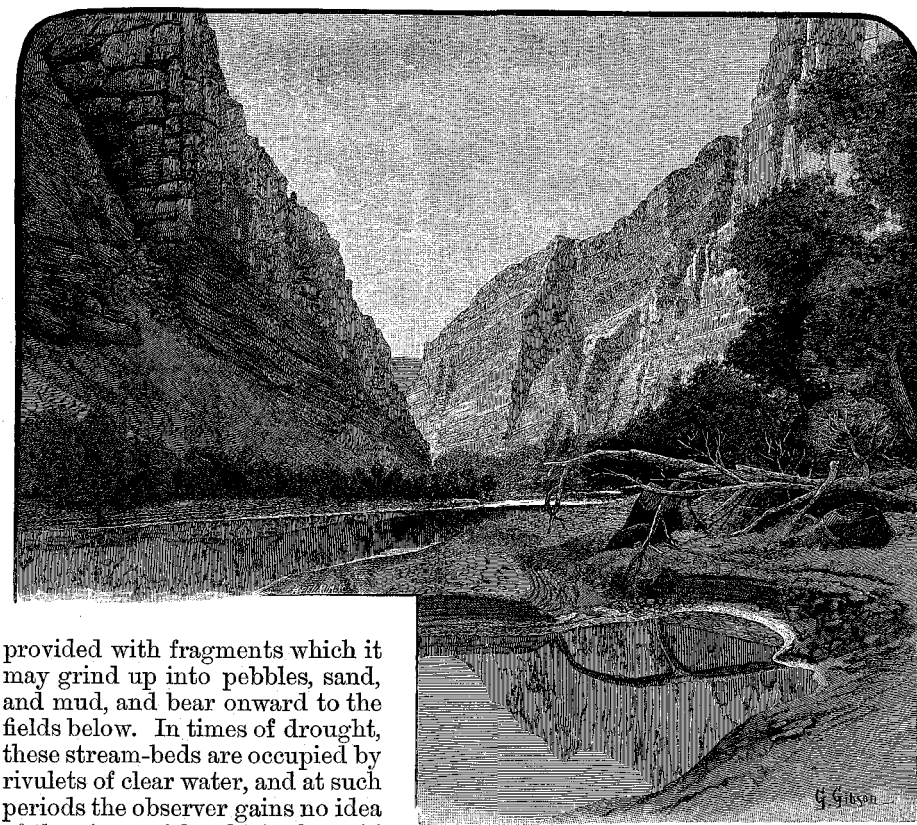
ing soil. This mass of broken-up rock is constantly slipping down the sides of the valley. Every time the winter frost seizes it, it expands a little, and is thus shoved downward; frequently, when soaked with water, great sheets of it slip swiftly, as mud-avalanches, into the stream. In this way the torrent is always provided with fragments which it may grind up into pebbles, sand, and mud, and bear onward to the fields below. In times of drought, these stream-beds are occupied by rivulets of clear water, and at such periods the observer gains no idea of the vigor with which the mill works; but in times of heavy rain he will find the water turbid with sediment made by the attrition of pebbles against the bordering walls of the stream and upon each other. He then sees whence come the sediments which are so important a feature in the lower portions of the river-system. From any commanding elevation in a mountain district, we may see scores or hundreds of those torrent-beds within one field of view. In periods of heavy rain, the roar arising from the moving stones is often a very striking feature.

Descending the channel of any of these mountain torrents, we find that after a few miles of course, though the brook steadily gains in volume by the contributions of tributary streams, it gradually diminishes the swiftness of its descent. At a certain point it ceases to bear onward all of the larger stones which come into its possession. These fragments gather upon the banks, forming a rude terrace. Still further down, where the slope is less considerable, the smaller pebbles are left behind, crowded into the interstices of the larger fragments. The terrace becomes more distinct, vegetation gathers upon it, and the waste of the plants forms a soil which partially levels off the surface. Further on, we come to the field where the annual overflow of the stream during the spring floods heaps a quantity of the sand and mud upon this foundation of coarser material; we then have the beginning of the alluvial terrace. At first



Valley Showing the Beginning of New Terraces, just Below the Torrential Portion of the Stream.

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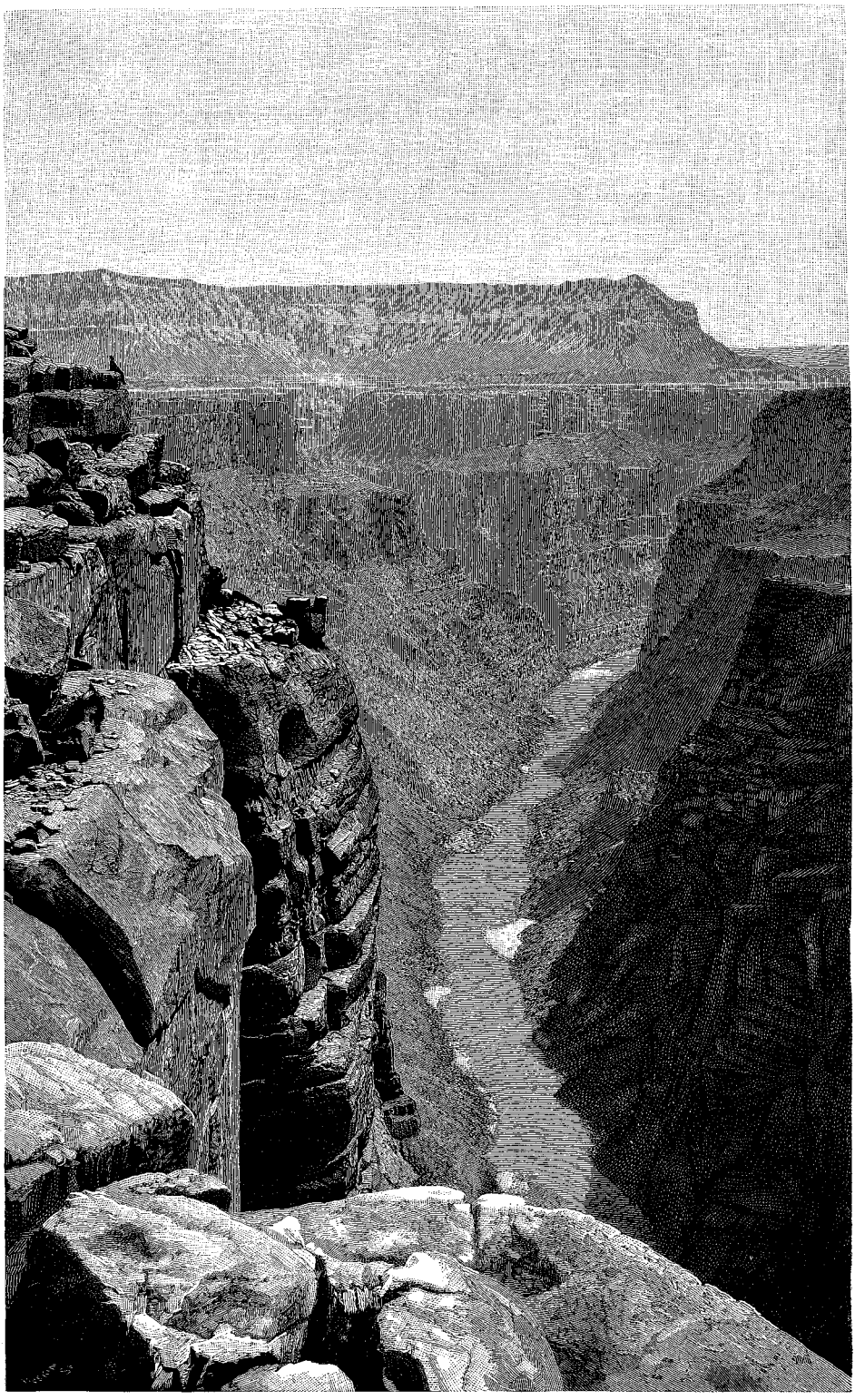

Cañon of the Colorado.
(The benches show the successive stages of down-cutting of the stream.)

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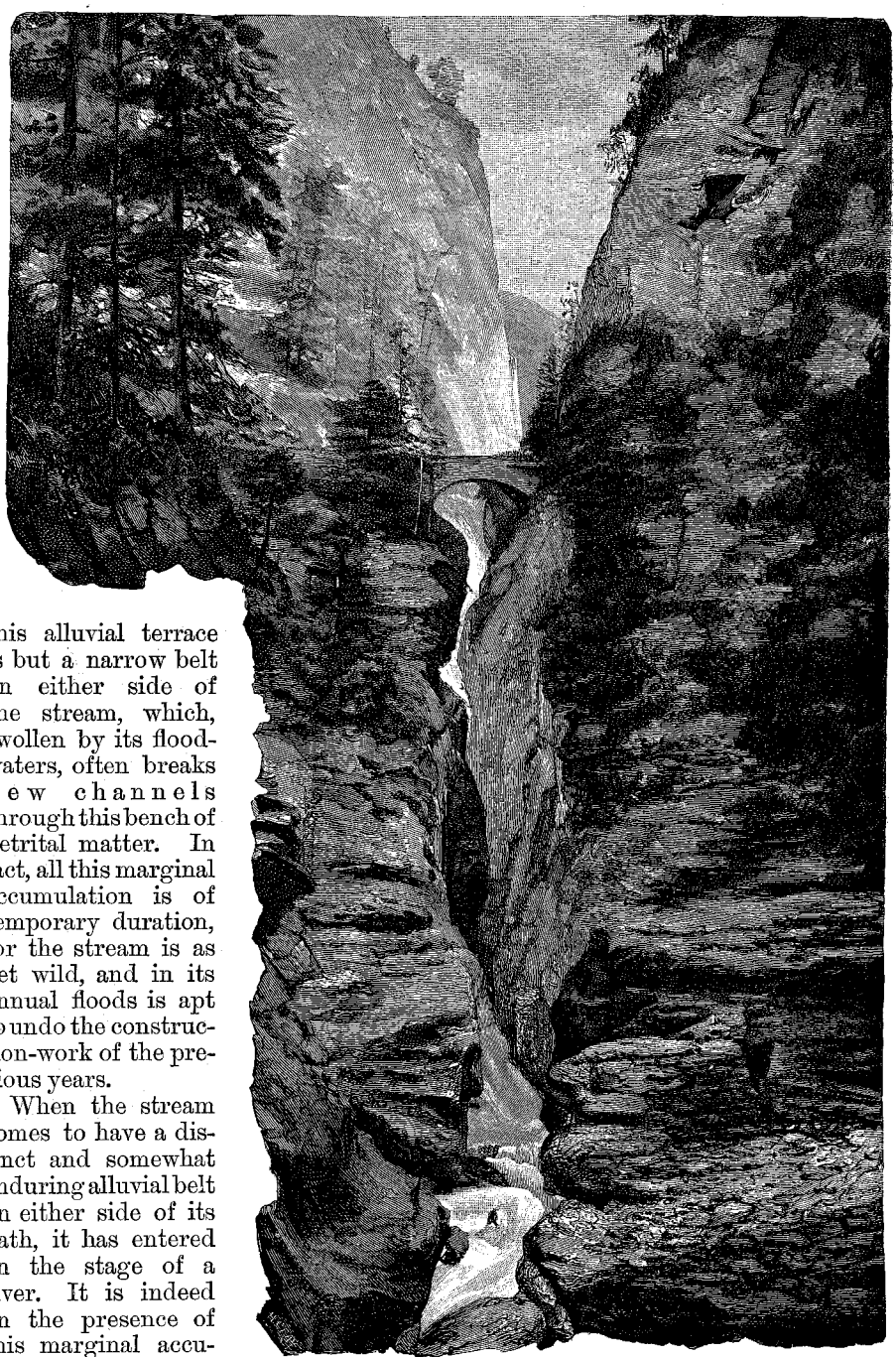

Cañon of the Via Mala, Switzerland.
(Showing the work done by a large torrent on rocks of close texture which are readily eroded by the stream.)

this alluvial terrace is but a narrow belt on either side of the stream, which, swollen by its flood-waters, often breaks new channels through this bench of detrital matter. In fact, all this marginal accumulation is of temporary duration, for the stream is as yet wild, and in its annual floods is apt to undo the construction-work of the previous years.

When the stream comes to have a distinct and somewhat enduring alluvial belt on either side of its path, it has entered on the stage of a river. It is indeed on the presence of this marginal accumulation that we most rest the distinction between a torrent and a river. From the place where the terraces begin to form, downward to the mouth of the stream, the conditions of its flow are vastly affected by its reactions upon this.

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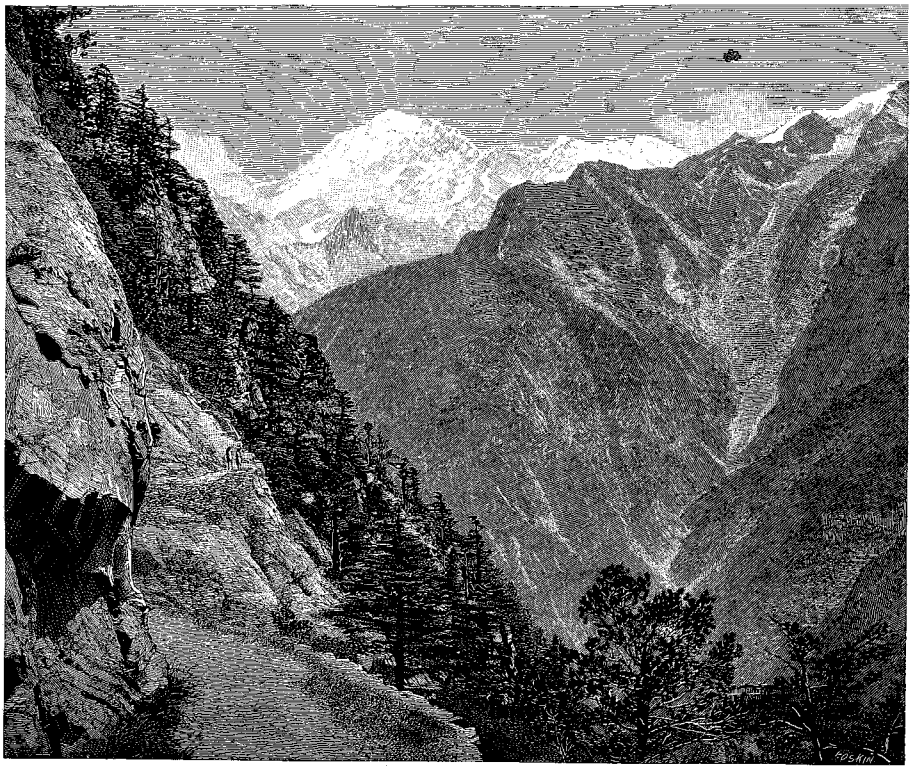
detrital matter. In most cases, with each mile of its descent the magnitude of these deposits increases. The alluvial lands stretch further and further on either side; the materials which compose them grow finer and finer as we descend in the valley, for the reason that with this descent the slope of the stream in most cases steadfastly diminishes and its ability to urge forward coarse sediments decreases in a rapid ratio.

this burden in the following manner: The motion of the stream is swiftest in its central parts, because, in most cases, the water is deepest in that part of its bed, and is therefore the least influenced by friction. On the sides of the stream where the water is shoal, the current is least swift; therefore in these marginal parts it constantly tends to lay down sediments. As soon as the alluvial terrace is formed, certain kinds of trees, particularly our willows and as-



View into a Mountain Gorge.

(Showing the distribution of the torrents of the upper part of the valley.)

The alluvial deposits which border our rivers owe their existence to the fact that the torrential head-waters, by their great velocity, bear forward, beyond the mountain districts, a large amount of materials which are of such a coarse nature that the larger but less powerful lower part of the stream cannot urge it onward to the sea. In all its journey to the ocean, the river is continually struggling with this detritus. It deals with

pens, find a lodgement upon it. They push their roots out into the nutritious mud and enmesh it in their net-work of fibres; they also send up from these roots a thick hedge of stems, in which the flood-waters lose their swiftness of motion and therefore drop their contained sediments. In the state of nature, all our American streams, and those of most other countries as well, are bordered by a close array of these plants, all

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Norwegian Fjord.
(Showing the form of a valley shaped by glacial action.)

of which are at work to win against the channel of the stream. But for the cutting power of the stream, they would quickly close its channel; as it is, they constantly crowd its waters within a narrow pathway.

Against the encroachments of the alluvial banks brought about by the action of the water-loving trees, the river prevails by fits and starts, under the action of a curious law which causes its current to rebound from bank to bank. The nature of this principle of rebounding can best be seen by observing the effect arising where a jetty is built at any point in the course of one of our larger rivers. As is shown in the diagram [p. 146], the jetty causes the water to bound away from its obstruction and to strike against the opposite shore. The crowding against the shore gives its current increased power; it will wrest away the alluvium from the grasp of the roots, and will then cut under the trees, causing considerable areas of forests to be precipitated into the waters and borne

Volcanic Necks in the Valley of the Puerco.
(Showing extent of erosion in the surrounding plateau; the sharp hills are the necks of old volcanoes; the cones of which have been worn away by the river action.)

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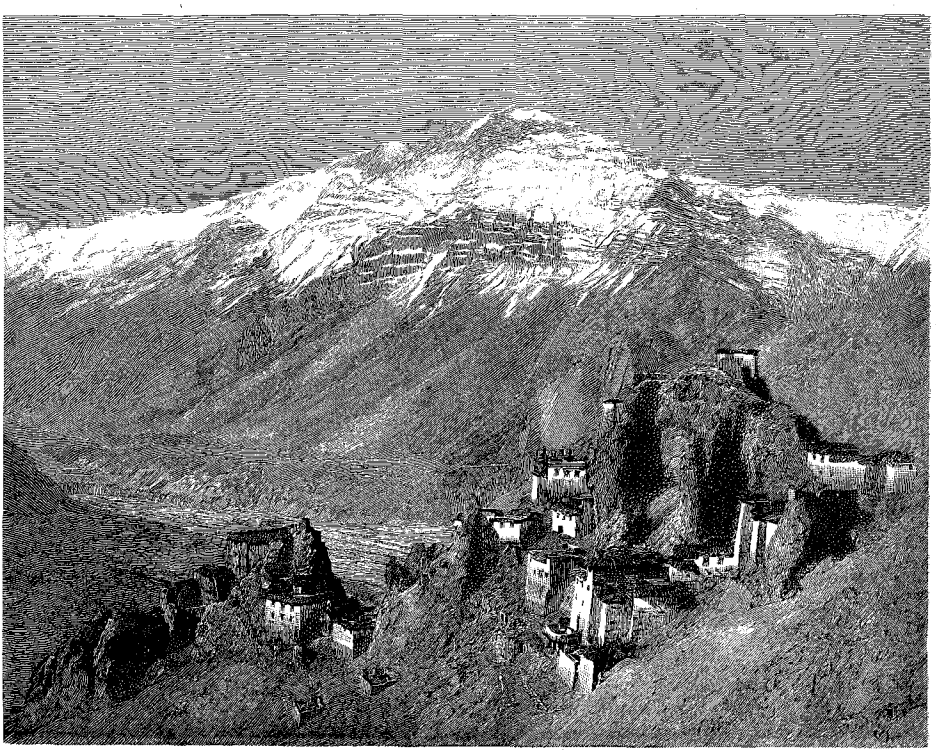
away to the sea. From the point of impact, the current will again rebound in a manner which will cause it, at a certain distance below, to strike against the opposite bank, where it will again make swift encroachment against the forest-protection. After this second assault, it will swing across to a lower point on the shore against which it first impinged, and so the oscillations from side to side will be propagated down stream, it may be for a hundred miles or more. A single jetty of this description, as it has been observed in the rivers of India, will affect the oscillations of the current for an indefinite distance downward in its course. That which is accomplished by artifice in an immediate manner is more slowly brought about by natural causes. Each tributary stream which enters the main channel commonly has a greater swiftness of current than the larger stream into which it flows. It therefore bears in a mass of pebbles and builds a natural jetty or bar at its mouth, thus gradually forcing the current of the larger stream against the opposite side, creating a bar there. It is furthermore to be noted, as is shown in the diagram, that between the points where the river impinges against the bank there is a space of dead water or eddying currents in which the forests find it easy to make head against the river and to extend the alluvial plain.

Thus, in the process of nature, it comes about that our rivers tend to build channels in their alluvial plains which are extremely devious in their course. If the alluvial plains be wide, the river is constantly forming great ox-bow-like curves, isthmuses with narrow peninsulas such as are often seen in the lower portions of the Mississippi Valley. Finally the narrow places which connected these promontories on the shore are cut through in some time of flood, the river finding a shorter way downward to the



Dunkar Spiti, India.

(Showing mountain wall, talus leading to valley, and stream embarrassed by débris.)

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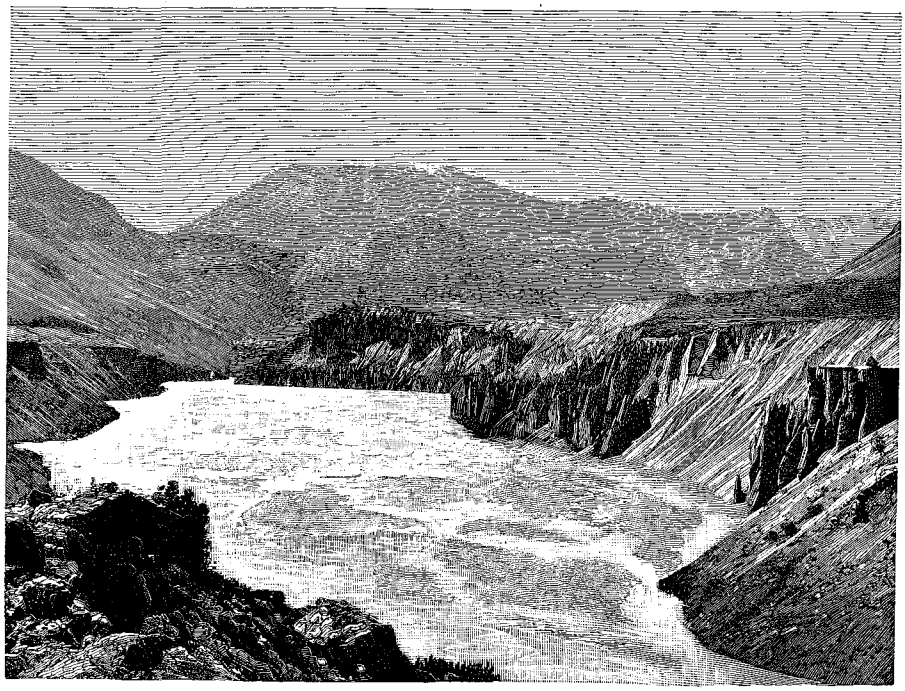

Showing Alluvial Terraces of Soft Material Rapidly Eroded by a River, which is Constructing what in Time will be a yet Lower Terrace.

sea, leaving its former circuit as a great pool, or moat, as it is called by the common folk along the banks of the Connecticut River.* It often happens in the lower Mississippi that the course of the river around the promontory of the ox-bow is ten or more miles in length while the space across the neck is less than a mile in distance. When the river finally breaks across the neck, the whole system of rebounds of its currents against the banks, from the point of change downward to the mouth, may become altered. The points which before were in process of erosion may become the seats of deposition, and those which previously were gaining may begin to wear away. In this manner a river, in time, wanders to and fro across its whole valley, taking material from one side, sorting it over, removing that part which is fine enough to be borne away by the current, and rebuilding the remainder into the alluvial plains.

We are now prepared to consider a very peculiar and most important function which these alluvial plains perform in the physical life of the earth. In such a valley as the Mississippi, we have probably not less than fifty thousand square miles of alluvial plains which have been formed of the waste removed from the rocks in the torrential portions of the streams in the mountain and hill districts of the valley. This alluvial material is, on the average, not less than fifty feet thick. It is therefore equivalent to about five hundred cubic miles of matter. Now, this great river carries out to sea about one-twentieth of a cubic mile of sediment each year. This sediment which goes into the sea is in small part directly derived from the action of the mountain torrents; in larger part, it is composed of waste taken from the alluvial plains by the wanderings of the various streams which constitute the Mississippi system of waters. It therefore

* This term "moat" deserves a place in our geological language, for the reason that it is a brief and expressive word for the topographic feature, ill-described in our present system of naming. Moreover it preserves, in an interesting way, a memory of mediæval conditions. The name was doubtless given because of the likeness which the early settlers saw between these circular ditch-like pools and the defences which, in the seventeenth century, were still familiar objects about many of the country houses in Great Britain. I shall therefore use the term in the present writing and hereafter in the sense above indicated.

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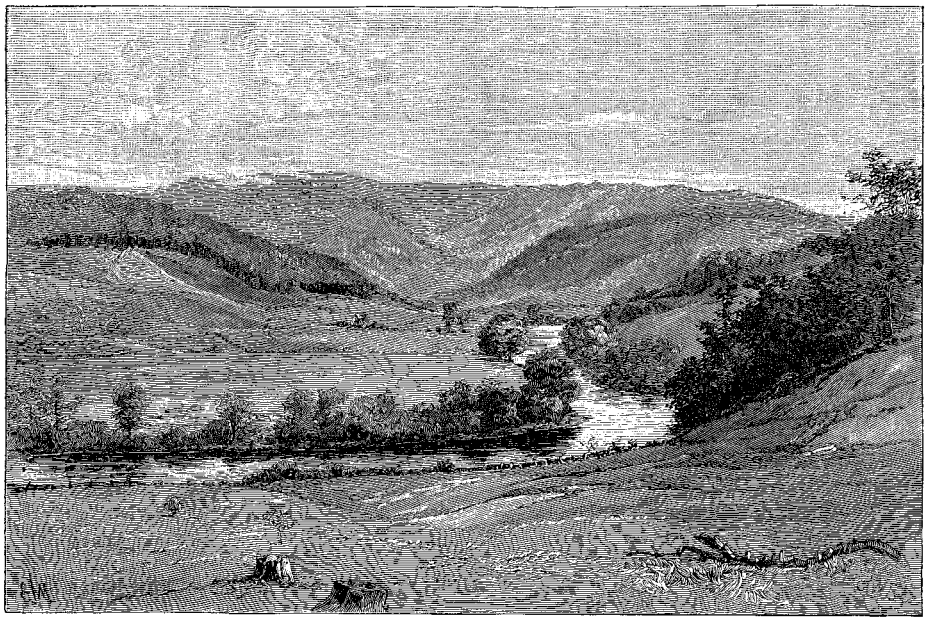
follows that the average time required for the sediment discharged from the mouth of the Mississippi to make its way from the head-waters to the sea is not less than ten thousand years. As soon as a pebble or other bit of rock is laid away in the alluvial terrace, it begins to decay; the vegetable acids which penetrate the mass in which it finds lodgement favor its disintegration. When it is turned over by the stream at the time of encroachment on its resting place, it probably falls to pieces, the finer bits are hurried onward by the stream, those too coarse for the current to control are again stored away in the bank to await further decay. In this manner the alluvial material lying on either side of rivers is a great storehouse, or rather we should say laboratory, in which sediments are divided and brought into a chemical condition which permits them to be taken into the control of the waters and borne away to the ocean, in order to become rebuilt into strata, which are in time, with the growth of the continents, to become dry land and be again subjected to this erosive work. Were it not for this system of alluvial storage and decay, the seas could not be supplied with the débris essential for the maintenance of the life which they contain; for that life, unlike the life of the land, does not depend on the soil of the ocean floors, but upon the dissolved matter contained in the water, from which the marine animals and plants take all their store of nutrition. This nutrition comes mainly from the land-waste brought to the sea in the state of solution by the streams, and, as we have just seen, the comminution and solution of this waste depends upon the work which goes on in the laboratories of the alluvial plains.

We have now seen the way in which the water operates upon the surface of the stream-beds. At the source of the mountain-torrents, a pound of water has in it, by virtue of its height above the level of the sea, a great store of energy, which it may apply to the erosion of the earth's surface. Let us suppose that when it comes to the earth it is three thousand feet above the ocean's level. It has then as much force to expend as would be required to lift it to that height above the sea. At first the stream plays



Cumberland River, Ky., from Taylor's Hill.

(Showing the relation of alluvial plains on upper portion of the river to the hills which form the valley; also the beginning of the true river-curves formed by the struggle of the stream with its sediments. Photo. by Ky. Geol. Survey.)

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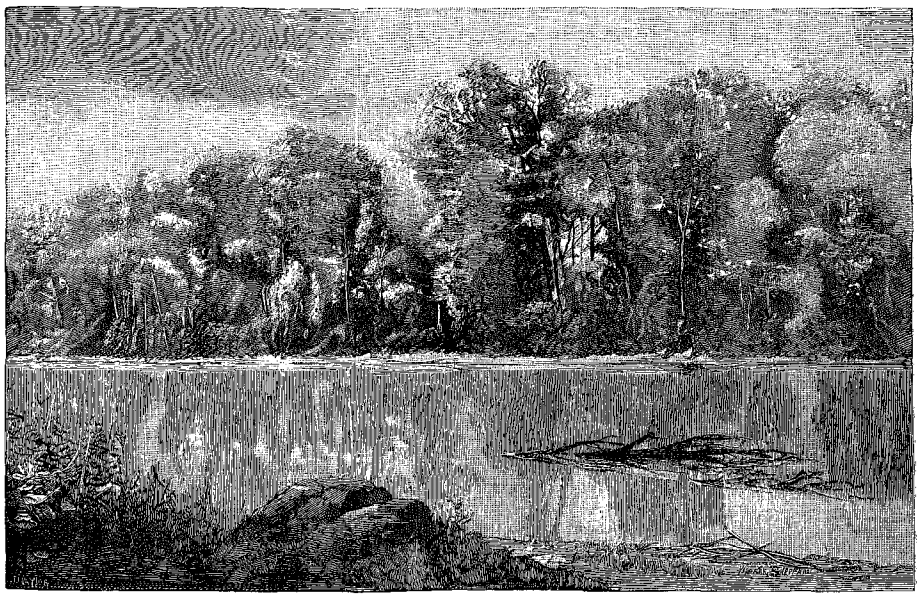

Border of Alluvial Terrace on Green River, Ky.
(Showing the manner in which the forest occupies and protects the lower terrace of the valley.)

the part of spendthrift with this energy, the greater portion of the force is expended in brawling with the stones and in beating against the limits which confine it. In the first five miles or so of its path to the sea it uses up in its descent perhaps one-third of its dynamic resources, and so, for the last thousand miles, it may not have more power at its command than it gave out in the first five miles of its journey.

Thus our streams, though always growing larger, are continually becoming less and less powerful in proportion to the weight of water which flows over their beds. In the lower portion of their courses they have very little capacity for eroding the rocks over which they flow, except where that power is due to some peculiar circumstances. They deepen their beds slowly, and the greater portion of this deepening is accomplished by the corrosion or chemical decay of the rocks over which they flow. Still, certain peculiar circumstances may give them a chance to cut down the floors of their lower channels. This work is done in either of the following ways: When the lateral swinging of the river-beds to and fro through the alluvial plain dislodges great forest-trees from the bank, these trees often have great quantities of stones entangled in their roots. These roots are thus held against the bottom while the trees are swept onward by the current, and so the entangled stones rasp upon the bed and serve to wear the channel deeper. Again, it often happens in cold countries that the rivers are deeply frozen, and during the winter season, in the shallow water, the loosened stones of the bottom may be entangled in the ice. When the time of "breaking up" comes, the sheets of ice, as they float downward in great fields, strike against the banks of the river where there is a sharp bend in the channel, and, owing to their great momentum, are heaped up in a wall of fragments, which may in a few minutes dam the river quite across. Owing to the pressure to which these cakes of ice are subjected, they freeze together and the whole of one of these ice dams or gorges becomes a solid mass. When this happens, as is easily conceived, the stream rises rapidly, forming a great lake above the dam, while it drains away below, and thus, as in the Ohio River, these dams may have a difference of twenty or thirty feet of water above and below their obstructions. In a brief time the pressure of the water above the dam pushes

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the whole mass forward, grinding it upon the bottom and the sides, and so powerfully eroding the rock-bed in which the stream flows.

As long as the river flows onward over rocks of uniform hardness, especially where the strata lie in horizontal attitudes, the course of the stream generally exhibits a uniform descent. Various accidents in the attitude of the rocks may, however, give rise to rapids or waterfalls. These features in the course of a river are so important in its mechanism, especially with reference to the interests of man, that they deserve a careful consideration, which we shall now give to them.

Waterfalls and rapids owe their existence in the main to one of three conditions of the bed rock. These conditions are as follows: First, the path of the stream may be crossed by a dike or a vein, which are rifts in the rocks, filled with some deposit brought into them by the action of water or forced to its place in the condition of a lava. Where these dike- or vein-materials are softer than the neighboring rock over which the stream flows, the river easily cuts them down and they create no interruption to its course. Where, however, as is often the case, the rocks which fill the fissures are harder than the materials which formed its walls, the river is obstructed, and we generally have a cataract, that is, an irregular fall, in which the stream takes no one conspicuous plunge. Another case in which a local hardening of the stream-bed produces a waterfall is where a stream, flowing over rocks which may be horizontal in their attitude, encounters a coral reef, formed on the old sea-floors in which the strata were deposited. In this case the crowding together of the fossil corals may make the rock much firmer than the neighboring portions of the strata, and so produce a decided interruption in the uniform descent of the stream. Only one important case of reef-cataract is known to me, that which occurs in the Ohio at Louisville, where coral-reef in the Devonian period has so far interrupted a gentle descent of the river as to create a formidable obstruction, only passable, save during the flood-times of the river, by means of a canal extending from the head to the base of the rapid. The most common condition which leads to the formation of a waterfall, the condition which gives us the greater part of the fine falls of the world, is where a river flows across strata which dip or sink downward in the earth toward the head-waters of the stream. In this condition, wherever a hard bed of the strata overlies a soft deposit, the stream inevitably forms a waterfall.

The first two of the above named classes of waterfalls demand no very extensive consideration. Those produced by dikes and veins are generally conspicuous only in the torrential portion of a river-system. The veins and dikes account for a very large part of the little cataracts which diversify our mountain torrents. Coral-reefs are so rare in our older rocks that they are seldom cut by the streams, and are therefore not often seen, even by the professional student of geology. The third group, in which each plunge of the fall is due to the upstream slope of strata, alone demands some special consideration.

Falls due to inclined strata can best be represented by Niagara, perhaps the noblest of all such geological accidents. As is shown in the diagram, [p. 148] we have at Niagara Falls a tolerably hard layer of limestone, belonging to a division of the Silurian age, which has indirectly received its name from this great cataract. This Niagara limestone is underlaid by a considerable thickness of softer shaly rocks known as the Clinton group. The waters of the Niagara River plunge over the hard rim afforded by the limestone and descend about a hundred and seventy feet, acquiring in this movement a very great velocity. At the base of the fall, the water strikes against a mass of hard fragments which in succession have tumbled down from the resisting upper layer. These fragments, set violently in motion, cut out the soft material, the erosion of which is also aided by the violent whirls of water and of spray driven against the shaly beds in the space behind the fall. From this wearing action, the soft materials are constantly working backward more rapidly than the hard upper layer is worn away, and so, from time to time, the projecting shelf over the waterfall is deprived of sup-

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port and tumbles to the base in fragments, which, in turn, are used for the further erosion of the soft deposits. In Niagara, as in all other waterfalls of this description, the border of rock over which the plunge takes place is constantly and pretty rapidly working up stream. The fall is progressively decreasing in height, as is shown in the diagram, and in the end, when the hard layer has descended to the general level of the stream-bed, especially when the softened limestone rocks have passed altogether below that level, the fall will disappear; first passing into the stage of a cataract and afterward vanishing altogether.

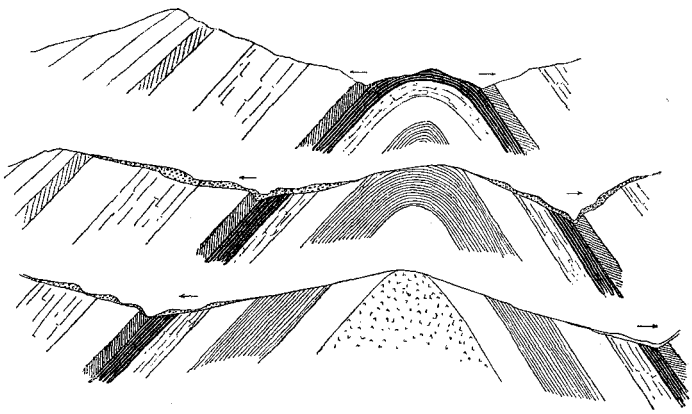

Diagram Showing the Successive Stages of Erosion in a Valley Underlaid by Tilted Rocks of Varying Hardness.

(Note how the streams, at first near each other, are separated as they wear downward.)

In the case of Niagara Falls the rate of retreat is about three feet in a century; this rate is very variable. It was probably more rapid in the past than at present, for the reason that the undercutting power of the falling water diminishes with the decrease in the height of the precipice over which it plunges, and this height has been growing less and less ever since the fall began to be. Although the retreat of the fall is slow, it will in a very brief time, in the geological sense of that word, lead to certain momentous consequences. When the hard layer of Niagara limestone passes below the bed of the river, the stream will then cut upon rocks of another constitution, making for a time certain small falls at a higher geological level; but in the course of ages, much less long than those which have elapsed since the birth of this waterfall, the gorge of the river will extend up into the basin of Lake Erie, draining away a considerable portion of that fresh-water sea. We shall then, if the continent retains its present height above the level of the sea, have another system of cataracts, in the passage between Lake Erie and Lake Huron, which will also in time be worn away. Other cataracts will then form at the exit of Lake Michigan; and thus the lower lakes of our great American system would be diminished in area, or perhaps even disappear. At a yet later stage, we may look for diminution in the size of Lake Superior, though that basin, owing to the strong wall which separates it from the lower lakes, is destined to endure long after the last-named basins have been diminished or entirely drained away.

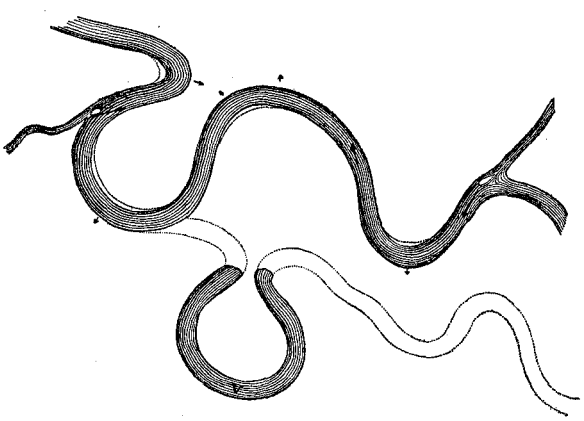

Diagram Showing the Wanderings of a Stream in an Alluvial Plain.

(The arrows on the sides of the stream indicate the direction of its movement; the horseshoe-shaped pool is an "ox-bow" or "moat.")

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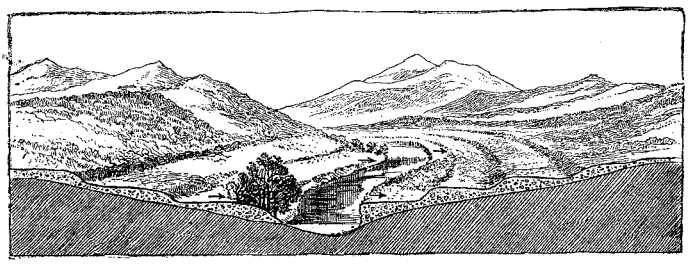

Diagram Showing Gravel Terraces, each Marking a Stage of Downcutting by a River.
(The dotted part of the section shows alluvial material; the straight lines the bed rock.)

From these considerations we perceive how important the movement of waterfalls may be in determining the water level of extensive areas. Not only may their retreat lead to the drainage of extensive inland seas, but as they move up stream, the drainage of all the tributary rivers, the mouths of which are in turn passed by, have their systems of flow changed in an important manner. Thus, when Lake Erie is drained away, a number of subordinate waterfalls will be developed along the streams which now empty into that basin. Each of these in turn will take up its march toward the head-waters of the river in which it forms; and so the effect of the retreat of one great waterfall may be propagated over the whole surface of the land which is drained by a great stream.

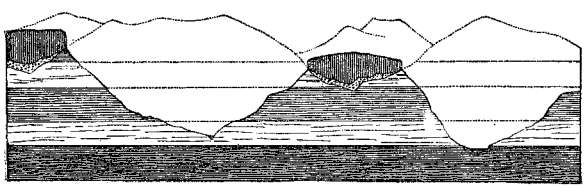

Diagram Showing Old River Channels on Top of Hills.
(The upper dark layer shows lava, covering recent stream-beds: the faint lines show the topography when the lava-streams flowed.)

The effect of a retreating waterfall deserves to be considered with some attention, for the reason that it will afford the student the means of understanding how far the structure of the rocks in a country may influence the erosion which water brings to its surface. Each of these hard layers of rocks, as well as the other classes of dams which create waterfalls, tends, by determining the rate of flow of the streams, to fix the rate of erosion in all parts of the river-basin above the point where they occur. Whenever such obstructions are cut away, they increase the rate of fall in the waters above them; and so this may greatly enhance the rate of down-wearing of the surface. The erosive action of the water which passes out of a river is determined by the height through which this water descends in every part of its course. Whatever tends to increase the speed of fall in the particular portion of the basin serves to magnify the erosive work in that region. Thus, when a fall disappears, the energy which was ineffectively applied at the base of its cliff may become distributed over a wide surface in the upper portion of the valley in which it lay.

So, too, in a larger way, as the continents sink down into or rise above the level of the sea, in their ceaseless oscillations, each movement is attended by a great variation in the energy with which the streams act upon their surface. If our continent should rise a hundred feet in its southern parts, the Mississippi River would immediately begin to flow with greater swiftness, and so too all the streams which are tributary to it would have their energy enhanced up to the foot of their mountain-torrents. On the other hand, if the continent sank down a hundred feet, all these streams would at once become less effective agents of erosion and transportation. We thus see that all the erosive work of the land is to a greater or less extent determined by what is called the principle of base level of erosion. This principle, first distinctly suggested by J. W. Powell, has been amplified by other American geologists and has served to bring into clear light the peculiar sensitiveness of our streams to the position of the sea or of hard layers in the rocks

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which control the inclination of their stream-beds.

We must now turn our attention to another mode in which water wears away the valleys of streams. So far, we have considered only that portion of the rain which flows over the surface of the ground, but it needs only a moment's notice to show us that this is only one element of the rainfall. If we watch any ordinary soil-covered portion of the earth's surface in a time of rain, we observe that a considerable portion of the water, an amount which varies with the amount of water which falls in a given time and the porosity of the surface, enters into the ground. This subterranean or soil water passes for a great distance beneath the surface of the earth. In this journey, the underground water plays a very different part from that performed by the superficial streams. Except in the rare cases where it forms distinct caverns, it slowly creeps on its way downward to the sea, never attaining a speed of motion which gives it any cutting power whatsoever; but in this underground journey it becomes in most cases charged with carbonic-acid gas and is thus enabled to dissolve more or less of the rocks through which it passes. Finally this underground water emerges into the open air and journeys through the streams to the sea, conveying much dissolved matter taken from the rocks through which it passes. Through the action of this underground water, all the rocks for a considerable depth below the surface are constantly diminishing in volume, tiny crevices are formed between their grains, and the weight of the superincumbent matter in most cases causes the strata to press these crevices together almost as fast as they are formed. This action is particularly conspicuous near the surface of the ground, within the limits of a few score feet in depth. The result is that in every river-valley we have the whole area gradually down-sinking by subterranean erosion. A portion of this matter, broken up by the action of penetrating water, remains as the soil-covering, but the interstitial decay and the removal of the matter go on for great depths beneath the soil. So hidden is this process that even those well trained in such observations may not note its effects, but careful inquiry exhibits some very conspicuous results of its operation. In the Southern States of this country, it is often possible to observe a layer of limestone, say five feet in thickness, which at one point has, by some impervious overlying deposit, been protected from the action of penetrating waters. A few hundred feet away we may find the same bed exposed to this percolating erosion of water. At such points we observe that the limy matter has been to a great extent removed from the layer of rock, leaving only the clay or

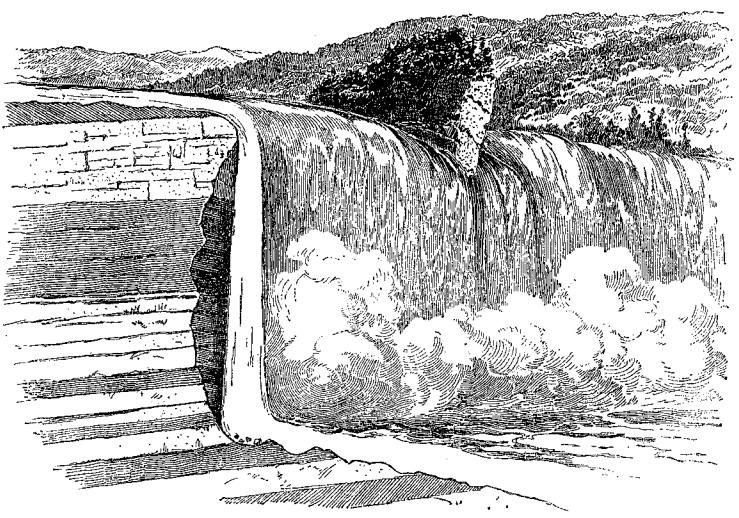

Diagram of Waterfall of Niagara Type.

(Observe the effect of hard limestone in determining the position of the top of the fall. Note that as this is worn away the vertical plunge will be diminished.)

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sand which may have been commingled with it. In this case, the layer will always be greatly diminished in thickness; what was originally a bed five feet thick may become a layer not more than one foot in depth, though the bed may in other respects retain its original form.

We observe that this interstitial erosion of rocks goes on in a greater or less measure over all parts of the river-valley. Thus, while a stream-bed is exposed to the actual cutting which the superficial portions of the river may bring about, all portions of its valley are wearing down by the interstitial decay. It will be observed in the cut on page 147, which shows a section crossing a river-valley, that we have in such a basin two distinct topographic features. There is a channel, which, as we readily see, was carved by the flowing stream. On either side, leading up to the divide which separates the river from the next stream, is a more or less gentle slope across a wide field of country. In the main, the downward wearing of this side slope is accomplished by the percolating waters in the manner before noted. To conceive the formation of a river-valley, the observer must in his imagination combine the action of these erosive agents working on the surface and in the under earth. He must imagine an ordinary river to consist not only of the main channel, but of many tributary streams branching like the limbs of a great fan-shaped tree. Each of these branches is slowly swinging to and fro, driven about by the wrestle with its alluvial material. In time, every portion of the valley is crossed again and again by the bed of some stream in its serpentine swings to the right and left of its present path.

It will be well for the student, when standing in some river-valley of normal structure, such as that of the Ohio, or in other river-valleys south of the glacial belt, to imagine a vertical line extending from the present surface to the height of a mile above that level. He should then try to imagine the endless wandering of the streams in their conflict with the detritus which encumbers their beds. He must conceive that the brooks or rivers which are nearest the vertical line have again and again swung to and fro across its path. If he could restore to the surface, layer by layer, every part of material which had been taken away, and bring to their ancient positions all the several stream-beds he would find his line again and again intersected by them. The time in which the stream-beds lay over the given vertical would be but brief. Perhaps, if it were possible to make an actual diagram of their position and duration, with reference to the given vertical line, we should find that not more than one-fiftieth of its space was occupied by the channels of the old brooks or rivers. All the intermediate space not so occupied by the channels indicates the interstitial erosion effected by underground water.

In order to aid the reader in forming this conception as to the history of a river-valley, a cut is given [p. 147] which shows in a diagrammatic way the process by which a river-valley wears downward. On the basis of fact presented in this figure, it will be well for the observer, by the use of his constructive imagination, to frame a picture of the past history of any considerable system of land waters. If this image is well brought to mind, he will have attained one of the greatest conceptions which geology offers to its votaries.

The foregoing considerations will enable the reader, in a general way, to conceive the laws under which a river-system is developed and maintained. It is necessary, however, in order to complete the picture, to set before him certain accidents which may happen in the history of a stream. In the case of a river-basin such as that of the Ohio, a basin which we frequently take for illustration, for the reason that it is one of the most normal of all those on the American continent, the natural history of the stream is as follows: When the land which now constitutes this great valley first came above the ocean, it was a region of great plains, on which flourished the dense swamps of the Carboniferous era. Through this plain, the streams seem for a time to have wandered deviously, with undetermined channels. Gradually, as the Appalachian and other mountains developed, and the slopes of the streams increased,

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they carved themselves channels; the general course of these channels being determined to a certain extent by the inclination of the rocks. As the Alleghanies rose higher and the table-lands on their banks came to a greater elevation above the sea, the organization of the main river and its tributaries was made more and more complete. If the continent should continue for some geological periods without any change in the level of the sea, the mountain brooks would gradually carve down the hills in which they lie, the table-lands would slowly disappear, and the surface would return to its primeval state of a great swamp. The rocks beneath this swamp would be subjected only to interstitial or corrosive decay, for the reason that the streams would not have fall enough to work upon their beds by mechanical erosion. In proportion as the lands of the valley were high above the sea, the erosive effect of their waters would have great effect. With every foot of diminished height above the ocean-level, the energy of erosion would decrease, while the corrosive, or underground, wearing would remain more nearly steadfast.

It is, from the foregoing considerations, easy to see that the ratio between the erosion and corrosion effected by the rain-fall in a river-basin determines, in a very important way, the aspect of that region. Whereas, in the Ohio, the total descent of the waters in their great distance of flow is relatively small, corrosion may nearly overtake the erosive down-wearing, and so the general level of the country will be brought down almost to the river-channel, the main stream being bordered by a line of low escarpments on the margin of its alluvial plains.

For a contrast with the conditions presented by the Ohio, where the rain-fall throughout the valley is great, where the elevation of the region is slowly brought about, and therefore the corrosion relatively considerable, let us turn to the case of the lower Colorado, where the stream flows, for some hundreds of miles, through a country which has a very small supply of rain and where it receives very trifling tributaries and where the surface of the country has risen rapidly from the sea. The head-waters of the Colorado in the Rocky Mountains are fed by the considerable snow-fall of that region; these melting snows maintain a powerful current through the channel of the stream at all seasons of the year. The result is that, while the region on either side of the Colorado has been rapidly elevated during the last geological periods, there has been no proportionate corrosion of the rocks on either side of that stream. The bordering lands have remained for many geological ages little affected by underground water or the to and fro swingings of the lesser streams. The consequences of this peculiar position is that the Colorado flows through a great cañon, which, in places, has the depth of a mile and has the aspect indicated in the picture on page 137.

Between the conditions of the Colorado cañon and those of a valley such as the southern part of the Ohio basin exhibits, we have every degree of divergence of aspect, and the slope of the drainage-basin toward the gorge of the stream indicates in a general way the relative intensity of the erosive and corrosive forces. There is a peculiar effect arising from the diverse hardness of horizontal strata in a river valley, which deserves note in this part of our inquiry. Wherever it has a very hard bed underlaid by softer strata, this hard bed at first makes a precipice next the bank of the stream. If the underlying bed be so little resisting that the weather wears it rapidly away, it will often decay with such speed that the steep face will be driven backward across the country until it finally appears in the form of an isolated table-land as is shown in the cut. Finally, when this table-land, decaying on its several sides, has been reduced much in area, it may appear in the form of what is called in the Mississippi Valley a butte. Such retreat-escarpments are often very conspicuous and beautiful features in the landscape. Excellent examples of such structures occur in horizontally disposed strata on both sides of the Mississippi and in the Saxon Switzerland, where they afford the table-like rocks of that beautiful district—isolated eminences, which, in that region of ancient warfare, are often crowned by fortresses. Such buttes, or tables of rock, only occur where the

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strata of a river valley lie in a horizontal attitude and where hard beds and soft are intermingled. Where the rocks of varied hardness depart very much in their attitudes from the horizontal, they greatly affect the flow of the stream as it wears down its bed, in the manner indicated by the accompanying figures. Thus the position of a stream in a valley where the rocks are steeply inclined is determined by the various inclinations of the strata. [P. 146.]

So far we have considered the history of a stream where it has been left free from all natural interference to development. In such conditions, its basin is shaped as the concurrence of the erosive and corrosive forces may determine. In fact, few river-basins enjoy any such immunity from disturbing conditions. Their sensitive streams are variously affected by geological influences of an external sort. As these invading forces profoundly affect the form of river-valleys we may take a glance at their nature. The most common disturbing influence which may affect a river-valley of considerable area arises from the construction of mountain-ridges across the path of its streams. It was once supposed that mountains were suddenly formed. It is now clear that in most, if not in all, cases they have gradually grown to their present height. Now, as the greater number of our mountains lie in the paths of streams which existed before the elevations were formed, it follows that our rivers which intersect mountain-ridges have had to wrestle with the barriers produced by the elevations. It may in cases have happened that the ridge or wall of a mountain has been suddenly uplifted across the path of a stream, but in most of the cases where we can trace the history of the contention between ridge and stream, we find that the elevation has been formed with such slowness that the river has kept open its channel across the line of the developing obstruction. This leads us to the conclusion that mountains are never, to any extent, barriers to the path of rivers; they probably, in most cases, grow so gradually that the streams may keep their ways open through the obstacle which they tend to interpose. The part which mountains play in the history of rivers is thus limited to a narrower field than we should at first suppose. They affect the path of rivers by changing the inclination of rocks and so directing the swing of the streams. They also serve to maintain the torrential portion of a river-system, and so afford a ground whence the stream may obtain the alluvium necessary to make the plains which border the lower part of its course. As we have seen, a chemical action which goes on in the material of these delta-districts serves an important purpose in the economy of the earth's surface. Were it not for the continuance of the mountain-building forces, the torrents, owing to the rapid down-wearing of their beds, would soon cease to afford such detrital material. The combined machinery of torrent and mountain so operates as to maintain the supply of detritus required by the needs of the sea for the maintenance of organic life in its depths and for the deposition of strata on its floor.

There are other and more formidable geologic agents tending to modify river-basins; the chief of these are glaciers. When a glacial period comes upon a country, the sheets of ice are first imposed upon the mountain tops, and thence the ice creeps down the torrent and river-beds far below the snow-line, in a manner now seen in Switzerland and Norway. As long as the ice-streams follow the old torrent-channels, they act in something like the fashions of the flowing waters, to gouge out the rocks and deepen the valleys; but as the glacial period advances and the ice-sheet spreads beyond the mountains, enveloping the plains as well; when the glacier attains the thickness of thousands of feet, it disregards the valleys in its movement and sweeps on in majestic march across the surface of the country. As long as the continental glacier remains, its tendency is to destroy the river-valleys. The result of this action is to plane down the whole land and, to a certain extent, to destroy all pre-existing river-systems. During the last glacial period, the old river-valleys were, to a great degree, worn away and the remaining portion of their troughs was, to a considerable extent, buried beneath a thick coating of débris which the ice had worn from the surface

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of the land and dropped upon that surface as it retreated. The result is that in all countries which were affected by the last glacial period, the river-valleys have only here and there, and in all cases imperfectly, returned to their ancient beds. Ever since the ice went away, they have been engaged in a struggle to restore their ruined ways. As yet, this work is most imperfectly accomplished, and even if a glacial period should not return to the northern part of North America for several million years, the task of restoring the river systems to their original aspects would not be completed.

We see a simple indication of this confusion of the old drainage brought about by glacial action in the vast number of lakes lodged within depressions of the surface in New England as well as in all parts of the glaciated district. We have only to compare the valley of such a stream as the James River, which lies south of the glacial belt, with a New England valley, such as that of the Merrimac, to see the importance of the effects accomplished by a glacial sheet on the river-system. The valley of the James is entirely without lakes; every part of its area slopes downward toward the sea. In the valley of the Merrimac, there are hundreds of these water-basins. A very large part of its surface is occupied by lakes, which owe their origin to irregularities of the surface, produced by the last glacial period.

There is yet another way in which rivers may be naturally obstructed; this is by lava-streams pouring out into their valleys. In all volcanic regions, the river-beds are apt to receive great inundations of such material. When gigantic eruptions of lava, such as have occurred in the recent geological periods in Oregon and California, in Southern India, and in Eastern Europe, are poured out, the stream-beds are apt to be gorged with this igneous material, it may be for a distance of a hundred miles from the volcanic vents. At first the river is dried up by the fiery torrent; when the lava cools it becomes solid, often much more resisting to water-action than the rocks originally underlying the stream. It generally happens that the lava-current is higher in the middle of its course than it is upon the margin. The result is that when the river begins again to flow its course is divided into two, part of the water flowing on either side of the lava-stream. As time goes on and the streams cut deeply into their new beds, they may leave the old lava-mass perched upon a hill, as shown in the diagram, [p. 147.] It happens in California that these streams occupied by the lava contain gold-bearing sands, sometimes in very large quantities. The deposits of gold were accumulated before the lava came into the ancient river-beds. Miners have learned that wherever a mass of lava occupies the position indicated in the diagram they may reasonably expect, by excavating through the side of the hill, to strike the old river-channel, and beneath the cap of lava, to find large deposits containing gold, which they may win more easily than the deposits in the beds of the existing streams. Owing to the extensive explorations which have been made in this search for gold in such positions, we have gained some very important information from these obliterated, encumbered river-beds.

Perhaps the oldest evidences which we have of pre-historic man have been obtained from these mines driven into the ancient channels of rivers on the Pacific coast. A number of rude stone implements have been disinterred by these mining operations, which clearly prove that the region was extensively occupied by man. One human skull has also been found in these workings, along with the remains of several extinct animals. The streams flow on either side of the old lava-current, and as they cut but slowly into the subjacent rock, we are able with safety to infer that these remains of man have been in existence for twenty thousand years or more. In Central France, near by the town of Le Puy, similar lava-streams also contain buried human remains. In both these cases, the remains of man have been found associated with those of extinct animals; which fact serves to show that the conclusion we draw as to the antiquity of man from the erosion which has taken place since the lava-current flowed is well founded.

Although the rivers have to maintain a battle with many obstructing actions due to natural causes, there are only two

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circumstances derived from the revolutions of the earth's surface which seriously affect their history, at least in a permanent way. Where the rainfall of a country undergoes considerable variations, as appears always to be the case in the course of long geological periods, the streams necessarily find their volumes diminished or increased, sometimes in an important degree. However much the rainfall may vary, the architecture of a river, the position of its branches, the distribution of its torrent and alluvial sections generally remain essentially unchanged. Even where the continent on which a river lies is greatly elevated beyond its original height, the system of the streams remains as it was before. Thus our rivers are in many cases the oldest features on the earth's surface. The upper waters of the Tennessee, for instance, especially those of the French Broad River, have apparently endured since the earliest ages of which we have any distinct record in the great stone book. They seem to have flowed at the beginning of the Cambrian time, and their channels have borne their floods to the sea during periods in which the continent of North America has undergone vast changes in form. Certain groups of fishes, such as the gar pikes, which probably had their cradle in these waters, have apparently dwelt in them continually since the Devonian time.

The only conditions which actually lead to the destruction of a river-system arise either from the imposition of a glacial sheet on the surface of a country or from its submergence beneath the level of the sea. We have already seen that the interruption brought about by a continental glacier on the streams in the country over which it extends is usually but temporary. In a like manner, the submergence of a great valley beneath the sea-level is not apt entirely to destroy its basin. When the surface of the continent recovers its position, returning to the state of dry land, there is generally enough left of the form of the basin to cause the stream, at least in a general way, to follow its ancient paths.

With the foregoing brief sketch of their mechanism, we will turn our attention to the relations between the civilization of man and the system of the rivers. Nowhere else in the physical machinery of our earth is the influence of the hand of man so well shown as in the conditions of rivers. Nowhere else are his destructive or conservative powers so important. The effect of man's action upon rivers is in the main due to the fact that his occupancy of the earth leads to the removal of its forest covering. We have already incidentally noted the relation of trees to the immediate bounds of a stream; we have seen that the woods are continually pressing upon the margins of a river, causing it to sway to and fro, and tending always to narrow its channel. This is only one, and perhaps the least important, of the effects exercised by forests on the regimen of the greater streams. It is necessary to consider the action of forests over the whole basin of a river, in order to see the magnitude of their influence on the action of these waters.

The valleys of most rivers are forest-clad. Whether these forests have the gigantic growth characteristic of fertile districts in the tropics and the temperate zones, or take the shape of stunted woods, such as extend far toward the poles, they in all cases form beneath their branches, and above the soil, a thick, spongy coating, which affords a natural reservoir for the rain waters. In most regions, this forest-sponge has a depth of more than a foot; it not infrequently attains a thickness of two feet or more. It can commonly take into its interstices a rainfall of three or four inches in depth, or from one-sixth to one-tenth the ordinary annual supply. This water is slowly yielded to the brooks; it often requires weeks for a single torrential rain entirely to escape into the open channels which bear it to the sea. Moreover, the fallen trunks and branches of the trees clog the forest-shaded rivulets, making little pools, which serve still further to restrain the outgoing of the waters. Our beavers, at one time the most widely distributed of our larger animals, at first making avail of these natural ponds formed by fallen timber, learned in time to construct more artful dams so as to retain extensive basins of water. Thus, in the natural condition of the North American rivers, as well as those of most other

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countries before man began to clear away the forests, the woods constituted a great system of reservoirs, in which the rains were retained into the period of intervening droughts. In this state of the surface, the main channels of a river-system were continually the seat of streams of moderate flow. These channels were no wider than was required by the rate at which these forest-impounded waters escaped.

When man resorted to the soil as the source of his food, he began to clear away the forests and by tillage to destroy the spongy covering of the earth which they created. With the advance of civilization, all the great valleys on the northern temperate zone have been to a considerable extent deprived of their forest covering. In this new state of the surface, the rain-water is no longer held back as it was of old, but flows quickly over the surface of the soil and enters the water-ways. The result is that all the old channels bear, in times of flood, a body of water far greater than that which was put into them before the forests were cleared away. They have been compelled to widen their channels by cutting away a strip of the alluvial land on either side. Thus, in the case of the Ohio River, the bed occupied by the flood-waters has, since the beginning of the present century, been widened to the amount of about one-fifth of its total diameter. Despite this widening, it is now unable to bear away the flood-waters yielded to it by the extensive tilled surfaces of its basin. In times of flood it rises higher than of old and spreads devastation over a wider area of the alluvial plains. In times of drought the stream shrinks within its waste of encumbering sands and becomes unnavigable.

In the present condition of the Mississippi Valley, these floods and droughts seriously affect the interests of man. There, as in all other civilized countries, the great seats of population tend to gather on the river-banks. The alluvial lands are in all cases singularly fertile; and the streams themselves afford natural ways of transportation, the value of which does not seem to become lessened by the great extension of railway systems. In the present condition of these valleys, the fitness of these streams for navigation is progressively diminishing, for both in times of flood and in periods of drought they are unsuited to the uses of commerce. Moreover, in the flood periods, the streams are a very serious menace to all the towns which are gathered along the river-banks. As yet, we have only seen the beginning of these evils; for notwithstanding the extensive settlements in the Mississippi valleys, more than half their original forest covering remains. When, with the rapid increase of population, these river-basins become as thoroughly subjected to the uses of man as are those of Europe, we have yet greater ills to apprehend.

The problem of the Mississippi Valley is one of national importance. By far the greater part of the food-producing capacity of our continent lies in the basin of that great system of rivers. It is therefore worth our while to consider the method by which this area can best be brought to serve the needs of man without imposing a serious burden on his arts. Although it is impossible in these few pages to consider the way in which this great task may be accomplished, it is perhaps worth while to note the general conditions which have to be met in this and other great valleys if that end is to be secured.

In endeavoring to meet the evils which arise from the removal of forest-covering from the surface of a country, we find that the difficulties to be considered are as follows: First, those which arise from the diminished restraint put upon the movements of the water which comes to the earth's surface in times of heavy rain or of melting snow. Next, the evils due to the rapid wasting of the soil, which, in its unprotected condition, is readily washed into the stream-beds. The first of these evils gives rise to serious destruction of wealth and to the interruption of industries. The second threatens the loss of that precious soil-covering on which depends the relation of all land life, that of plants and man and beast, to the surface of the earth. It is clearly evident that we cannot hope to preserve any considerable portion of our forest lands from destruction. The need of subsistence such as is drawn from the soil is immediate and over-

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whelming. During the last century, Europe has been able to preserve a portion of its forests, and indeed to win extensive areas back to the condition of woods, for the reason that it could draw supplies of food from this country; but when our American soils are occupied, it does not seem likely that other parts of the world will afford any such opportunity for obtaining foreign grain. At most, we may expect that a small area, perhaps not exceeding one-tenth of our original forests, may be retained in their present shape, in order to afford supplies of timber. It is therefore necessary, if we have to control these flood-waters at all, to devise some means by which we may imitate the old natural system of water storage which the primeval woods afforded. There is but one method by which this end may be accomplished, viz.: by creating artificial reservoirs in which the waters may be for a time retained during the period of floods.

Some years ago a distinguished engineer, Mr. Charles Ellet, suggested a system of controlling the floods of the Mississippi Valley. He proposed to build certain dams in the upper waters of the Mississippi system, in which, during the times of flood, a considerable part of the flow might be impounded, to be discharged into the channels at such times as was needed to maintain a navigable depth of water. There are certain objections to the details of the system proposed by Mr. Ellet, the principal of which is that the existence of very large reservoirs would add another source of danger to those which the floods now inflict upon the valleys of these streams. It is difficult to build retaining dams so that they may be absolutely secure from the risks of giving way. The bursting of such a dam in time of flood might prove peculiarly disastrous.

It seems, however, possible that a slight modification of Mr. Ellet's plan would more effectively accomplish the end he had in view, without creating the risks above noted. For in place of half a dozen great artificial lakes, we should adopt the plan of having many thousands, or tens of thousands, of smaller reservoirs, so arranged that no one would, by its bursting, lead to the destruction of any other. We could by this means retain on the surface of the land a very considerable part of the flood-waters which now prove disastrous to the valleys below. Computations, which it would be out of place to present in a writing of this nature, have shown me that it would apparently be possible, with an expenditure of less than fifty million dollars, to diminish the rise of floods at Cincinnati to the amount of at least twelve feet, and at the same time secure to that river a good degree of navigability during the whole of the dry summer season. To control in a similar manner the floods which ravage the valleys of the other large tributaries of the Mississippi, would perhaps require a total expenditure exceeding one hundred million dollars. The maintenance of this system would necessarily be costly; it would perhaps amount to as much as ten million dollars a year. It seems, however, possible that for this cost we might obtain a substantial immunity from the worst destruction accomplished by our floods. Even if this system should be adopted, it would be necessary, decade by decade, as the process of forest removal advanced, to extend still further the area of the storage reservoirs.

While the proper control of the Mississippi drainage system is of great importance to the nation at large; to the States which border upon its waters it is a matter of vital necessity. Whether this great task is to be undertaken by the Federal Government or by associated Commonwealths, there can be no question that it should be at once entered upon. Every year increases the magnitude of the necessities and the difficulty of devising means to meet them.

Although the American theory of government looks to the initiative of the individual for the most of the acts which in other lands are accomplished by the state, it still has to confess that certain classes of work are only accomplishable by federal control. Our great river is fast becoming a common enemy of our people; it is our duty to restrain its ravages as we would those of any other foe of the state.

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OTTO THE KNIGHT.

By Octave Thanet.

AUNT BETSEY GRAHAM, who kept the plantation tavern, stood in her wide gallery-way, waiting for the mill whistle to send her boarders to supper.

There was not a kinder woman in Lawrence County, or, in a homely fashion, a better cook.

Look at her, now, in the shadow of the old-fashioned porch, built when bears were shot in the cypress brake; her portly form is clad in a red and black striped cotton gown and white apron; her gray hair is thick like a girl's, her little brown eyes twinkle jovially, the hardy late roses bloom on her tanned cheeks, and nobody on the plantation has such beautiful, white store teeth.

She sees the road, a broad, then a narrow, then a fading streak of yellow, cutting the cotton-fields and defining the borders of the brake. Some of the houses which she sees are trig and painted; some have crooked, dark roofs, and chimneys bulging sidewise against black-gray walls. It is the old South and the new. Looking obliquely to the right, she sees the smithy under its great "water oaks," and, almost at right angles, the carpenter shop and the gaunt black shape of the old mill. Further down the river bank is the new mill, which has men crawling over its roof and rings with the click of hammers.

But soon Aunt Betsey's eyes returned to Otto Knipple, splitting wood just in front of the porch. She thought, sorrowfully, that he would never make out with that hickory; but what could you expect of a boy raised in St. Louis and come down to the Black River with those ornery, trifling St. Louis carpenters?

Otto was a scrap of a lad, carrying a premature age in his sallow, care-worn, eager little features, that were the sallower and more eager for his mat of sunburned white hair and his big, melancholy, blue eyes.

"An' so"—Aunt Betsey was pursuing a conversation already begun—"so you paw's dead, but you Uncle Bruno, he holps ye all?"

"I guess we'd be in the poor-house, if he didn't," said Otto. "He got me this chance. Mr. Bassett's a Knight, like my uncle."

"A witch?"

"A Knight of Labor, you know."

"Never heerd on 'em," said Aunt Betsey placidly.

Otto straightened himself, his eyes flashing and his narrow chest swelling.

"You aint!" he cried; "why they're jest the grandest order ever was! They're going to make all the bad rich people quit oppressing the poor and make all diff'rent laws——"

"Oh, sorter like the Ku-Klux?"

"Oh no, mum, not a bit like the Ku-Klux. They are all good men and they shall make all the poor people own their own property and Uncle Bruno kin come home at four o'clock——"

"Sekrit soci'ty, hey?"

"They've got to be, mum; 'cause else them bloated capitalists would find out all their plans."

"That 'ar sounds powerful like Ku-Klux," said Aunt Betsey critically. "They all was mighty biggity, but I never seen nuthin' come er thar braggs 'cept folkses ketchin' cole, romancin' roun' nights, by the dark of the moon. I know all 'beout them sekrit soci'ties. I read a book 'beout 'em, oncet. Thar was a man taken a oath on a skull wilst two men hilt dadgers over him iz was dreepin' with jore. Warn't that orful?"

"Yes, mum, please go on!" cried Otto, revelling in the lurid picture.

"By the fitful glem er a dyin' lamp," Aunt Betsey continued. "Must of ben one er them grease lamps, they're allers devilin' someway. I disremember jes whut 'twas he swore, but I know his ha'r, iz was black like the ravin's wing, turned plum w'ite in a single night. His folks

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didn't know him. But he hollers out (in a holler voice, the book said) 'I done kep' my vow!' an' he jes natchelly died er sorrer right thar."

"Why for?" exclaimed Otto, rather startled.

"Kase he had ter do sich a sight er killin'; some on 'em the folks he set most store by. But he cudn't holp it. Kase he'd of ben false ter the fatil vow an' ben a fool traiter. That's what the book said. My, my, my! I wisht I'd of kep' that book. 'T had a sorter purplish back an' right big print an—my word, Otter Kaynipple, how ye done bust them pants!" screamed Aunt Betsey as her eye got its first full view of Otto's figure, "its lucky I got a pa'r ready fur ye. You wait!"

She turned her broad back on the boy to reach into the gallery for something, which, presently shaken out, revealed itself as a pair of blue flannel trousers, decked with crimson streamers.

"Thar, store pants an' gallowses! Make haste an' putt 'em on!"

The boy, red with pleasure, could hardly stammer, "Oh, aint they beautiful! Who gave 'em to me?"

"Waal, he said not to tell."

All the glow faded out of the lad's radiant face. "I know. It was Mr. Dake," he said sullenly. "I'm much obliged to him, but I caynt take 'em."

His voice shook over the last words, while, apparently not daring to trust himself to look on the dazzling temptation, he flung his axe down and fled across the grass.

"A bustin' his pants at ev'ry lick!" was Aunt Betsey's comment, eying the wild little ragged shape; "an' he aint got nare nuther pa'r on earth nur nuthin' ter mend 'em with 'cept pins!"

She shook her head dolefully and carried the rejected gift into the house.

In a large, unplastered room a table was spread before an enormous fireplace, bare and black now, since the Arkansas spring sun is warm.

Marty Ann, Aunt Betsey's daughter, was placing the squirrel stew on the table, and Baby Boo, the one little orphan grandchild of the house, was already in the high chair which Dake the carpenter had made for her, reaching perilously after the custard pie. Those sturdy little legs and arms of Boo's (or more properly Elizabeth North Carolina's) were only quiet when she was asleep; but no lover of children could see her restless, curly brown head and shining eyes and sweet little round face so dimpled and rosy, without wanting to kiss the pretty lump. Possibly, were the lover a man, he might feel a like inclination concerning her aunt, who also had curly brown hair with red gleams in it, and sparkling dark eyes; and whose thinner, oval face kept a childish and innocent charm in the soft, fine skin, pure coloring, and smooth curves. As her light figure moved about, she showed an artless kind of grace, such as these forest people often have. She wore a fresh white apron over her blue cotton frock, and had a bit of white lace and a knot of blue ribbon at her throat.

"Well, maw, what is it?" said Marty Ann, noticing a slight pucker at the corners of Aunt Betsey's eyelids. "Do you reckon that light bread is a little sad?"

"Law me, naw, Marty Ann, I was jis studyin' 'beout Dake an' that Dutch boy. He p'intedly wunt take them pants."

"Then I'd let him go bare," said Marty Ann carelessly.

"He are 'beout that a'ready," Aunt Betsey chuckled, recalling Otto's figure running. "Waal, I caynt cypher it out, nohow. Thar's Dake doin' oodles er things fur Otter, lettin' him sleep in his room t' the store, an' a sight more, but Otter wunt have no truck with Dake. Wonder w'y!"

"If I was Mr. Dake I'd find out or I'd quit fooling with Otto—one!"

"*You* mought, Marty Ann; but Dake, he are a patient, long suffrin' critter an' terrible kind tew childern. Look a' how he muches Boo!"

Marty Ann's pretty chin went up in a significant tilt, as she answered, "Other folks much Boo, too. Say, maw, did ye ever hear anything 'bout Mr. Dake's wife and child?"

"Nuthin', cept iz how they is dead."

"Well, *I* heard how he deserted his wife and ayfterwards he tried for to steal the child."

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"Shucks!" retorted the old woman with disdain, "*you* heard from Bassett, I bet a bale er cotton. I wisht ye wudn't take up with that 'ar feller, honey. He kin w'ar store clozes an' julery an' mock plain folkses talkin'; but he aint got no real merits like Dake. Nur he dont set haff the store by ye. But ye jes toll 'em on. Ye got sorter mean turn with men persons, Marty Ann."

She shook a moralizing and reproving head at her daughter; but, in so doing, she happened to look out of the window, and what she saw made her forget the lecture. "Marty Ann, come yere," she exclaimed; "thar's a turrible to-do at the new mill!"

Marty Ann, looking over her shoulder, could see the St. Louis carpenters standing around two horsemen, the owners of the plantation, Mr. Francis and young Caroll. Topping the crowd was Bassett's handsome black head. He gesticulated furiously, and Marty Ann, too far away to distinguish words, could hear the angry rumble of his voice.

A short, slim man looked on, a little apart; and impassively stroked his mustache.

"Dear, dear, dear!" ejaculated Aunt Betsey, "aint that Bassett a r'arin' an' chargin'! An' look a' Dake, cam's a stone statchuary—my Lord!"

The old woman leaned out of the open window in her eagerness, when she saw Bassett fling the crowd to either side and aim a swinging blow at Dake. Dake dodged. Simultaneously, a thin line of light flashed in his hand. "He's drored 'is gun on him!" cried tender-hearted Aunt Betsey. "My Lord, I hope they wunt fight. Dodge ahind the winder with the baby, Marty Ann! I are so int'rested, someways I don't guess I'll git hit. Naw, ye needn't, Mist' Caroll's putt 'is hoss atween 'em. Good for *you*, boy! Now, they all goin' 'way. Do look a' that Otter tryin' ter take big steps like the men! Waal, fightin' or no fightin', they'll want t' eat; so less fotch in the coffee."

The four St. Louis men trooped noisily into the house, omitting their customary toilet at the pump. But Dake took his towel down from the nail and went out, there.

"Well, Mrs. Graham," said Bassett, who passed for a wag and a man of ready wit, "git out your handkerchief, the Sam Eller's rounding the Bend and we're going off on her."

"Reckon I better git out the *bill*," answered Aunt Betsey dryly. "Say, whut you all ben doin'?"

"We've given the old man the grand bounce," Bassett said, taking his place at the table; "we're not going to be bossed any longer by a d—— scab. If Francis wants us back he'll have to bounce Dake, that's all."

"What did Dake do tew ye?"

A quiet-looking man explained, "He aint done nothing to us, ma'am; but sold out a strike once, and he was a Knight of Labor and spoiled a boycott."

"Well, all I say is, just give me another chance at the d—— traitor," said Bassett. "Bet ye he dassent show his ugly mug 'round here."

The unexpected answer to this was Dake's entrance.

The head carpenter's mild blue eyes and thin brown face bore no marks of agitation. He sat down calmly, in his seat next to Boo, and began to cut up the child's food.

Bassett glowered at him across the table. To be defied by a man of such puny sinews was a blister on the giant's vanity. "I despise a scab, don't you, boys," said he, loudly.

But here Aunt Betsey lifted a fine round voice—"You hush, Mist' Bassett! I aint goin' have no sich fool talk afore Marty Ann an' the baby. Nur I won't have no men persons hollerin' an' fightin' in my heouse like a passle er wild heogs. Ef I hear ary nuther ill word, Marty Ann an me 'll git up an' light out—an' we'll cyar' the vituals with us!"

"Give us a rest, Jim," said one of the men, "I want to eat my supper." And another added in a surly tone, "Don't you know there is a heap of fellows with guns and knives in this cussed swamp? You'll be having them all down on us!"

"Who's afraid?" sneered Bassett; but he said no more and the meal went on in a sulky truce. When the men rose he lingered in the gallery to settle the bill. Dake followed the St. Louis men out on the porch. He held Boo in his arms.

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"Boys," said he, clearing his throat, "I daresay it aint no use for me to tell you there's been a lot of lies told to you——"

"No, it aint," said the surly man.

"All the same, have I ever treated a man among you mean in any way?"

The men had halted on the steps so that they faced the head carpenter; the quiet-looking man answered: "That aint the point; we aint got no use for a man that sides with the bosses against his friends. I don't believe in licking you, like Jim; but I don't want no truck with you, and that's the fact."

Dake made no reply; he stood on the porch holding Boo in his arms. The murmur of voices from the gallery reached him, soft bursts of laughter shaded by deeper tones.

Dake held Boo's small palm close to his cheek; now and then he would take it away to kiss it.

Suddenly, he put the baby down and strode into the gallery, where Bassett was holding Marty Ann while he kissed her hair in default of her face, which had dodged under the shelter of her shoulder.

"I won't! I won't!" shrieked Marty Ann, laughing and crying at once; "you're real mean! I told you I—hadn't —made up—my mind. Lemme go!"

"Let her go," said Dake.

"You dassent hit me," said Bassett, tightening his clasp.

The two men glared at each other for the briefest instant, a space of time to be contained within the flash of an eye or the click of the pistol trigger just behind Bassett's ear, before Dake's tone of concentrated fury seemed a part of that fine cold rim pressing on Bassett's brain:

"I don't mean to hit you. Let her go, you brute, or I'll *kill* you!"

Then Bassett did loosen his hold enough for Marty Ann to wriggle herself free, crying: "Oh, please don't hurt him, he was only fooling!"

"Get along, now," said Dake.

The carpenters, outside, ignorant of their comrade's plight, were bawling for him to hurry.

Bassett flung his clenched fist sidewise, as he ran.

"I aint through with you yet, Bill Dake," he shouted. "I'll git you where I want you, some day, and your d—— popgun won't help you, then!"

"Great Scott, Jim," yelled a voice, "the boat's whistling! Say, write your girl the rest."

Dake, who had advanced again to the porch, was in time to hear Bassett cry, "I will!" and to see him clear the steps with a jump which had nearly landed him on the grass head foremost, for he tumbled over Otto Knipple. Under the lad's arm was a bundle done up in a newspaper, too small to cover the contents.

"Hullo!" said Bassett, "you aint going?"

"Aint I?" cried the boy eagerly; "aint I going to strike?"

Bassett muttered something too low for Dake's ears. Then, "Yes, I'm coming, d—— you!" he shouted, and ran after the others.

Dake watched him, sombrely, until a sniff and a gurgle diverted his gaze to Otto, who was wiping his eyes with the knuckles of his forefingers and choking with sobs.

"Poor little fellow!" said Dake.

He walked towards the shabby little figure; but after looking at it intently he seemed to change his mind, and going back whispered a sentence in Boo's ears instead. Boo danced gayly off to the boy. And he, kissing her and drying his wet cheeks on her soft hair, felt a vague comfort which, perhaps, Dake missed as he walked down into the brake, alone.

After a while he sat down on a log, and in spite of his heavy heart, the beauty of the scene won his eye. In the later spring a cypress brake is a sumptuous revel of color. The fern-like cypress foliage and the short limbs above the high trunk make the tree seem more like a gigantic plant than a tree. The water in the brake is a mass of lily pads, and spattered with yellow cow lilies. The cypress roots are beautiful with moss. Even the hideous "knees" which spike the ground are transformed; painted by this magical brush of Spring a dull pink, with the texture and gloss of satin, they show like fairy tents among the lilies. Crimson blooms on the maple boughs, rich

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tones of red on post-oak leaves, brilliant green leaves on the huge gum trees, a scarlet gleam from the "buck-eye" flowers, a flush of pink on a "red bud" tree, terraces of white dogwood blossoms against gray-green bark—the eye is lured by them through all the gamut of color; whether they dapple the clumps of cypress greenery or hatch the pale joints of the "elbow brush" or fleck the forest shadow with brightness.

Where Dake sat the brake climbed up into the higher ground, ceasing thereby to be the brake. The river makes a blunt and wide incision, variously named "The bay" and "The big bayou;" and the unwooded bank on the swamp side forms a kind of rude levee, which the ancient tradition of the bottom avers existed before the Spaniards or the French. Doubtless it is a relic of that mysterious, prehistoric race whose mounds are scattered through the Black River Valley.

The levee was green, the short-lived Arkansas grass covering it with velvet; only, it was not altogether green because the Spring had bespattered it with blue and yellow-white from violets, cinquefoil, and oxalis. The water of the bay glittered softly like an opal; for the sun was setting, and shifting hues, red and purple and gold, were burning in the river as in the sky.

Dake, who had learned to love this landscape, turned from it with a kind of groan. "Lord, I hate things to be so pretty when I'm so miserable," said he to himself. "I was a fool to dream she'd get to liking me. Soon's the mill's done I'll get out. I'll go"—he tried to laugh—"I'll go and get drunk!"

A sound which was not the echo of his laughter—though that was harsh enough—made him start. "Pshaw, it's nothing but a hog," he said aloud.

"Naw, 'taint a hoeg," answered a voice out of the brake, between grunts of exhaustion, "hit's me!"

With a mighty push Aunt Betsey rent a tangle of muscadine vine in twain and emerged, puffing and dishevelled but smiling, and bearing aloft a plate of custard pie. "Waal, suttinly this yere slash is pesky bad walkin'!" she panted. "I seen ye lightin' out an' ye hadn't teched you pie, so I jes gethered a piece an' run ayfter ye. Thar," said the kind creature, who perhaps had noticed more than Dake's lack of appetite, "rest you plate on the log an' eat. T' night them St. Louis men et like their stummicks was a cotton baskit, faster ye throw hit in, the better. Bless the Lord fur victuals, I says, an' don' gredge the time t' eat em!"

She watched Dake eat, talking on cheerfully, yet with a wistful gleam in her eye. "I kin tell ye, I are plum glad ter get shet er they all, 'specially that Bassett. He war too biggetty; stepped 's high's a blin' hoss. An' how he wud lie! Lie iz easy iz ye kin bat you eye. What do ye reckon he tole 'beout *you?* I says ter Marty Ann I aimed tew tell ye, kase ye'd orter knaw."

Dake put his plate on the ground; luckily he had finished the pie, since he had no appetite for more now.

"I most wish I *had* shot him," he muttered.

"Aw naw, ye don't," said Aunt Betsey soothingly. "I ben 'lowin fur a right smart I'd jes' ax ye pintblank 'beout you wife and chile. Then I cud talk up to Marty Ann, ye understand."

Dake sometimes addressed Aunt Betsey as mother, in his English fashion. "I'd be glad to, mother," said he. The story that he told his sympathizing listener was not uncommon: a young English artisan coming to America to "better himself," and there marrying a pretty, ambitious, vulgar American, who has brought sufficient tawdry education from her high school to despise her plain husband but is quite helpless to understand his moral aspirations. Dake had never complained of her during their discordant married life; he said nothing now of her fretfulness, her hysterical impatience with poverty and perpetual nagging him for not earning more money. He showed Aunt Betsey the picture of their little one, a boy. "Elsie was a good mother," said he. After he had carefully replaced the photograph he went on: "Well, mother, we'd been married five years, and if married life wasn't jest all I'd looked for'ard to, still we got on with the rest, and I daresay as much my fault as hers, if not; and we both thought the world of the boy. Then, this is 'ow the trouble

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come. I'd always belonged to the union——"

"Sekrit soci'ty?" said Aunt Betsey, sternly, lifting up a fat forefinger in the manner of an exclamation point.

"Why, certainly, they all are. Well, I have a good friend, Bob Tomlin by name. Nobody was more interested in trades unions than we were, nor gave more money. That was one thing fretted poor Elsie. But we got disgruntled, after a while. A lot of hot-headed blowhards got the upper hand and sent us on fool strikes till we were mad. It's kinder hard on a good workman who can always command good wages to stay idle a third of his time 'cause a few hotheads are dissatisfied. By and by come the big strike over the boss taking on some non-union men. Bob and I did our best to prevent that strike; but when 'twas no use we went out peaceful. Tomlin had a lot of sickness in his family and his savings run low, so he went to the secretary for help. What do ye suppose they told him? Why, jest that he'd a cabinet organ and a Brussels carpet and the help must go to them as needed it. 'But,' says Bob, 'Cowles gits 'elp reg'lar!' You must know, mother, that this Cowles was a drunken rip and keen for the strike. Well, they said, Cowles needed it, he'd nothing laid by. At that, Bob, who's a bit 'asty though the best 'earted feller, he loses his temper and cussed 'em. 'And I'm to mortgage my house to pay for Hal Cowles' strikes am I?' says he. 'I'm d—— if I do!' says he. And he went back to work that very day, but before the week was out they fetched him 'ome on a shutter.

"I knowed hit," cried Aunt Betsey, "'twar the sekrit soci'ty. War he cut ony whar with dadgers an' sich?"

"Oh no, only pommelled. He was 'round in a week; but that got my mad up, too, and—well, the strike failed and they laid it on us."

"Didn't they try fur to kill ye?"

"They talked putty rough, but I got a revolver and when a gang of them set on me, I shot one fellow in the leg. They didn't complain of me to the police; but after that they served me out other ways. You don't know it, of course, but those big strikes mostly end the same way. The old men come back, beaten or not. And the bosses, after swearing by all that's holy to keep on the non-union men that have come in and helped them through, they begin to quietly weed the scabs out and get their old men back. You see, usually, the good workmen belong to the union and they won't work with the scabs, and the bosses find it cheapest to give in, on the sly like. And the unions promise big, and so the poor devil of a scab goes by the board. That's the way they treated me. I went to two or three cities, but I couldn't get work, having no union ticket; but I got a good job out in the country and went home for my wife to take her out. We'd been having words, she wanting me to make it up with the union; but still I didn't suspect nothing. Mother, she was gone. Her folks (her father and brothers) were union men, and they persuaded her to leave me. She went off and she got a bill of divorce—for desertion and non-support, though I'd sent her three-fourths of my money. And, next thing I knew, she was married to a walking delegate, a fellow that gets a big salary for bossing rows."

"Waal, the triflin', deceitful critter!" said Aunt Betsey.

"I expect Bassett told ye I stole my child. I tried to; but there was a hue and cry and they got him 'way from me. One policeman whacked me over the head and my poor boy cried. I never saw him again, mother. They kept so close I couldn't find them. But every Christmas and birthday I'd send a present for the lad, what I thought he'd like, to his grandfather, and I asked him very civilly if he'd only tell me if the boy was well. But I never got a word till he sent me a marked paper. My boy's death was in it."

"Oh ye pore, pore boy!" said the old woman, whose six tall sons were in their graves; "an' the only chile ye got."

Dake nodded, shivering a little. "Yes, ma'am, that's so. I guess I'd 'ave gone to the bad then but for Tomlin and his wife. I'd lost everything, and it's awful, mother, the loneliness when a man's own mates turn on him. I confess I took to the devil's comforter, drink. But they got me out of it, God bless

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'em. Maybe I had ought to thank the Knights of Labor too, for we both joined them 'bout that time."

"Another sekrit soci'ty?" cried Aunt Betsey. "Aw, ye onfortinate boy!"

"Well, we pretty soon discovered that we'd got more fights on our hands than in the union; we'd everybody else's wrongs to right as well as our own. I'm blessed if we didn't strike once to help some cigar-makers, and the walking delegate that come on to attend to the matter was *him*—my wife's 'usband. He went white 's the wall when he saw me, and marched off. The next time I saw him he was bossing a boycott on a poor widow woman who wouldn't turn a scab carpenter out of her boarding-house. By that time I didn't want no more Knights of Labor in mine; and I took sides with the widow. So now the Knights are down on me."

"Aint ye never seen *her* agin?" said Aunt Betsey.

"Jest once. I run up against her on the street that same time. She looked most awful pale and wore mourning —for him. When I saw her that way, somehow I seemed to see her like she'd look nights when Willie was restless and we'd take turns walking him. She'd 'ave the baby's little 'ead on her shoulder, and her long black braids hanging down her nightgown; and she walking and singing. My God, mother, a man can't get over feeling *something* for the woman that's carried his baby in her arms! 'Elsie,' I says, 'don't look so frightened; you aint got nothing to fear from me.' Then the poor thing cried and coughed —for she was dying in consumption, she only lived three months after that— and she said she didn't know where I was or she'd 'ave told me 'bout Willie's sickness, and her father was mad and so on. Poor Elsie, I never felt so bitter 'bout her again. I felt cruel hard before. She told me all 'bout our boy and sent me a bundle of his little things. Poor Elsie! Well, mother, there's the story. I come down here to get rid of the Knights; but you see I haven't." He laughed drearily, as he added, "They beat me, every way."

"Ye mean 'beout Marty Ann," said Aunt Betsey, who had no false delicacy; "but ye needn't feel so mightily down. Marty Ann's kinder out o' fix, now, but she's got a heap er sense; an' she'll see; I'll be you mother in law, yit. So guv me a buss on that!"

Dake kissed his homely comforter with a will; and she leaning on his arm, as if he had been the son she hoped for, they went back to the house.

Mr. Francis took the strike very coolly. He found some Arkansas carpenters who worked well enough under Dake's supervision. Young Caroll made light of the whole affair. "That Bassett was a chump," said he; "he talked too much with his mouth; I'm glad he's gone—well, children?"

Otto said that he was only showing Boo the red wagons in the store.

But evidently Boo had her own intentions; she twitched the boy's sleeve. "Boo 'oves tandy," she observed with much sweetness of manner, "*tandy* wont make Boo sick!"

"Will you let her have *one* gumdrop, sir?" said Otto, "I shall pay you out of my wages." He flushed up to the eyes when Caroll tossed him a handful of candy, and he pushed the parti-colored heap back, excepting one piece, saying: "I'd like for to take more, sir, but I should send all my money home that I kin."

"Oh, take them," said the young man, "that's all right!"

Young Caroll had his clothes sent him from his tailor in the North, he rode a fine horse, he polished his finger nails, he never seemed in a hurry; Otto hated him.

Poor Otto, he deemed it his duty to hate everybody having very much money or very much land. Just as his talk had a little twist of German idiom, so that good anarchist, Uncle Bruno (in very truth, one of the best of men), had twisted his moral sense awry. He was confident that not only did the rich inflict hideous misery on the poor, they also gloated over their victims' humiliation. Tears of shame and anger burned his eyeballs as he picked up Boo (both fists full of sweets, but very loath to go) and hurried out of the store. "He laughed that I should not have enough to buy but one gumdrop!" he said between his teeth. And innocent young

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Caroll was saying: "That's a nice little fellow; do you reckon Aunt Betsey would make over my curduroys for him?"

Otto passed by the new mill. He could hear Mr. Dake whistling over his work. The head carpenter had rigged up a workshop in the mill, and worked there until late every night, making a chest of drawers for Marty Ann. The chest was to be a birthday present. Otto was not above peeping through a crack, thereby seeing very plainly that Dake was smiling.

"He thinks he has conquered," was Otto's instant reflection, "and he shall have Bassett's shaatz, too. Ya wohl, *will* he? Denn muss ich den Teufel anführen!"

He shook his fist at the store; "I despise the scab, but the tyrant I hate!" said Otto, who admired the sounding phrases of his uncle's newspapers. "Yes, I was sorry, I hated to do it even to bring the boys back; but now you have made me cry, look out!" He laughed fiercely, recalling a speech of Mr. Francis: "If the mill hadn't been so far along I should have been bothered; for we *must* have the gin by October."

"I will do it," said Otto. "They thought I was a boy, I couldn't help the strike. They will see!"

Little did Dake, still smiling over the chest of drawers, imagine how important to him was this soliloquy of Otto's; he only thought of Marty Ann and her possible pleasure. He laughed at himself, but he knelt down and kissed the handles which might be touched by her fingers.

"Dearest lass, sweetest lass," he murmured. "Oh, I'd take such care of you, I'd work so hard! And we'd have the dear old mother and Boo with us, and, maybe——" His eyes were full of tears. "Oh, good Lord, *can* I be going to be happy, after all!" said he.

Yet surely Marty Ann's behavior had changed to him. She was so kind and gentle, not making excuses to get away from him as she used to do. And how pretty she would look up at him if there was a little joke to catch his eye; and what a sweet, sweet laugh she had!

So a lover's hopes and fancies played a fairy game through his head, until Mr. Francis's voice broke the spell. To-day was an unintentional holiday, owing to an accident to a saw; and the planter meant to improve it by driving the head carpenter about the plantation to discuss future building.

The two men spent the day thus; and did not return until evening. The supper-room looked bare to Dake without Marty Ann. Aunt Betsey explained that she had gone to see the new baby of a friend, "Cap'n Bulah Griffin, on the yon side the Creek."

"She laid out t' cyar' Boo, but she rode the claybank an' he's sicher ill hoss, she dassent. Boo begun tew beller when she seen 'er goin', but Mis' Francis come by an' she tolled the bad little trick off tew the new mill. An', by gum, she ben thar the enjurin ev'nin', playin' doll heous with the boards, she an' Otter 'n Lizzie Vict'ry an' Seerayphine Dake. She putt Seerayphine tew sleep an' leff her thar fur the night."

Seerayphine Dake, be it explained, was not a little live girl like Lizzie Victory, but a beautiful wax doll that could open and shut its eyes and cry in the most natural and affecting manner if you squeezed her stomach. Dake had bought her in St. Louis and put her on the Christmas tree for Boo.

"She didn't leave her," Otto spoke up with an unaccountable flush, "I brought her home."

But Boo had not heard, being absorbed in a new table pastime; namely, tilting her spoon so that the milk should trickle gently over the point and form wee rivulets in the creases of her oilcloth eating apron.

"Lammie," said her grandmother placidly, "quit that, or I'll have ter throw ye ter the big b'ar! Marty Ann 'lowed she'd shore be back by sundown, knowin' iz I'd be skeered up, the hoss is so mean."

But the sun set, throwing no rays on the "claybank," or Marty Ann.

Aunt Betsey paced the gallery, declaring that she didn't know "what got the matter with her, she jes' taken the all overs." Gradually, as the west dimmed and the long shadows devoured the forest vistas, leaving only the vast dark bulk of the swamp, Dake's nerves felt the contagion.

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"Like's not he've throwed 'er," said Aunt Betsey, "an' thar she lays in the road, hollerin' on us. I are goin' down a piece to look."

"And I guess I'll go by the other road," Dake said; "she might take that."

He borrowed a horse from young Caroll and rode all the way to the Griffins.

Marty Ann had left their house before dark. They were much concerned, and Jeff Griffin wanted to join the search, but Dake assured him that there was no need; if Marty Ann was not found before morning, he would send him word.

A sinister fear, very different from honest Jeff's anxiety, goaded him both into this refusal and his own feverish hunt.

That day one of the "renters" had told Mr. Francis a long story of seeing Bassett in a little town among the hills. "He sorter dodged outer my way, but I knowed by his favor * twar *him*."

Now why had Bassett come back? Dake would not confess to himself that he feared that Marty Ann had gone secretly to meet him; but he rode madly through the brake, yelling her name, and being a poor horseman, might have broken his neck over a cypress knee had not the horse carried a cooler head than his rider.

Nobody answered his shouts until he came in sight of the lights of the hamlet, when he heard the peal of a horn, such as Aunt Betsey blew daily to summon her boarders and the stockmen use on their rounds.

Approaching, he perceived first a lantern swinging vigorously, then a ragged boy.

"Otto!" he called.

"She's come back," shouted Otto; "she lost her way!"

The relief which was Dake's first sensation was succeeded by a revulsion of suspicion so cold and biting that it turned him sick to the very heart.

"Go on back," said he; "tell Aunt Betsey I'm going to the mill and won't be up."

He would not be fooled by another false woman. A sentence that an old German, a former member of a religious community in Iowa, used to quote, kept running in his head: "Woman is a magic fire."

* Favor—looks, appearance.

Well, he was burned. He returned his horse to the stable and tramped savagely over to the mill.

Lost in the swamp! she that was born there. Yet the dominant instinct of fairness which was in Dake's English blood would have its word. "She never told me she cared for me," he groaned. "I only imagined it. I aint got no right to blame her."

He tried to work, but the contrast between his frame of mind in the morning and now was too bitter—he threw his tools aside.

It may seem strange that Dake should decide against himself on such meagre evidence; but his hopes had no vitality, they were cowed by suffering. He sat a long while thinking, or rather trying to think, for only visions of past woe and betrayal would crowd into his brain. At last he rose and betook himself to the store where he lodged; Otto and he occupying a chamber in the second story together.

The store is a plantation's social centre. Dake found the office full of men. The stove gleaming in its summer coat of whitewash (which saves blacking) made a convenient shelf for divers heels. Otto's heels did not aspire to the stove; his legs dangled from the window-sill while he listened with a rapt air to Winter, the blacksmith's, eulogy of Bassett's strength.

"The ox, he rulled †"—thus the current of Winter's eloquence flowed on—"an' Jim jes' guv 'im one on the head; knocked 'im plum dead.‡ Tell ye I wudn't bunch rags§ with him, I'd cyar a gun handy if I was Dake."

"That Bassett caves a right smart," said a quiet, fair man, who looked like what he was, a prosperous farmer, "but he lets off too much steam to ever bust the b'iler. He was fixin' ter kill off Mist' Dake an' most er the Bend, mightly briefly. R'ared an' charged on the boat, I'm tole, all the way to Newport. But we're all movin', still."

"He'll do us a meanness yit, Mist' Shinault," said Winter gloomily.

Dake passed through the crowd, greeting them briefly, and went up to

† Jibed. ‡ Senseless.
§ Fight. Negro expression, but used in jest by the whites.

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his room. Very soon he was followed by Otto. For a little time they could hear the laughter and creaking of chair legs and shuffling of heavy boots, then the gossips departed in a body, and a deep hush succeeded.

The river lapped the bank like a thirsty dog. Some wild creature of the swamp sent forth a quavering, melancholy cry. Dake lay still in his bed that he might not waken Otto. Otto was feigning sleep lest he should be suspected by Dake.

But the boy's flesh crept, his heart was thumping against his ribs: now, now at any minute—ach, Gott! what was that?

Hurried footsteps shook the wooden platform, and a clamor of blows and shrieks filled the air.

Dake sat up in bed. "Seems to want to get in," he observed coolly. "Say! you down there, don't beat the door down! We'll need it to-morrow."

A woman's voice screamed back: "Mist Dake, Dake, come an' help us! Boo done run away!"

It was Aunt Betsey's voice; and nobody was there except Aunt Betsey pounding on the door with a stick; and clad in a remarkable toilet of Marty Ann's gown slipped on by accident, therefore knotted round the wearer's ample waist by the sleeves; and a patchwork quilt for a shawl.

She panted out her story; how Marty Ann, awakening suddenly, had missed Boo.* They had searched the yard in vain. Now Marty Ann had run to the river.

Otto interrupted the recital. "Her doll—the mill!" he cried hoarsely.

"She 'lowed she lef' it thar, fur a fact," Aunt Betsey said with a gurgle of relief. "I bet she's thar this minnit! Otter—will ye look at the critter split the mud! Dake—he are gone, too. Waal, quicker they all run less need er runnin' fur Betsey Graham. I ain't preecisely built fur the run neither." With which reflection, she followed at her own pace.

Otto flew across the green like a hare. He darted into the great black hollow structure, into the shadows crouching under the rafters like beasts asleep. There by the chest, Boo was sitting, crooning to herself while she played with a trail of fire.

A yell tore Otto's dry throat.

"Run with the baby!" shouted Dake, "run for your life!"

He was jumping on the sparks; he gathered the mass attached to the fuse in his arms; he leaped through the door. Aunt Betsey, trotting ponderously along, saw Otto run from the mill holding Boo while Dake flew to the river bank, hurling his burden into the air; and simultaneously came the crash of a dozen claps of thunder rolled into one; a shower of dirt, branches, water, and boards whizzed about her ears, and Dake tumbled headlong against a tree.

The next second Boo shrieked with delight, "Did Boo hear the bang! *Big* bang!"

"Good Lord er earth an' heaven!" screamed Aunt Betsey, "whut's that?"

But she was not a woman to be deprived of her wits by any catastrophe. Instantly she grasped the child and felt her over, commenting: "Aint broke nowhar. Nur you, Otter, hay? Whar's Dake?"

"He—he's there!" Otto's chattering jaws managed to gasp, as he pointed a shaking hand at the cypress stump.

The black heap tumbled athwart the roots neither stirred nor moaned when the old woman touched it.

"Oh my boy! my boy!" she cried, but directly in a changed tone she said: "Naw, his heart beats strong. Jes' hit his head gin the tree an' knocked 'im dead. Hope the devil's trick, whutever 'tis, haint no more go off in 't. Otter, you 'n Boo don' come too nigh! Holler on Marty Ann, she'll be plum crazy hearin' the noise—Thar she comes—*wild!* Marty Ann, Boo aint hurted!"

Marty Ann turned once towards Boo, standing solidly on her own plump legs by this time, then she ran straight to Dake. Aunt Betsey's lantern struck out a ragged medallion from the intense darkness, wherein lay Dake's profile resting on the old woman's arm, and a ghastly, terrified face with staring eyes and panting lips, above. Blood was on Dake's hair and cheek and on the hand which Marty struck against her breast.

* Doors of dwellings are rarely locked in this part of the country; so that anyone could go out, easily.

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Otto's head reeled; he caught at Boo, tumbling down on the ground to hide his face in her little white nightgown.

"That's right, Otter," cried Aunt Betsey, "wrop er up! The pore little trick 'll be chillin' if—yere," flinging the quilt at him, "putt that on 'er. Now, holler right loud, all er ye. Are words come handy. *Murder! Fire! Holp! Holp! This a way! Whoop—ee—ee!* Git up the tree an' shake the lantern, boy! Marty Ann, w'y don' ye holler? Guv me that 'ar shawl; my gownd 'll kiver you all over, an' yourn wunt *me*. *Holler! holler!*"

Really, however, the settlement needed no rousing.

The explosion had startled them out of their slumbers for miles around. Lanterns began to twinkle like fireflies, in every direction. They poured out of their cabins, half dressed; while their shouts and calls woke the echoes in the swamp. First John, the watchman, emerged from the old mill, rubbing his eyes. Then Mr. and Mrs. Francis came and all the Carolls. Within five minutes a score of men, women, and children were on the spot and Dorrance Caroll was spurring his fastest horse down the lane after the doctor.

Mr. Francis and Winter took one of the heavy shutters off a store window and laid Dake on it, still senseless.

"Tote him ter we all's, in cose," said Aunt Betsey; "he savedid my gran'-chile this yere night, an' nobuddy else shill nuss 'im."

Every moment men on horseback came galloping up to the lanterns, having heard the noise. The crowd streamed after the shutter, buzzing like a hive of bees; with questions, ejaculations, surmises, threats.

"Whut war 't onyhow?" "Do you reckon 'twar a yearthquake?" "Naw, naw, brudder Sharon, dey didn't ben no 'quake! I done seen piece er dat 'ar trick done it, my black seff. Mist' Francis does 'low hit 's dem *dynermite ca'tridges* dey does blow out de stumps wid. Reckon dey all aimed blow de whole settlement sp'ang up!"

A white man at Otto's elbow was explaining the operation very correctly. "Ye unnerstand we got a heap er them cartridges an' these yere vilyuns stole 'em an' hid 'em in the mill. Most like, they set 'em off with a long fuse wud be a hour burnin'. Then, they jes' lights the fuse, lopes thar hosses, an' Mist' Francis may whistle fur 'em!"

"Dad gum thar ornery hides, I'm fur swingin' them up soon's we git 'em!"

"Fust we got ter *cotch* 'em. I'm trustin' t' thar gittin' mired up in the slashes!"

"Dad burn 'em, blow 'em up 'ith they all's dinnermite——"

"Twarnt they all's, 'twar we all's."

"Naw, sir, hangin's the best. Ye takes a waggin——"

"Say, bud, you was thar, tell us."

Wedged in the throng, Otto must answer unlimited questions.

At the house the talk veered appropriately to the merits of the injured man. A farmer told of a gate mended, for nothing; and a woman of a rocking chair made for her old mother. "Wudn't take a cent. Said we'd give 'im many a dinner when he was workin' out our way. I hadn't nare rocker but the one, an' I hated terrible not to rock."

"He was always so good to the little tricks, thats what I think on," said a young mother.

"Thar warn't a better cyarpenter in Arkansaw," almost sobbed Winter; "jes' hurted him to do a pore job, an' honest?—my Lord, the man that wud do Dake mean wud rob a dead man."

"We'll *make* 'em dead men!" howled the crowd. But they were hushed instantly by the doctor's approach. A bag hung over the medical arm, from which projected divers steel handles glittering ominously under the lanterns. A shudder ran through the crowd and Otto's next neighbor remarked in an awe-struck tone: "Reckon he got many's dozen knives in thar!"

"Must hurt turrible!" said another man.

"Say they all kin cyarve a buddy all t' bits, inside," pursued the first speaker with a kind of ghoulish enjoyment of his theme, "an' then putt 'em all back int' fix, like they was a clock. Fur my pyart, though, I'd be sorter jubious they'd fergit suthin' or turn some little trick er me wrong side up."

Otto sickened at this vision of the horrors which might be inflicted on Dake. Uncle Bruno had held a low

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opinion of doctors ever since they insisted on vaccinating the family, and mamma Knipple sided with the board of health. Otto began to feel a painful sympathy with Dake. "Oh, I didn't go for to kill him or to hurt him neither," he was always saying to himself. "I wouldn't take the things 'cause he's a traitor, but he was good to me. I don't want him to die!" Mr. Francis's praises of his conduct were like a thorn pressing a raw wound; but he did not dare to repulse them. He longed to fly, but his anxiety for some word from Dake kept him passive. He waited, in his torture, until he saw Mrs. Francis's pretty, kind smile through the crowd of faces and the lights, and heard her declare that Dake's hurt was not serious; then he slunk away.

He crept under the shadow of the cypress trees, along the edge of the brake, to the new mill. He looked at it, not a beam shaken, not a stone of the chimney jarred.

He looked a little while, then he walked back to the store.

The door stood open, just as they had left it, in their flight. Otto walked up the dark stairs, feeling his way; but when he came to touch the door he recoiled. An uncontrollable, utterly irrational terror seemed to swoop down out of the night and clutch his soul. His knees knocked together and the chatter of his own teeth scared him, yet he could not for the life of him keep his jaws still.

"Oh Lord," gasped poor Otto, "how'll I ever live through this night? If only a rat 'ud come!"

But with a desperate effort he flung the door back and, running swiftly, he crossed the floor, jumped into bed, and cowered under the blankets. But the blankets are not woven that shall keep out Fear. Otto was not repentant, he was frightened.

His imagination had armed his nerves, beforehand, against one train of shocks; instead there came a horror for which he had not prepared and they were defenceless. The homesick boy loved Boo; over and over again he saw her laughing at that devil's plaything. He saw Dake's pallid face and the woman's wild eyes. He heard the oaths and threats and curses. Somehow, Otto had expected that the poor people about would rather exult in the planter's misfortune; was he not, by rights, their oppressor? But now they raged against the man who had tried to kill Dake. They would kill Otto, if they knew. There was a step on the stair! No, it was nothing! The rustle of leaves was like voices. It was not the click of hammers, only the rattle of a sycamore bough in the wind. So the hideous hours wore on until, exhausted by his torment, the poor little lonely sinner slept.

Meanwhile, Dake was hardly less wretched. He uttered a deep groan in the middle of the night, startling Aunt Betsey, who was in the act of pouring some medicine into a spoon, and naturally shook the spoon. But she gave him the medicine just the same, conscientiously adding an extra half-spoonful. Then she looked down upon him with great tenderness and emotion.

"Mother," said Dake, "why do you cry?" for the tears were twinkling on Aunt Betsey's lashes and, holding the bottle of medicine in one hand, she was gently stroking his hair with the other —and the spoon.

"Law me, honey," she answered briskly (after a sniff), "I ain't cryin', my eyes is jes' weakly, like."

"Am I 'urt bad?" said Dake.

"Naw, boy, Lord be praised, you aint. Doctor says a board struck ye an' knocked ye 'gin the tree, an' ye got a *confusion* (that's what he calls hit), in you head; an' you leader unner you right knee got tore by suthin'; but no bones is broke, an' you'll be peart agin, in no time."

Dake sighed and turned his face to the wall.

"Talk er *me* cryin'!" the old woman went on, "aint I got good reason fur ter cry an' praise the Lord fur whut you done fur we all this night. Me cry! Ye had orte seen Marty Ann, she cried a haff hour studdy, when she warn't bussin' an' muchin' er Boo."

A quiver passed over Dake's face. Not a word did he say, being, truly, past speaking.

Drearily his memory had been plodding through the past evening. Bas-

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sett? Of course it was Bassett. But how much had Marty Ann helped him? He acquitted her, promptly, of any guilty knowledge, but he suspected that unconsciously she had given Bassett all his information. Through her he had learned of Dake's habit of working in the mill at night. It was at him, William Dake, that the blow was aimed. His single glance that night had shown him the hiding place cunningly contrived in the hollow behind the chest of drawers and covered with boards. By what miracle had the baby, pulling it out, escaped firing the horrible thing?

The fuse, most likely, was burning all the while he was in the mill——had he remained his usual time—— "By——, I wish I had!" thought the wretched man. Then it was that he had groaned. The desolate loneliness, the sense of being hated, the shadow of entailing misfortune upon whomsoever befriended him, which had poisoned life for him before, had in it now the venom of a woman's deceit.

"Woman is a magic fire," muttered Dake, with his face to the wall that he wished was his grave.

"Fire?" cried Aunt Betsey. "Be ye chillin', honey? Marty Ann fotch in the big blanket!"

Marty Ann appeared, the prettier for the violet shadows under her large eyes and the pale cheeks and tremulous mouth. She stammered a few words of gratitude, which Dake received gently and coldly. She could not understand him.

Neither could Aunt Betsey nor Mr. Francis.

He was the best of patients, quiet, morbidly cautious about giving trouble, joking, in a dry way, over his pain, and pathetically grateful for every kindness. "But someway, fur all his funnin', the critter's mightily down," declared Aunt Betsey.

"I wisht you'd go in sometimes, Marty Ann," she said once to her daughter, "you kin chirk him up better 'n ar un else."

"No, I caynt," answered Marty Ann quickly; "caynt you see yourself he don't want me 'round?"

"Hev ye ben ill ter the pore critter? I'll bet ye hev."

"No, I ain't, maw," said Marty Ann. "I don't know what's the matter. Nor I don't care neither."

Why, then, did Marty Ann go and cry over Boo until the child howled in sympathy?

Dake could not help noticing her changed looks. "She's fretting because her scoundrel sweetheart done such a mean trick," he thought dismally. Nevertheless his heart yearned over her. Bassett was a boaster, a coarse fellow, but may be he would be good to her, and he was Marty Ann's choice. "I'll not stand in the way," said Dake.

The next day he spoke to Mr. Francis. "They've downed me," he said. "What's the use? I'll go away. There's a good carpenter in Portia and he's a Knight of Labor, so they won't make a row. You can get Bassett back, then——"

"I don't want him," said Mr. Francis.

"He's not half a bad fellow," said Dake, "and a first-rate workman. I don't bear him no malice. I know how the decent workmen feel about scabs; I used to feel that way, myself. They're fellows that make a good bargain for themselves at the expense of their mates; the decent Knights or union men won't lift a hand against them, themselves, but they don't feel bad, I assure you, when the rough fellows do them a mischief. If I stay here, they'll do something to you. I'm going, that's all."

Mr. Francis's indignation, appeals, protestations were equally vain. The planter fumed, young Caroll swore, Aunt Betsey cried, Dake looked miserable, but his determination was not shaken one whit. Meanwhile, the swamp had been scoured, a couple of detectives were prowling about in disguise, and nobody was a pin's point the wiser.

Bassett rode defiantly to the store with a couple of witnesses, who swore (and he offered to bring a dozen more who would swear the same) that he spent the whole evening from seven until eleven of the night in question, at a certain saloon in Portia. "And I aint that kind of a fellow," said Bassett to the scowling faces, happily few, that day, which met his, "I fight fair, I do; and I'm ready to hold up my hands to anybody that doubts it! D——'em! D—— you all!" he yelled. In fact, Bassett

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had primed up his courage for the trip a little too heavily.

The planter, Shinault, and a few of the cooler heads got him off the place with all speed.

Otto, who was in the store buying quinine for Dake, witnessed the scene, in indescribable agitation. The lad was a creature to be pitied. He spent most of his spare time in Dake's room. At first he had shrunk from seeing Dake, but very soon the only relief that he could get was there. Against his will he grew fond of Dake. It is hard when a man's eyes brighten at the sight of you, when he likes the touch of your hand, when you lift his weak head, when you see him suffering but always with a smile for you—it is hard, even if you are a young anarchist, to properly hate that man. Before a week was over Otto surrendered, he knew that he could not hate Dake ever again.

"That 'ar boy 's plum changed up," Aunt Betsey declared, "ter my mind, now he sees how that 'ar sekrit socity done Dake, he are 'shamed an' he got a anxious notion er makin' up tew Dake fur bein' so mean. Got them blue pants on him, t' day, done so. Then, I made him h'ist his legs up on a chair so Dake wud shore see 'em. Dake smiled right pleasant when he seen them legs. But that boy, he looks so puny an' down, hits jes' *turrible!* Wunt eat a mite. Makes me feel right bad."

There was reason enough for Otto's looks. Harassed by the criminal's galley slave, Fear, which made him look askance at every new comer's face to see if it darkened at the sight of him; and strain his ears to catch the words of any voice roughened by anger, the unhappy little dynamiter cried out: "Am I *always* going to be scared like this?"

It never occurred to him to give up his job; his people needed his wages too much.

The threats which are always uttered, on such occasions, in primitive communities, kept his dread at fever heat. Apparently the least he had to expect was to be butchered with bowie knives, or strangled on a high limb of the great overcup oak facing the mill.

Neither was fear his only torturer. He was a frank lad with a sturdy self-respect of his own, witness his declining Dake's gifts though his rags hardly covered his skin, yet now he must be praised on every side for snatching the baby up and running; he must be clapped on the back by a score of hands black and white, and receive a miscellaneous array of tributes ranging from Marty Ann's Waterbury watch (you can buy a very good one at the store for two dollars and sixty cents) to the package from a burly admirer which contained a bowie knife and a popcorn ball——it was intolerable!

But Otto remembered the threats and his heart failed him; he dared not attract suspicion by refusing.

"How they'd hate me if they knowed!" he thought. Neither had he any longer the poor comfort of being able to hate and despise the givers, because it is so difficult to hate and despise people who are kind to you.

Very worst of all, Otto was beginning to have ghastly doubts about the righteousness of the cause. He was so utterly solitary, poor little wretch. Winter, the blacksmith, voiced the universal opinion: "'Twar a skulkin' pusillanimous deed."

He addressed a crowd of farmers waiting their turn before his forge.

"Them fellers, them Knights er Labor done it, ter my mind," he continued. "Bassett when he war yere, he tole me er a heap er meanness they all done ter folks iz displeased 'em. 'Taint safe ter mad *us*,' says he."

"He tole me," said a red-haired youth, "that when the Knights got thar will, nobody had need ter work more 'n eight hours a day. That's 'nuff, he says."

"An' how'd we all make a crap on eight hours a day, do ye reckon?" said Lum Shinault. "Shucks! ef ye want money an' truck ye got ter work fur it! Them knights is the durndes' fools! W'y that ar' Bassett he 'lows land had orter be free like water. By gum, I got a good farm I paid for, my wife an' me workin' hard, does he reckon we all goin' ter sheer with any triflin' feller comes 'long?"

"Whut I caynt enjure," said an old farmer, "is the way he done we all. He didn't have no gredge agin we all, yit yere he tries fur ter cheat us outen

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our gin when he knows the ole un aint big nuff!"

"'Twar a mean trick on Mist' Francis," said Shinault, "tell ye he done a sight er good, yere. I kin remember when thar warnt nary sightly heouses an' the store didn't sell nuthin' much 'cept white whiskey, an' the whole settlement wud git 'rarin' chargin' drunk Saturday night. Yes, sir, they wud so. Look a' the place, now, look a' them fine painted heouses an' the heap er winders! Look a' the school'us that's a church heouse, too! An' ain't the store the best all sorts store onywhar', an' don't sell a drop er licker. Ain't we all's farms more valluble kase er j'inin' this yere estate with the gin an' the store an' the steamboat landin'? I tell ye, Francis an' Caroll done a sight er good."

"Dey's kin' gen'lemen fo' a fac'," agreed a tall negro, "dey did guv me credit to de sto' fo' meal an' po'k endurin' de winter w'en I ben down wid de antedelarious fever nur dey didn't know wedder I evah git up fo' to mek a crap fo' dem."

"Waal, ter my mind," said a big farmer, he of the bowie knife and popcorn ball, "ef a man got a gredge 'gin a yuther man let him go ter 'im an' have it out fair an' square. In co'se take 'is gun. This yere blowin' up mills —w'y, it's ondecent!"

A hollow-eyed man in butternut jeans was stirred to reminiscence, and told a long tale of how a Jew set fire to his brother's cotton gin in revenge for a bad debt.

"War ye shore 'twar him done it?" said Shinault.

"Shore?" cried the man indignantly, "didn't Dock most lick his hide offen him? Shore! Be you uns shore Jim Bassett an' they all done this yere meanness?"

"Waal, now, ef ye ax me," said Shinault, "I aint."

"Who did then?"

"That's what I dunno."

Otto, on the outskirts of the crowd, swallowed a lump in his throat.

"Waal, shore or no," said the big farmer, whacking his boot leg truculently with his ox whip, "thar's a right smart er good men an' true a goin' ter pay Mist' James Bassett a visit—an' find out!"

"Leave 'im t' the law, boys. Ye better!" said Lum Shinault; he was Esquire Shinault now, a justice of the peace, and with a profound respect for legal methods.

"Oh *we* all aint goin," said the farmer, and there must have been some occult pleasantry in the remark, since the crowd broke into a rough laugh.

Otto was afraid of their mirth; he hurried away—to think.

Now, as it happened, the farmer was merely bragging; and had he not been, Bassett was safe in St. Louis. But this Otto did not know. He said to himself that either he must confess or Bassett would be sacrificed. The idea of confession was not new; it had come to him once or twice before; and this morning he had felt a desperate longing to thus prevent Dake's going. For Dake was going that day. Otto overheard part of the conversation between him and Mr. Francis.

"Dake, I am sorrier than I can say," said the planter; "it's all nonsense, your notions about my being exposed to danger if you stay. A lot of trifling blowhards, I aint afraid of them. Why, confound it, I reckoned you'd stay and marry a pretty Arkansas girl and settle down."

Then Dake's voice came with a tremor in it: "I swear I wouldn't ask any girl to take a man for a 'usband that might be brought in dead to her, any day, or all crippled up and useless, worse than dead. I'd think too much of the girl I cared for, to ask *that!*"

And, directly, the voices having grown duller because Boo was drawing Seeraphine Dake and a new wagon through the gallery, Aunt Betsey appeared blowing her nose and wiping her eyes and slashing the air with her big red handkerchief, in a state of mingled wrath and woe.

"The critter's deestracted," she wailed, "fixin' t' go t' Porshy t' see the cyarpenteer thar, ef he'll come—in co'se he'll come, dad burn him!—then, he are goin' fur good. An' he aint no whar nigh well. Aint sot up yit. Goin' off by his lone, pore boy. Declare, I wisht them sekrit socities was all sunk en the river!

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They done hit, they done hit. Boo, you hush!"

She hurried away, crying.

Otto had wondered if he could not tell, but his heart failed him.

It is so seldom that we act from simple motives, in this world; we do in fiction, we do in the newspapers, and we are continually presuming that other people do; but we ourselves—how often can we even decide which one of our medley of motives cast the final vote?

Was it his remorse for the wrong which he had done Dake, or his disgust with his false position, or his still ardent loyalty to "the order," impelling him to protect Bassett at any cost? Otto did not try to decide. He only knew there was nothing left but to tell.

Was Uncle Bruno, who was so good, right? Or was Mr. Francis right? he was good, too. And Dake was good. But did good people oppress the poor? How could it all be? It did not matter, anyhow he had only done mischief; he, not Dake, was the traitor; he had disgraced the order. Yes, there was nothing left.

"They all think so kind of me," he thought with an ache in his throat, "and they trust me so. He will feel awful bad" (he meant Dake) "but it ain't no use, I'll tell Mr. Francis and beg him he shall not tell Mr. Dake, and they kin hang me to the blacksmith's tree, for his bed is the other way, or they kin wait till he is gone so he shall not know—but Oh, meine Mutter und die Kleine!"

His tears choked him, bitter,—like death.

Still he held to his course. There was nothing else left. He walked on to the store; but slowly, because his legs did not seem to belong to him and trembled and sprawled without his being able to control his steps. He could not eat this last week; and his sleep, when he slept at last, was a succession of nightmares. After all, he was only a child trying to sin like a man, and his strength, never robust, had snapped under the weight of fright, loneliness, and remorse. His head had been troubling him lately; it had a curious, empty feeling as though it were a mere shell. At the same time he continually heard false sounds. Voices of anguish and terror, blunted by distance, sobs and moans and the hoarse murmur as of a frantic mob approaching; he heard them all more plainly than he heard the wind rising in the cypress brake. Did he stop and listen intently, such noises would cease, and he would realize that his imagination had feigned them, but they added to the constant strain on his nerves. Even now that the worst was come, that he ought to be absorbed in the moment (for he felt his feet stumbling against the steps), even now he caught himself wondering was it really Marty Ann weeping back in a dim corner of the empty store, or the same old noises of a dream.

No one was in the store.

He crawled down the long room, feeling his way, for he could not see.

Behind the gilt wire screen which protects the office proper from the small room in the rear of the store, Mr. Francis sat poring and frowning over the biggest ledger of all.

Otto did not see a head leaned against the wall of the safe, a head with haggard features and a white cheek, or a thin hand which clutched the safe door knob to hide its trembling. Neither did he perceive Aunt Betsey towering above the screen in a yellow sunbonnet, flapping with her motions, as she rocked her high stool by bracing her two hands against the desk. All Otto's dim eyes showed him was Mr. Francis's stern face.

He staggered into the office and steadied himself against the leg of the desk.

"Mister," said he, "I done it all. If they hang me you send my mother the wages. Don't let them hurt Jim, I done it all."

"What in the devil——" said Mr. Francis; he was not a profane man, but he had been sorely tried, to-day, losing Dake. He shut the ledger with a bang. "What do you mean?" said he.

"The explosion—that blowed up the mill," faltered Otto; this anger was the beginning, "I done it all; nobody else knowed nothin' 'bout it."

Aunt Betsey jumped from her stool with a thud.

"I don't believe you," cried Dake hoarsely.

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"I done it," repeated Otto, "I done it to make you take the boys back. I stole the cartridges and hid them in the mill once, and ayfter Mr. Dake came in I ran quick and lighted the fuse. I done it, all, myself. Jim and the boys never knowed. They aint to blame. I didnt mean to hurt Mr. Dake. The boys aint to blame."

He spoke in a dull weak voice, repeating his ideas a little, and his knees were shaking. His skin had gone a kind of gray-white like tree bark in winter. His eyes were glassy.

"How did you know about making a fuse?" said Dake.

Otto lifted his head with a strange, forlorn expression of pride. "Oh, I've known that a long time. I seen lots of bombs and things."

"His uncle!" cried Mr. Francis under his breath to Dake, "of course he knows. Dear, dear, dear, I'm afraid he aint lying."

"Bassett put him up to it," said Dake doggedly.

"Otter," said the old woman solemnly, "did you do that thar wicked trick?"

"Yes, mum," said Otto.

"Boy fall down right—yere, an' bless the Lord. Ye war on the brink er a precept * an' the Lord mussifully slewed ye off! Don't be too hard on the critter, Mist' Francis, twarnt his deed. Them thar owdacious, triflin' knights jes' tolled him on, pore, innercent chile."

"Nobody—nobody—but me," said Otto again, more faintly.

"Thar! jes' like the man in the book. He taken the fatil vow!" Aunt Betsey cried. "Oh, I wisht ye'd of read that thar book, you cud jedge proper, then—Otter! Otter!"

It was time to catch the swaying little figure in her strong arms, since Otto, making an ineffectual effort to say something about hanging and Bassett, had fainted.

Mr. Francis, like most planters in lonely regions, was a bit of a doctor; he hastily grasped Otto's wrist and felt his forehead; just as Marty Ann rushed in, hearing her mother's scream. Her eyes were swollen; even blind Dake could see that she had been crying.

"He is in for a fit of sickness," said Mr. Francis.

"Then take him straight ter we all's," said Aunt Betsey. "Law me, Mist' Francis, ye wunt let 'em take the pore chile t' the jail. Twarnt his deed."

Suddenly, she rose to the full significance of the moment. There was heard the crack of a whip and rattle of wheels, outside.

"Ef *Otter* done hit, an' not the sekrit soci'ty, fur w'y must Dake go?"

Dake looked at Marty Ann; he struck his lips together trying to speak and gasped.

Aunt Betsey remained mistress of the situation: "Marty Ann," said she, firmly, "tell him t' stay. Ye know ye ben cryin' fit ter kill kase he ben a goin'. Mist' Francis, holp me h'ist this yere chile; an' we'll tote him 'cross the road. You all kin foller when you ready. Guv me Dake's bag, he wunt want it."

Mr. Francis bit his lip and obeyed. Marty Ann and Dake were alone; Marty Ann recovered herself first and commanded Dake to sit down, he wasn't fit to stand.

"No," said Dake, "not till I know if I'm to go or to stay."

"*I* aint telling you to go," said Marty Ann; and blushed furiously and tossed up the corner of her apron with a pettish movement.

Dake was trembling exceedingly. "I *can't* believe what I want to," he cried. "Say, Miss Martha, did you see—did you see—Jim Bassett, that night you was lost?"

Marty Ann laughed out sweet and clear: "It was that was it you were studying 'bout and fretting over? Yes, I did, Mr. Dake—when I went to the Griffins', on the way. And I come back through the swamp so I wouldn't meet up with him again. And, if you want to know, he said he come to Portia to see *me*. So there!"

"Martha," said Dake, taking both her hands, "you know what I think 'bout you. You know I love you. Say, didn't you——"

"No, I didn't," said Marty Ann, lifting her sweet eyes bravely to her lover's; "I didn't care for him, but I wasn't sure but I did, 'cause he was so lively and handsome, but when—when I seen you

* Mrs. Graham had precipice in her mind.

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lying on the ground—I *hate* him!" cried Marty Ann.

"But you don't hate *me*," stammered Dake in a daze of bliss; "may be, then, you—you could—"

"I reckon," said Marty Ann, very low.

About five minutes later, Dake looking out of Paradise, saw Otto's ragged hat.

"Poor Otto," said he, "we must forgive him, dear lass."

They did forgive him. How can one bear malice to a boy whom one has nursed through a brain fever?

Mr. Francis was merciful; he kept Otto's secret. Perhaps his mercy was Otto's punishment. The lad winces, to this day, when the talk at the store drifts into the subject of the still mysterious explosion. To this day, the tongues of the plantation orators belabor the Knights of Labor, around the store stove.

Mr. Francis, who is not a friend of the order, only laughs and remarks philosophically to young Caroll, "Oh, well, those Knights have done so many mean things I reckon one more doesn't matter."

Dake's helper, strange to say, is Uncle Bruno. The widow Knipple is making a crop, just beyond the Grahams. Frau Bruno has an account at the store and money to her credit; but Uncle Bruno is not likely to have any such prosperous showing on the ledger; all his spare dollars go to needy comrades or to pay for those wild-looking German sheets which come to him through the mail.

Nevertheless he keeps on the best terms with Dake (whom the order has forgotten) and adores Mrs. Dake and Boo. Frau Bruno says: "Ach, du lieber Himmel! you tink Bruno talk fierce? Jest haf you heard him wunce ven ve in St. Louis been! But now—pshutt, he is like de sheeps!"

Aunt Betsey, however, is still seeking (vicariously in the person of the unfortunate Mr. Francis) for the book which gave her such lucid ideas on the subject of secret societies. It had a purplish back and a right pretty picture of a skull and crossed daggers outside; and, no doubt, when Mr. Francis shall find it, she will convert Herr Knipple.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

By A. Lampman.

Mother of balms and soothings manifold,
  Quiet-breathed night, whose brooding hours are seven,
  To whom the voices of all rest are given,
And those few stars whose scattered names are told,
Far off beyond the westward hills outrolled,
  Darker than thou, more still, more dreamy even,
  The golden moon leans in the dusky heaven,
And under her one star, a point of gold;

And all go slowly lingering toward the West,
As we go down forgetfully to our rest,
  Weary of daytime, tired of noise and light.
Ah it was time that thou shouldst come, for we
Were sore athirst and had great need of thee,
  Thou sweet physician, balmy bosomed night.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLATTEVILLE, WIS. No

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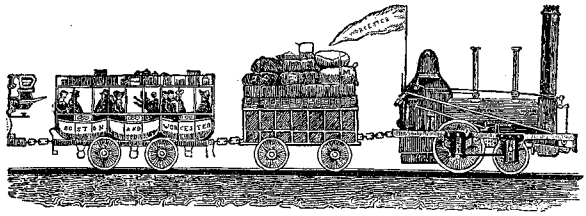

Boston and Worcester Railroad, 1835.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES AND CARS.

By M. N. Forney.

AMONG the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE there will be some who have reached the summit of the "divide" which separates the spring and summer of life from its autumn and winter, and whose first information about railroads was received from Peter Parley's "First Book of History," which was used as a school-book forty or fifty years ago. In his chapter on Maryland, he says:

But the most curious thing at Baltimore is the railroad. I must tell you that there is a great trade between Baltimore and the States west of the Alleghany Mountains. The western people buy a great many goods at Baltimore, and send in return a great deal of western produce. There is, therefore, a vast deal of travelling back and forth, and hundreds of teams are constantly occupied in transporting goods and produce to and from market.*

Now, in order to carry on all this business more easily, the people are building what is called a railroad. This consists of iron bars laid along the ground, and made fast, so that carriages with small wheels may run along upon them with facility. In this way, one horse will be able to draw as much as ten horses on a common road. A part of this railroad is already done, and if you choose to take a ride upon it, you can do so. You will mount a car something like a stage, and then you will be drawn along by two horses, at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

* An engraving of a team and of a "Conestoga" wagon —which was used in this traffic—taken from a photograph of one which has survived to the present day, is given on the opposite page.

The picture reproduced herewith of a car drawn by horses was given with the above description of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The mutilated copy of the book from which the engraving and extract were copied does not give the date when it was written or published. It was probably some time between the years 1830 and 1835. That the car shown in the engraving was evolved from the Conestoga wagon is obvious from the illustrations.

This engraving and description, made for children, more than fifty years ago, will give some idea of the state of the art of railroading at that time; and it is a remarkable fact that the wonderful development and the improvements which have been made in railroads and their equipments in this country have been made during the lives of persons still living.

In the latter part of 1827, the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company put the Carbondale Railroad under construction. The road extends from the head of the Delaware & Hudson Canal at Honesdale, Pa., to the coal mines belonging to the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company at Carbondale, a distance of about sixteen miles. This line was opened, probably in 1829, and was operated partly by stationary engines, and partly by horses. The line is noted chiefly for being the one on which a locomotive was first used in this country. This was the "Stour-

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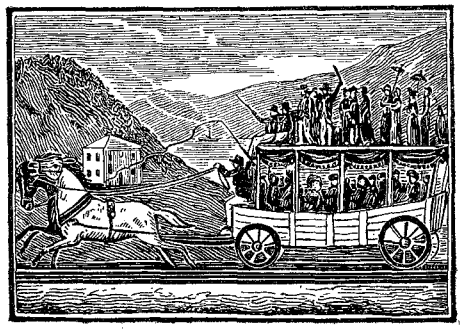
bridge Lion," which was built in England under the direction of Mr. Horatio Allen, who afterward was president of the Novelty Works in New York, and who is still living near New York at the ripe age of eighty-six. Before the road was opened, he had been a civil engineer on the Carbondale line. The engine was tried at Honesdale, Pa., on August 9, 1829. On its trial trip it was managed by Mr. Allen, to whom belongs the distinction of having run the first locomotive that was ever used in this country. In 1884 he wrote the following account of this trip:

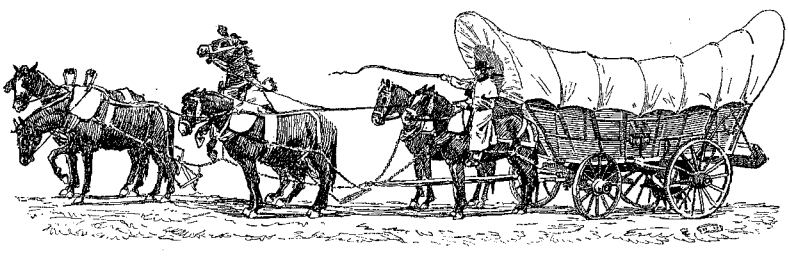
> When the time came, and the steam was of the right pressure, and all was ready, I took my position on the platform of the locomotive alone, and with my hand on the throttle-valve handle said: "If there is any danger in this ride it is not necessary that the life and limbs of more than one should be subjected to that danger."
>
> The locomotive, having no train behind it, answered at once to the movement of the hand; . . . . soon the straight line was run over, the curve was reached and passed before there was time to think as to its not being passed safely, and soon I was out of sight in the three miles' ride alone in the woods of Pennsylvania. I had never run a locomotive nor any other engine before; I have never run one since.

The first railroad which was undertaken for the transportation of freight and passengers, in this country, on a comprehensive scale, was the Baltimore & Ohio. Its construction was begun in 1828. The laying of rails was commenced in 1829, and in May, 1830, the first section of fifteen miles from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills was opened. It was probably about this time that the animated sketch of the car given by Peter Parley was made. From 1830 to 1835 many lines were projected, and at the end of that year there were over a thousand miles of road in use.

Whether the motive power on these roads should be horses or steam was for a long time an open question. The celebrated trial of locomotives on the Liverpool & Manchester Railway in England, was made in 1829. Reports of these trials, and of the use of locomotive engines on the Stockton & Darlington line, were published in this country, and, as Mr. Charles Francis Adams says, * "the country, therefore, was not only ripe to accept the results of the Rainhill contest, but it was anticipating them with eager hope." In 1829 Mr. Horatio Allen, who had been in England the year before to learn all that could then be learned about steam locomotion, reported to the South Carolina Railway Company in favor of steam instead of horse power for that line. The basis of that report, he says, "was on the broad ground that in the future there was no reason to expect any material improvement in the breed of horses, while in my judgment, the man was not living who knew what the breed of locomotives was to place at command."



Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, 1830.



Conestoga Wagon and Team. (From a recent photograph.)

As early as 1829 and 1830, Peter Cooper experimented with a little locomotive on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail-

* See "Railroads; their Origin & Problems."

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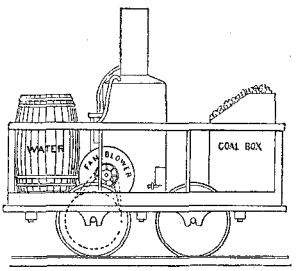
road. At a meeting of the Master Mechanics' Association in New York, in 1875—at the Institute which bears his name—he related with great glee how on the trial trip he had beaten a gray horse, attached to another car.



Peter Cooper's Locomotive, 1829.

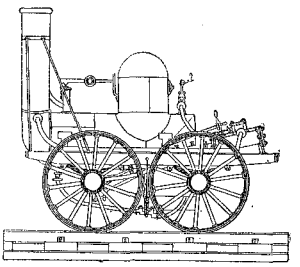
The coincidence that one of Peter Parley's horses is a gray one might lead to the inference that it was the same horse that Peter Cooper beat, a deduction which perhaps has as sound a basis to rest on as many historical conclusions of more importance.

The undeveloped condition at that time of the art of machine construction is indicated by the fact that the flues of the boiler of this engine were made of gun-barrels, which were the only tubes that could then be obtained for the purpose. The boiler itself is described as about the size of a flour barrel. The whole machine was no larger than a hand-car of the present day.

In the same year that Peter Cooper built his engine, the South Carolina Railway Company had a locomotive, called the "Best Friend," built at the West Point Foundry for its line. In 1831 this company had another engine, the "South Carolina," which was designed by Mr. Horatio Allen, built at the same shop. It was remarkable in having eight wheels, which were arranged in two trucks. One pair of driving-wheels, *D D* and *D' D'*, and a pair of leading-wheels, *L L* and *L' L'*, were attached to frames, *c d e f* and *g h i j*, which were connected to the boiler by king-bolts, *K K'*, about which the trucks could turn. Each truck had one cylinder, *C* and *C'*. These were in the middle of the engine and were connected to cranks on the axles *A* and *B*.

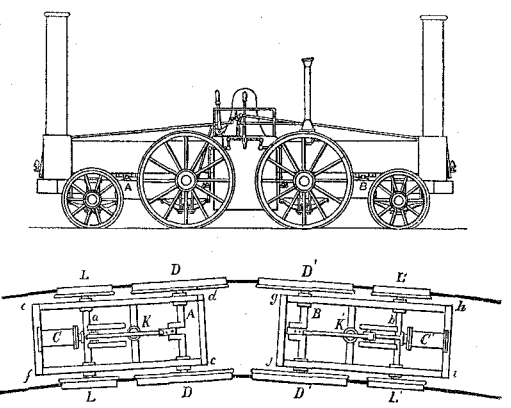
The "De Witt Clinton," was built for the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad, and was the third locomotive made by the West Point Foundry Association. The first excursion trip was made with passengers from Albany to Schenectady, August 9, 1831. This is the engine shown in the silhouette engraving of the "first* railroad train in America" which in recent years has been so widely distributed as an advertisement.

In 1831 the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company offered a premium of $4,000 "for the most approved engine which shall be delivered for trial upon the road on or before the 1st of June, 1831; and $3,500 for the engine which shall be adjudged the next best." The requirements were as follows:


The "De Witt Clinton," 1831.

The engine, when in operation, must not exceed three and one-half tons weight, and must, on a level road, be capable of drawing day by day fifteen tons, inclusive of the weight of wagons, fifteen miles per hour.

In pursuance of this call upon American genius, three locomotives were produced, but only one of these was made to answer any useful purpose. This engine, the "York," was built at York,



"South Carolina," 1831, and Plan of its Running Gear.

Pa., and was brought to Baltimore over the turnpike on wagons. It was built by Davis & Gartner, and was designed

* It was not really the first train, as the Baltimore & Ohio and the South Carolina roads were in operation earlier.

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by Phineas Davis, of that firm, whose trade and business was that of a watch and clock maker. After undergoing certain modifications, it was found capable of performing what was required by the company. After thoroughly testing this engine, Mr. Davis built others, which were the progenitors of the "grasshopper" engines [p. 182] which were used for so many years on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. It is a remarkable fact that some of these are still in use on that road, and have been in continuous service for over fifty years, which is probably the longest active life of all existing locomotives.

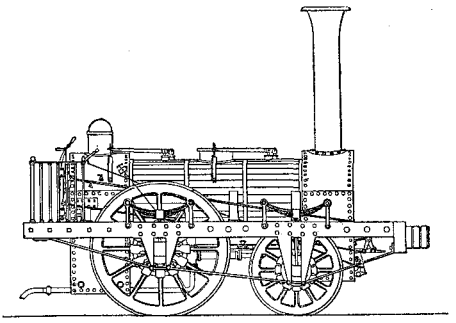
In August, 1831, the locomotive "John Bull," which was built by George & Robert Stephenson & Company, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was received in Philadelphia, for the Camden & Amboy Railroad & Transportation Company. This is the old engine which was exhibited by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. After the arrival of the "John Bull" a very considerable number of locomotives which were built by the Stephensons were imported from England. Most of them were probably of what was known as the "Planet" class, which was a form of engine that succeeded the famous "Rocket."

I quote from "The Early History of Locomotives in this Country," issued by the Rogers Locomotive & Machine Works:

These locomotives, which were imported from England, doubtless to a very considerable extent, furnished the types and patterns from which those which were afterward built here were fashioned. But American designs very soon began to depart from their British prototypes, and a process of adaptation to the existing conditions of the railroads in this country followed, which afterward "differentiated" the American locomotives more and more from those built in Great Britain. A marked feature of difference between American and English locomotives has been the use of a "truck" under the former.

In all of the locomotives which have been illustrated, excepting the "South Carolina," the axles were held by the frames so that they were always parallel to each other. In going around curves, therefore, there was somewhat the same difficulty that there would be in turning a corner with an ordinary wagon if both its axles were held parallel, and the front one could not turn on the king-bolt. The plan of the wheels and running gear of the "South Carolina," shows the position that they assumed on a curved track. It will be seen that, by reason of their connection to the boiler by king-bolts, *K K'*, the two pairs of wheels could adjust themselves to the curvature of the rails. This principle was afterward applied to cars, and nearly all the rolling-stock in this country is now constructed on this plan, which was proposed by Mr. Allen in a report dated May 16, 1831, made to the South Carolina Canal & Railroad Company, and an engine constructed on this principle was completed the same year.

In the latter part of the year 1831, the late John B. Jervis invented what he called "a new plan of frame, with a bearing-carriage for a locomotive engine," for the use of the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad. Jervis's engine is shown on page 178. In a letter published in the "American Railroad Journal" of July 27, 1833, he described the objects aimed at in the use of the truck as follows:



The "Planet."

The leading objects I had in view, in the general arrangement of the plan of the engine, did not contemplate any improvement in the power over those heretofore constructed by Stephenson & Company,* but to make an engine that would be better adapted to railroads of less strength than are common in England; that would travel with more ease to itself and to the rail on curved roads; that would be less

* The truck was first applied by Mr. Jervis to an engine built by R. Stephenson & Co., of England.

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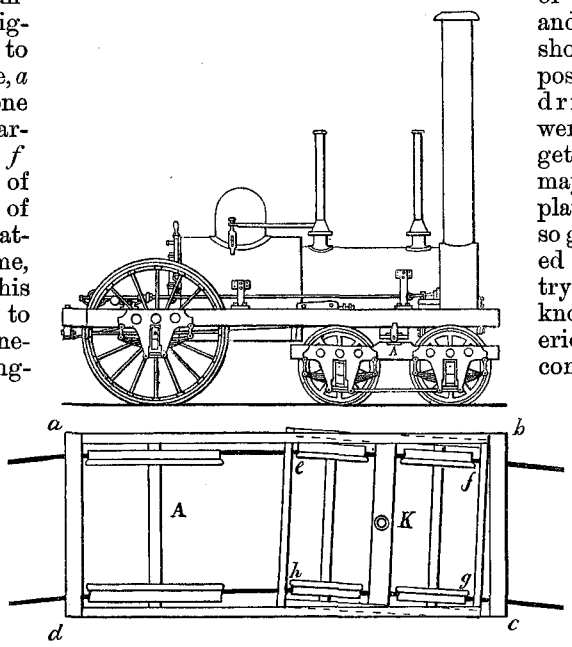
affected by inequalities of the rail, than is attained by the arrangement in the most approved engines.

In Jervis's locomotive the main driving-axle, *A*, shown in the plan of the wheels and running gear, was rigidly attached to the engine-frame, *a b c d*, and only one truck, or "bearing-carriage," *e f g h*, consisting of the two pairs of small wheels attached to a frame, was used. This was connected to the main engine-frame by a king-bolt, *K*, as in Allen's engine.



John B. Jervis's Locomotive, 1831, and Plan of its Running Gear.

The position of its wheels on a curve, and the capacity of the truck, or "bearing-carriage," to adapt itself to the sinuosities of the track are shown in the plan. The effectiveness of the single truck for locomotives, in accomplishing what Mr. Jervis intended it for, was at once recognized, and its almost general adoption on American locomotives followed.

In 1834, Ross Winans, of Baltimore, patented the application of the principle which Mr. Allen had adopted for locomotives "to passenger and other cars." He afterward brought a number of actions at law against railroads for infringement of his patent, which was a subject of legal controversy for twenty years. Winans claimed that his invention originated as far back as 1831, and was completed and reduced to practice in 1834. The dispute was finally carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, and was decided against the plaintiff, after an expenditure of as much as $200,000 by both sides. It involved the principle on which nearly all cars in this country are now and were then built; and, as one of the counsel for the defendants has said, "it was at one time a question of millions, to be assured by a verdict of a jury."

In 1836, Henry R. Campbell, of Philadelphia, patented the use of two pairs of driving-wheels and a truck, as shown on the opposite page. The driving-wheels were coupled together by rods, as may be seen. This plan has since been so generally adopted in this country that it is now known as the "American type" of locomotive, and is the one almost universally used here for passenger, and to a considerable extent for freight, service.

From these comparatively small beginnings, the magnificent equipment of our railroad has grown. From Peter Cooper's locomotive, which weighed less than a ton, with a boiler the size of a flour barrel, and which had difficulty in beating a gray horse, we now have locomotives which will easily run sixty and can exceed seventy miles an hour, and others which weigh seventy-five tons and over. A comparison of the engraving of Peter Cooper's engine with that of the modern standard express passenger locomotive [p. 192] shows vividly the progress which has been made since that first experiment was tried—little more than half a century ago. In that period there have been many modifications in the design of locomotives to adapt them to the changed conditions of the various kinds of traffic of to-day. An express train travelling at a high rate of speed requires a locomotive very different from one which is designed for handling heavy freight trains up steep mountain grades. A special class of engines is built for

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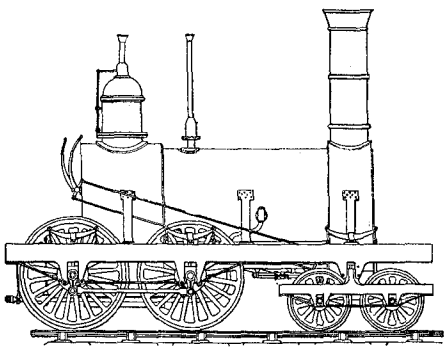
light trains making frequent stops, as on the elevated railroads in New York, and those provided for suburban traffic —and still others for street railroads, for switching cars at stations, etc. The process of differentiation has gone on until there are now as many different kinds of these machines as there are breeds of dogs or horses.



Campbell's Locomotive.

Nearly all the early locomotives had only four wheels. In some cases one pair alone was used to drive the engine, and in others the two pairs were coupled together, so that the adhesion of all four could be utilized to draw loads. The four-wheeled type [p. 183] is still used a great deal for moving cars at stations, and other purposes where the speed is comparatively slow. But to run around sharp curves the wheels of such engines must be placed near together, just as they are under an ordinary street car. This makes the wheel-base very short, and such engines are therefore very unsteady at high speeds, so that they are unsuited for any excepting slow service. They have the advantage, though, that the whole weight of the machine may be carried on the driving wheels, and can thus be useful for increasing their friction, or adhesion to the rails. This gives such engines an advantage for starting and moving heavy trains, at stations or elsewhere, which is the kind of service in which they are usually employed.

If the front end of the engine is carried on a truck, as in Campbell's plan—which is the one that has been very generally adopted in this country—the wheel-base can be extended and at the same time the front wheels can adjust themselves to the curvature of the track. This gives the running gear lateral flexibility. But as the tractive power of a locomotive is dependent upon the friction, or adhesion of the wheels to the rails, it is of the utmost importance that the pressure of the wheels on the rails should be uniform. For this reason the wheels must be able to adjust themselves to the vertical as well as the horizontal inequalities of the track.

The axles are therefore arranged so that they can move up and down in the frames, and the weight of the engine rests on springs which bear on the axles. The ends of the springs are connected together by levers, so that the weight on one of them is transferred to the other. The front end of the locomotive rests on the centre of the truck, and the back end on the fulcrums of the equalizing levers, and it therefore is in the condition of a three-legged stool, which will stand firm on any surface, no matter how irregular, though if it has four or more legs it will not.

When more than four driving-wheels are used the springs are connected together by equalizing levers, as shown in the illustration on p. 186, which represents a consolidation engine as it appears before the wheels are put under it.

Having a vehicle which is adapted to running on a railroad track, it remains to supply the motive power. This, in all but some very few exceptional cases, is the expansive power of steam. What the infant electricity has in store for us it would be rash to predict, but for locomotives its steps have been thus far weak and uncertain, and when we want a giant of steel or a race-horse of iron our only sure reliance is steam. This is the breath of life to the locomotive, which is inhaled and exhaled to and from the cylinders, which act as lungs, while the boiler fulfils functions analogous to the digestive organs of an animal. A locomotive is as dependent on the action of its boiler for its capacity for doing work as a human being on that of his stomach. The mechanical appliances of the one and the mental and physical equipment of the other are nugatory without a good digestive apparatus.

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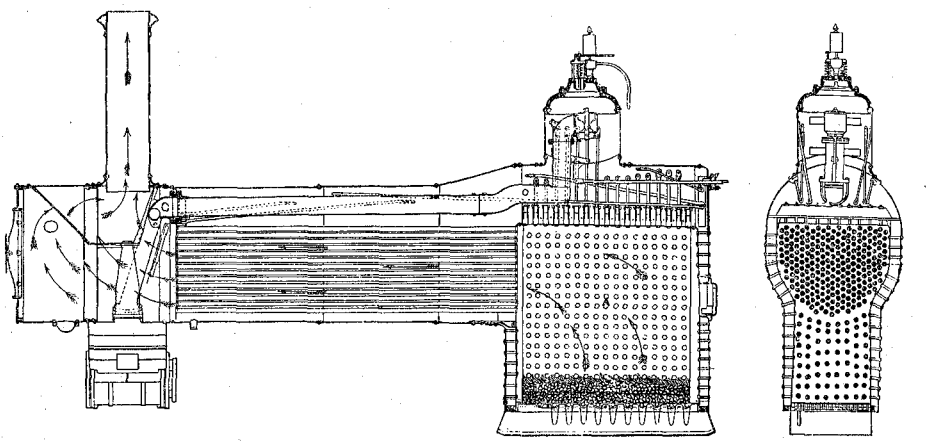
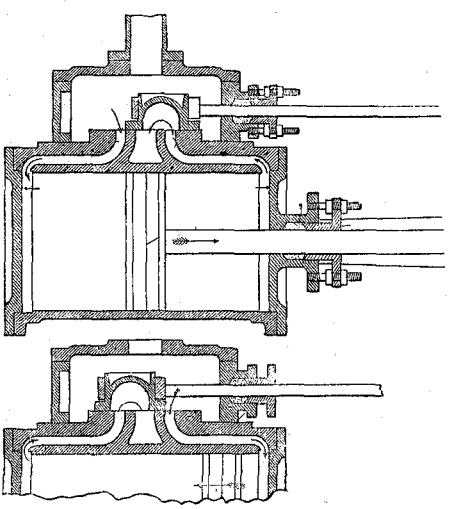
A locomotive boiler consists of a rectangular fire-place or fire-box with double sides. The spaces between the sides count of the large amount of water which must be evaporated in such boilers. To create a strong draught, the steam which



Longitudinal and Transverse Sections of a Locomotive Boiler.

and over the top are filled with water. The front end of the boiler has another chamber called the smoke-box. The fire-box is connected with the smoke-box by a large number of small tubes, through which the smoke and products of combustion pass from the fire-box to the smoke-box; and from the latter they escape up the chimney. The tubes are all



Section of a Locomotive Cylinder.

surrounded with water, so that as much surface as possible is exposed to the action of the fire. This is essential on account of the large amount of water which must be evaporated in such boilers. To create a strong draught, the steam which is exhausted from the cylinders is discharged up the chimney. This produces a partial vacuum in the smoke-box, which causes a current of air to flow through the fire on the grate, into the fire-box, through the tubes, and thence to the smoke-box and up the chimney. Probably many readers have noticed that in late years the smoke-boxes of locomotives have been extended forward in front of the chimneys. This has been done to give room for deflectors and wire netting inside of the smoke boxes to arrest sparks and cinders, which are collected in the extended front and are removed by a door or spout below.

Formerly force-pumps were used to get water into the boiler against the pressure of steam, but now a very curious instrument called an injector is used for that purpose. In it a jet of steam acts on a current of water and imparts sufficient momentum to it to force it into the boiler.

Having explained how the steam is generated, it remains to explain how it propels a locomotive. It does this very much as a person on a bicycle propels it—that is, by means of two cranks the driving-wheels are made to revolve, and either the latter must then slip or the vehicle will move. In a locomotive the wheels are turned by means of two cylinders and pistons, which are connected

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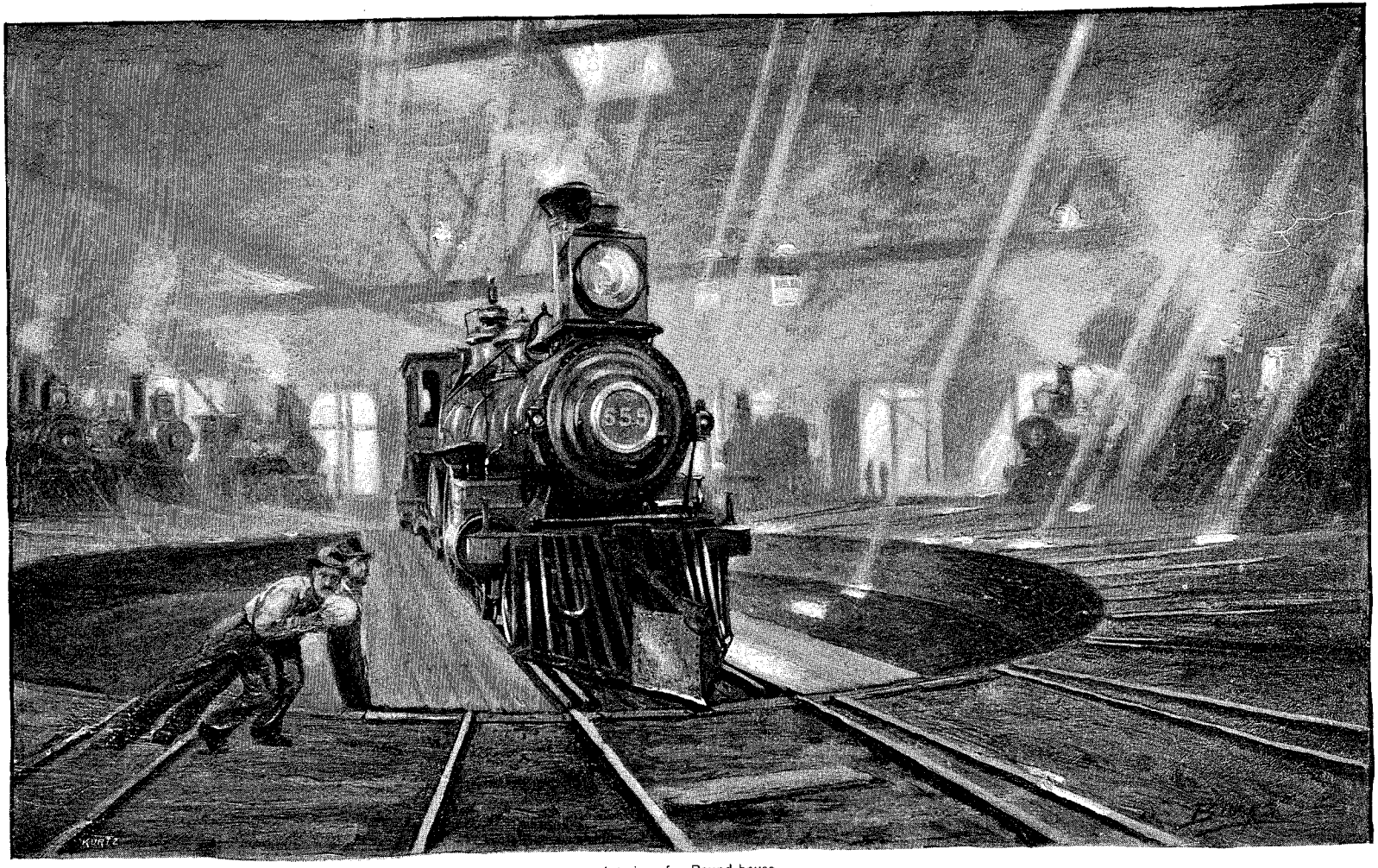

Interior of a Round-house.

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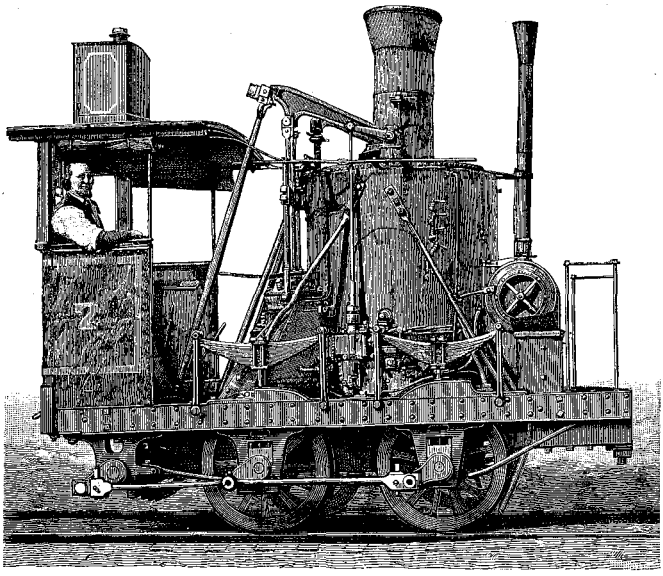

"Grasshopper" Locomotive. (From an old photograph.)

by rods with the cranks attached to the driving-wheels or axles. These cranks are placed at right angles to each other, so that when one of them is at the "dead-point" the piston connected with the other can exert its maximum power to rotate the wheels. This enables the locomotive to start with the pistons in any position; whereas if one cylinder only were used it would be impossible to turn the wheels if the crank should stop at one of its dead-points.

If steam is admitted to the cylinders and the wheels are turned, one of two results must follow,—either the locomotive will move backward or forward according to the direction of revolution, or the wheels will slip, as they often do, on the rails. That is, if the resistance of the cars or train is less than the friction, or "adhesion" of the driving-wheels on the rails, the engine and train will be moved; if the adhesion is less than the resistance the wheels will turn without moving the train.

The capacity of a locomotive to draw loads is therefore dependent on the adhesion, and this is in proportion to the weight or pressure of the driving-wheels on the rails. The adhesion also varies somewhat with the weather and the condition of the wheels and rails. In ordinary weather it is equal to about one-fifth of the weight which bears on the track; when perfectly dry, if the rails are clean, it is about one-fourth, and with the rails sanded about one-third. In damp or frosty weather the adhesion is often considerably less than a fifth.

It would, then, seem as though all that is needed to increase the capacity of a locomotive to draw loads would be to add to the weight on its driving-wheels, and provide engine power sufficient to turn them—which is true. But it has been found that if the weight on the wheels is excessive both the wheels and rails will be injured. Even when they are all made of steel, they are crushed out of shape or are rapidly worn if the loads are too great. The weight which rails will carry without being injured depends somewhat on their size, but ordinarily from 12,000 to 16,000 pounds per wheel is about the greatest load which they should carry.

Horatio Allen.

For these reasons, when the capacity of a locomotive must be increased be-

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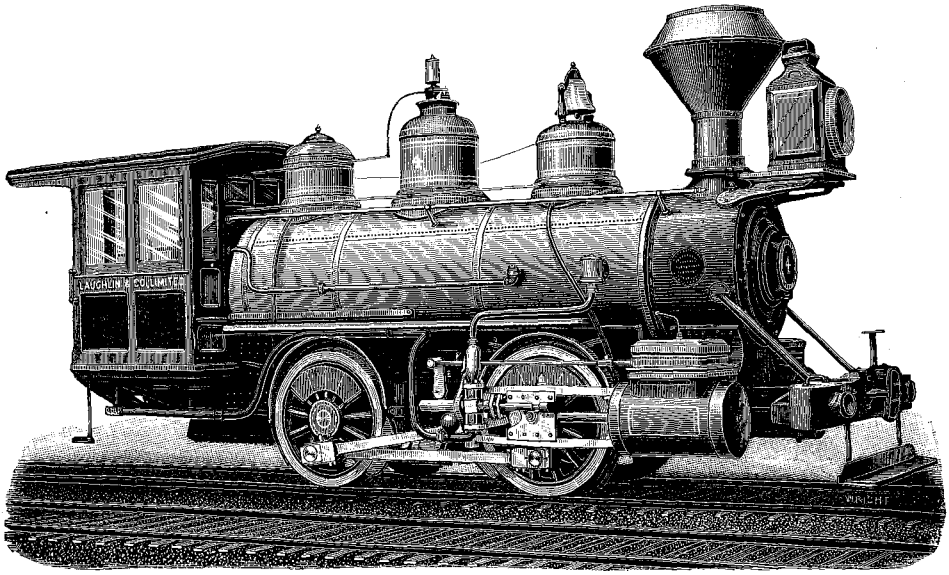
yond a limit indicated by these data, one or more additional pairs of driving-wheels must be used. Thus, if a more powerful engine was required than that shown above, another pair of wheels would be added, as shown on page 184 and *c* 185. Or, if you wanted a still more powerful engine than these, another pair of driving-wheels would be added, as shown in *d* [p. 185]. In this way the ten-wheeled and the mogul engines have been developed from that shown on page 183. The mogul locomotive [p. 184, *b*] has three pairs of driving-wheels, but only one pair of truck-wheels. The engravings *d* and *f* [pp. 185 and 187], represent consolidation and decapod types of engines, which have four and five pairs of driving-wheels.

From the last three illustrations it will be seen that when so many wheels are used, even if they are of small diameter, the wheel-base must necessarily be long, so that a limit is very soon reached beyond which the number of driving-wheels cannot be increased.

Improvements in the processes of manufacturing steel, which resulted in the general use of that material for rails and tires, have made it possible to nearly double the weight which was carried on each wheel when they were made of iron. The weight of rails has also been very much increased since they were first made of steel. Twenty or twenty-five years ago iron rails weighing 56 pounds per yard were about the heaviest that were laid in this country. Now steel rails weighing 72 pounds are commonly used, and some weighing 85 pounds have been laid on roads in this country, and others weighing 100 pounds have been laid on the continent of Europe.



Four-wheeled Switching Locomotive. By the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

Of late years urban and suburban traffic has created a demand for a class of locomotives especially adapted to that kind of service. One of the conditions of that traffic is that trains must stop and start often, and therefore, to "make fast time," it is essential to start quickly. Few persons realize the great amount of force which must be exerted to start any object suddenly. A cannon-ball, for example, will fall through 16 feet in a second with no other resistance than the atmosphere. The impelling force in that case is the weight of the ball. If we want it to fall 32 feet during the first second, the force exerted on it must be equal to double its weight, and for higher speeds the increase of force must be in the same proportion. This law applies to the movement of trains. To start in half the time, double the

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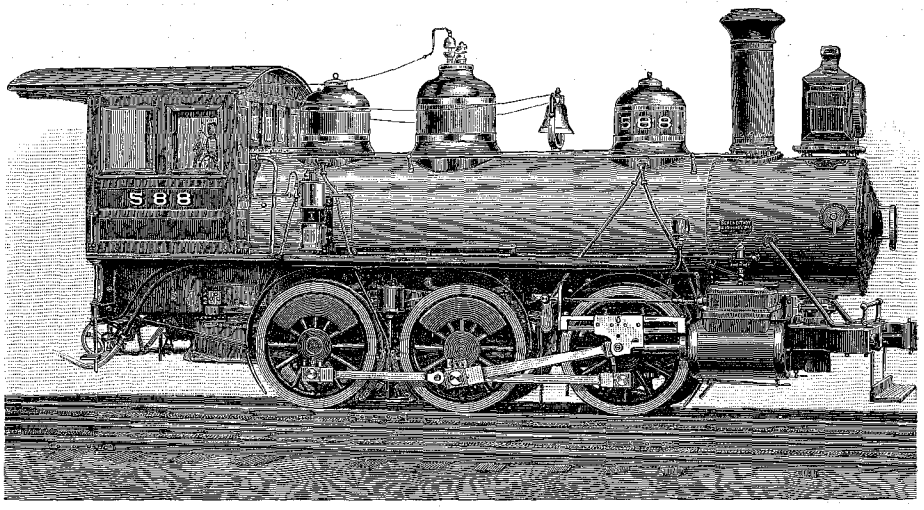
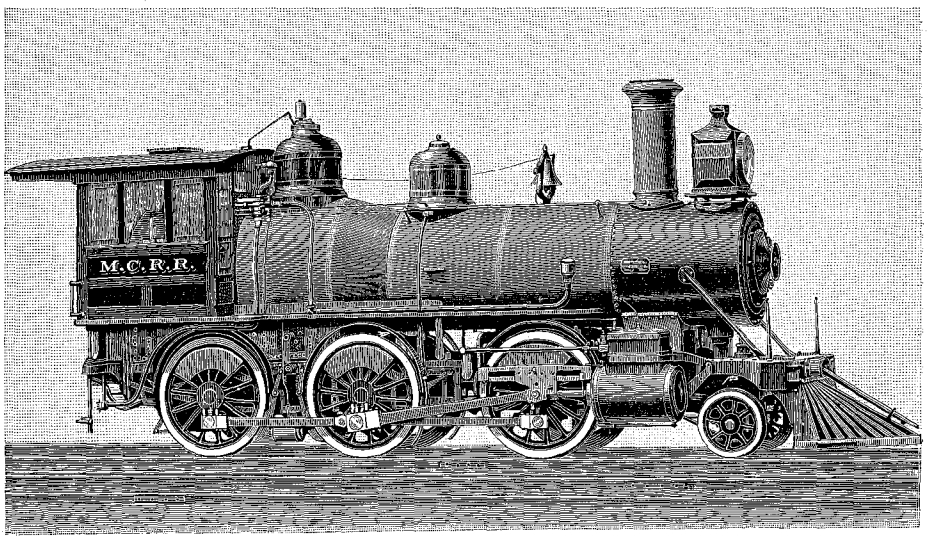


Six-wheeled Switching Locomotive. (*a*) By the Schenectady Locomotive Works.

force must be exerted. For this reason trains which start and stop often, require engines with a great deal of weight on the driving-wheels. In accordance with these conditions a class of engines has been designed which carry all, or nearly all, the weight of the boiler and for steadiness, as well as considerable weight on the wheels for adhesion. Four-wheeled engines [p. 183], have all their weight on the driving-wheels, but the wheel-base is short.

To combine the two features, engines have been built with the driving-wheels



Mogul Locomotive. (*b*) By the Schenectady Locomotive Works.

machinery, and sometimes the water and fuel, on the driving-wheels. For suburban traffic, the speed between stops must often be quite rapid, and consequently the engine must have a long wheel-base and axles arranged as in *i* [p. 188]. The frames are then extended backward, and the water-tank and fuel are placed on top of the frames, and their weight is carried by a truck underneath. This ar-

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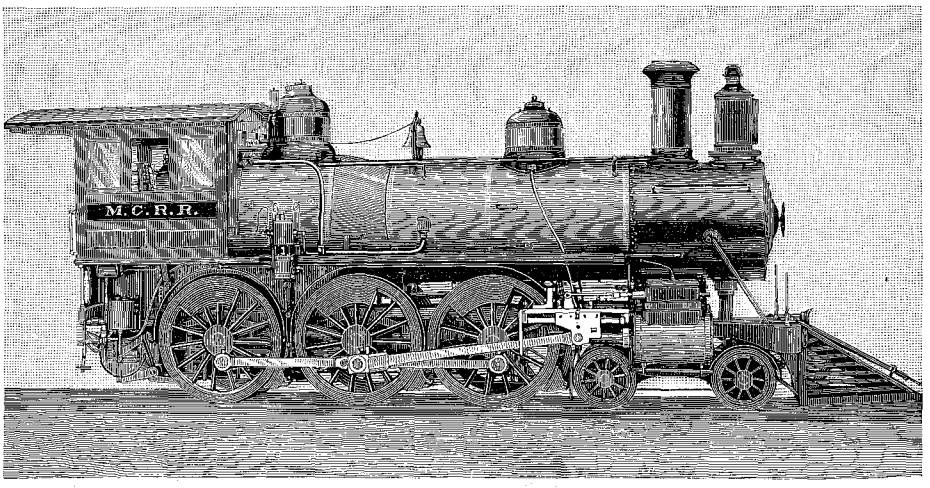
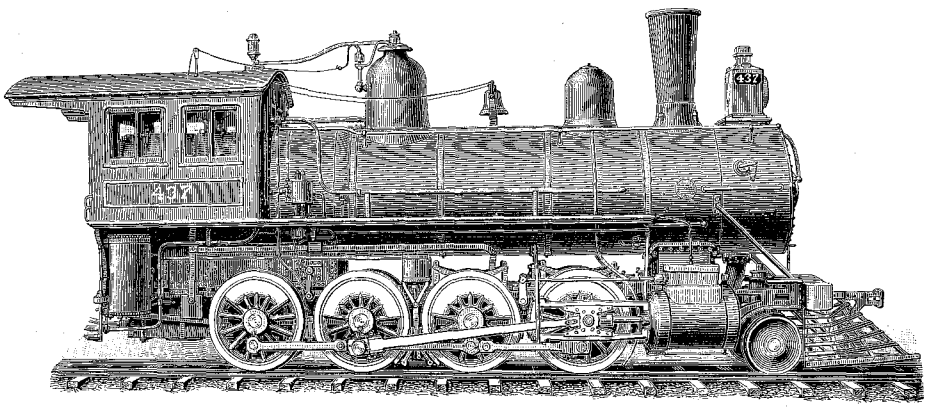


Ten-wheeled Passenger Locomotive. (*c*) By the Schenectady Locomotive Works.

rangement leaves the whole weight of the boiler and machinery on the driving-wheels, and at the same time gives a long wheel-base for steadiness. This plan of engine was patented by the author of this article in 1866, and has come into very general use—since the expiration of the patent. In some cases a two-wheeled truck is added at the opposite end, as shown in *g* [p. 187]. For street railroads, in which the speed is necessarily slow, engines such as *j* [p. 189] are used. To hide the machine from view, and also to give sufficient room inside, they are enclosed in a cab large enough to cover the whole machine.

The size and weight of locomotives have steadily been increased ever since they were first used, and there is little reason for thinking that they have yet reached a limit, although it seems probable that some material change of design is impending which will permit of better proportions of the parts or organs of the larger sizes. The decapod engines built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia, for the Northern Pacific Railroad, weigh in working order 148,000 pounds. This gives a weight of 13,300 pounds on each driving-wheel. Some ten-wheeled passenger engines built at the Schenectady Locomotive Works for the Michigan Central Railroad, weigh 118,000 pounds, and have 15,666 pounds on each driving-wheel. Some recent



Consolidation Locomotive. (*d*) By the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

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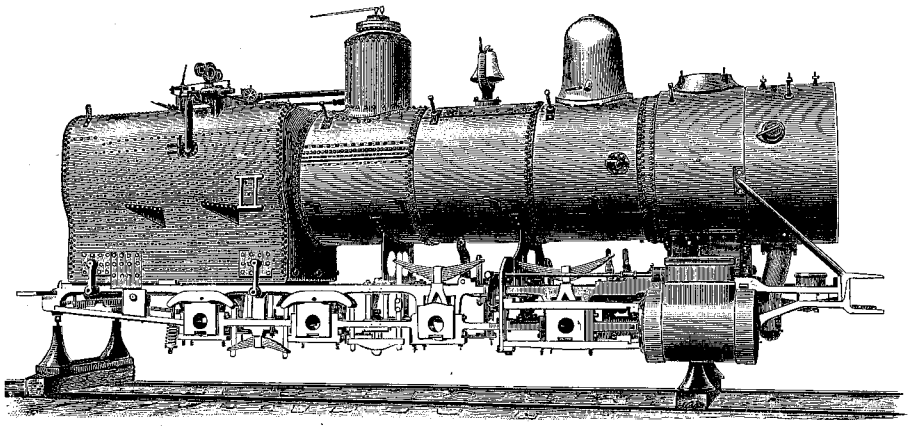
eight-wheeled passenger locomotives for the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad weigh 115,000 pounds, and have 19,500 pounds on each driving-wheel. At the Baldwin Works, some consolidation engines are now in progress which, it is expected, will be still heavier than the decapod engines.



Consolidation Locomotive (unfinished). (*e*)

The following table gives dimensions, weight, price, and price per pound of locomotives at the present time. If we were to quote them at 8 to 8¼ cents per pound for heavy engines and 9 to 22¼ for smaller sizes, it would not be much out of the way:

Dimensions, Weight, and Approximate Prices of Locomotives.

Type.	Cylinders.		Diameter of driving-wheel.	Weight of engine in working order, exclusive of tender.	Weight of engine and tender without water or fuel.	Approximate price.	Price per pound.
	Diam.	Stroke.	Inches.	Pounds.	Pounds.		Cents.
"American" Passenger.....	18	24	62 to 68	92,000	110,000	$8,750	7.95
"Mogul" Freight.....	19	24	50 to 56	96,000	116,000	9,500	8.19
"Ten-wheel" Freight.....	19	24	50 to 58	100,600	118,000	9,750	8.26
"Consolidation" Freight....	20	24	50	120,000	132,000	10,500	7.95
"Decapod" Freight.....	22	26	46	150,000	165,000	13,250	8.03
Four-wheel Tank Switching..	15	24	50	58,000	47,000	5,500	11.70
Six-wheel Switching, with tender.....	18	24	50	84,000	98,000	8,500	8.89
"Forney" N. Y. Elevated ...	11	16	42	42,000	34,000	4,500	13.23
Street-car Motor Locomotive .	10	14	35	22,000	18,000	$3,500 to $4,000, according to design.	19.44 to 22.22

The speed of locomotives, however, has not increased with their weight and size. There is a natural law which stands in the way of this. If we double the weight on the driving-wheels, the adhesion, and consequent capacity for drawing loads, is also doubled. Reasoning in an analogous way, it might be said that if we double the circumference of the wheels the distance that they will travel in one revolution, and consequently the speed of the engine, will be in like proportion. But, if this be done, it will require twice as much power to turn the large wheels as was needed for the small ones; and we then encounter the natural law that the resistance increases as the square of the speed, and probably at even a greater ratio at very high velocities. At 60 miles an hour the resistance of a train is four times as great as it is at 30 miles. That is, the pull on the draw-bar of the engine must be four times as great in the one case as it is in the other. But at 60 miles an hour this

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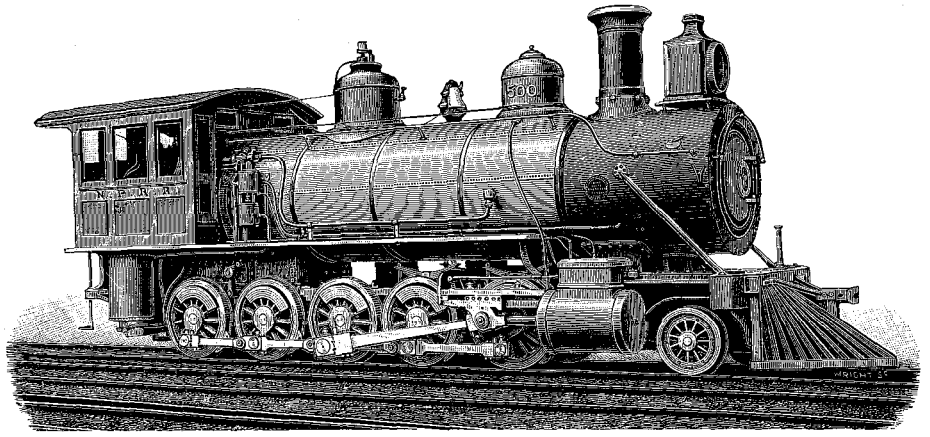
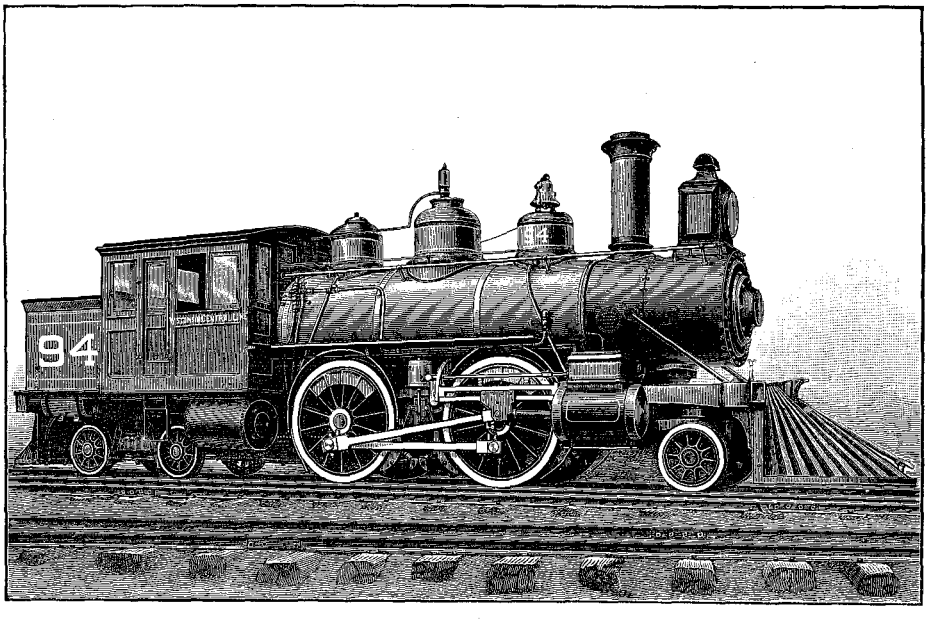


Decapod Locomotive. (*f*) By the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

pull must be exerted for a given distance in half the time that it is at 30 miles, so that the amount of power exerted and steam generated in a given period of time must be eight times as great in the one case as in the other. This means that the capacity of the boiler, cylinders, and the other parts must be greater, with a corresponding addition to the weight of the machine. Obviously, if the weight per wheel is limited, we soon reach a point at which the size of the driving-wheels and other parts cannot be enlarged; which means that there is a certain proportion of wheels, cylinders, and boiler which will give a maximum speed.

The relative speed of trains here and in Europe has been the subject of a good deal of discussion and controversy recently. There appears to be very little difference in the speed of the fastest trains here and there; but there are more of them there than we have. From



"Hudson" Tank Locomotive. (*g*) By the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

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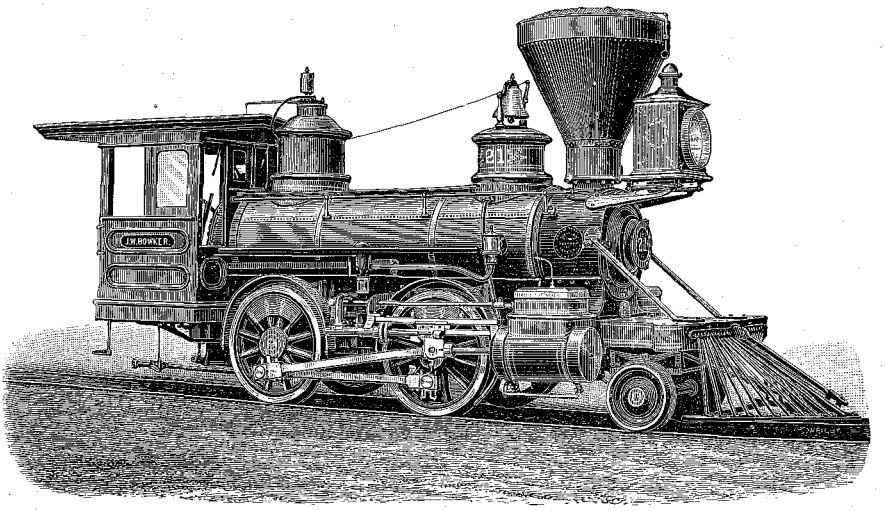
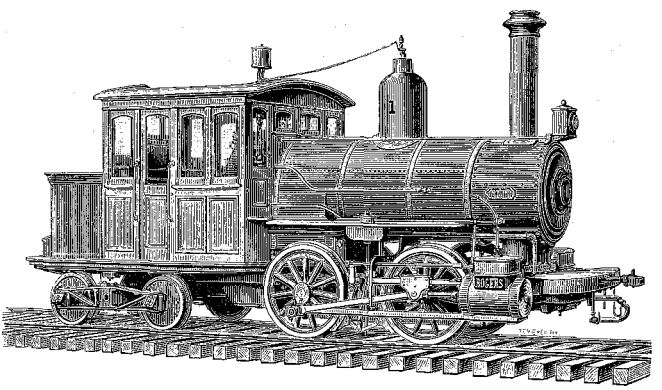


Locomotive for Suburban Traffic. (*h*) By the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

48 to 53 miles an hour, including stops, is about the fastest time made by any regular trains on the summer time-tables.

When this rate of speed is compared with that of sixty or seventy miles an hour, which is not infrequent for short distances, there seems to be a great discrepancy. It must be kept in mind, though, that these high rates of speed are attained under very favorable conditions. That is, the track is straight and level, or perhaps descending, and unobstructed. In ordinary traffic it is never certain that the line is clear. A locomotive runner must always be on the look-out for obstructions. Trains, ordinary vehicles, a fallen tree or rock, cows and people may be in the way at any moment. Let anyone imagine himself in responsible charge of a locomotive and he will readily understand that, with the slightest suspicion that the line is not clear, he would slacken the speed as a precautionary measure. For this reason fast time on a railroad depends as much on having a good signal system to assure the locomotive runners that the line is clear, as it does on the locomotives. If he is always liable to encounter, and must be on the look-out for obstructions at frequent grade crossings of common roads, or if he is not certain whether the train in front of him is out of his way or not, the locomotive runner will be nervous and be almost sure to lose time. If the speed is to be increased on American railroads, the first steps should be to carry all streets and common roads either over or under the lines, have the lines well fenced, provide abundant side-tracks for trains, and adopt efficient systems of signals so that locomotive runners can know whether the line is clear or not.



"Forney" Tank Locomotive. (*i*) By the Rogers Locomotive and Machine Works, Paterson, N. J.

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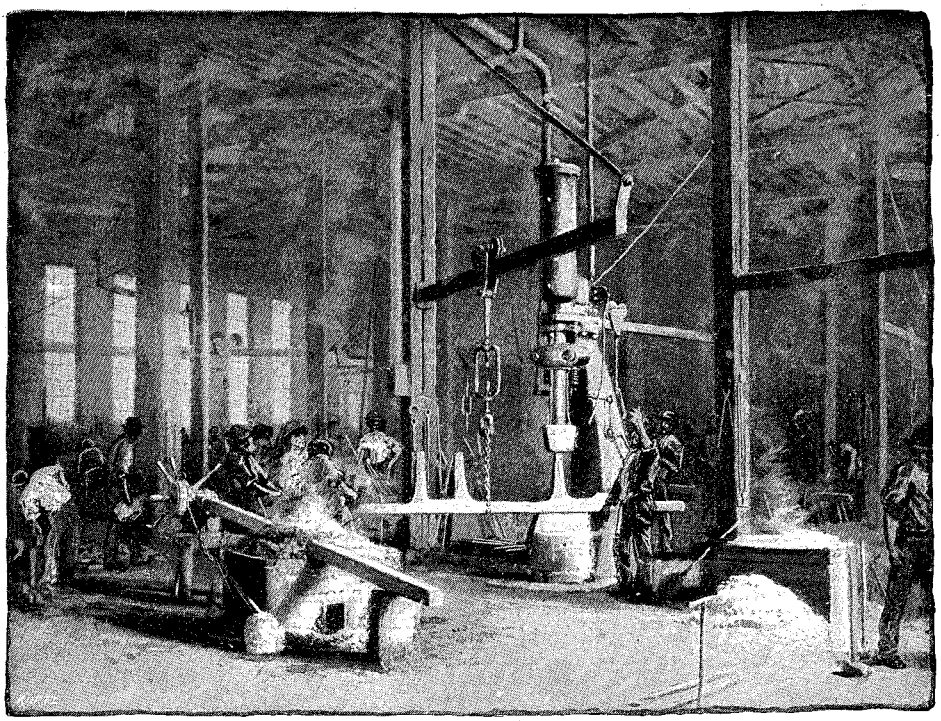
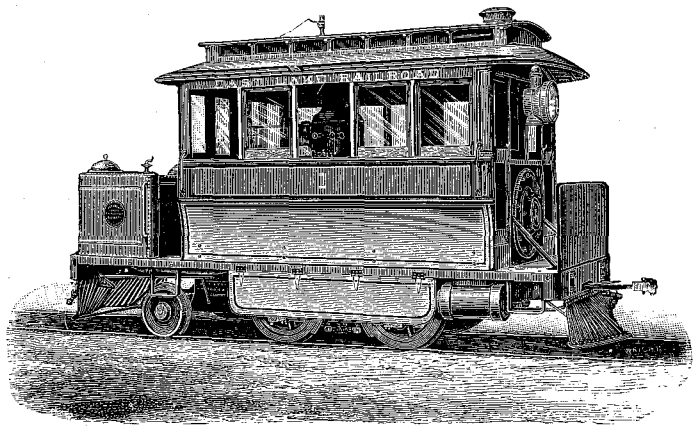


Forging a Locomotive Frame.

The engraving on page 191 represents the cab end of a locomotive of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, looking forward from the tender, and shows the attachments by which the engineer works the engine.* This gives an idea of the number of keys on which he has to play in running such a machine. There is room for little more than an enumeration of the parts which are numbered:



Locomotive for Street Railway. (*j*) By the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

1. Engine-bell rope. 2. Train-bell rope. 3. Train-bell or gong. 4. Lever for blowing whistle. 5. Steam-gauge to indicate pressure in boiler. 6. Steam-gauge lamp to illuminate face of gauge. 7. Pressure-gauge for air-brake; to show pressure in air reservoirs. 8. Valve to admit steam to air-brake pump. 9. Automatic lubricator for oiling main valves. 10. Cock for admitting steam to lubricator. 11. Handle for opening valves in sand-box to sand the rails. 12. Handle for opening the cocks which drain the water from the cylinders. 13. Valve for admitting steam to the jets which force air into the fire-box. 14, 14'. Throttle-valve lever.

* It should be mentioned that this is not one of the most recent types of engines. The arrangement of parts in the cab has been a good deal simplified in later locomotives.

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This is for opening the valve which admits steam to the cylinders. 15. Sector by which the throttle-lever is held in any desired position. 16. "Lazy-cock" handle. A valve which regulates the water supply to the pumps is worked by this handle. 17, 17'. Reverse lever. 18, Reverse-lever sector. 19, 19, 19, Gauge-cocks for showing the height of the water in the boiler; 19' is a pipe for carrying away the water which escapes when the gauge-cocks are opened. 20, 20. Oil cups for oiling the cylinders.* 21. Handle for working steam-valve of injector. 22. Handle for controlling water-jet of the injector. 23. Handle for working water-valve of injector. 24. Oil can shelf. 25. Handle for air-brake valve. 26. Valve for controlling air-brake. 27. Pipe for conducting air to brakes under the cars. 28. Pipe connected with air reservoir. 29. Pipe connection to air pump. 30. Handle for working a valve which admits or shuts off the air for driving-wheel brakes. 31. Valve for driving-wheel brakes. 32, 32'. Lever for moving a diaphragm in smoke-box, by which the draught is regulated. 33. Handle for raising or lowering snow scrapers in front of truck wheels. 34. Handle for opening cock on pump to show whether it is forcing water into the boiler. 35. Lamp to light the water-gauge, 51, 51. 36. Air-hole for admitting air to fire-box. 37. Tallow can for oiling cylinders. 38. Oil can. 39. Shelf for warming oil cans. 40. Furnace door. 41. Chain for opening and closing the furnace door. 42. Handles for opening dampers on the ash-pan. 43. Lubricator for air-pump. 44. Valve for admitting steam to the chimney to blow the fire when the engine is standing still. 45. Valve for admitting steam to the train pipes for warming the cars. 46. Valve for reducing the pressure of the steam used for heating cars. 47. Cock which admits steam to the pressure-gauge, 48. 48. Pressure-gauge which indicates the steam pressure in heater pipes. 49. Pipe for conducting steam to the train to heat the cars. 50. Cock for water-gauge, 51. 51, 51. Glass water-gauge to indicate the height of water in the boiler. 52. Cock for blowing off impurities from the surface of the water in the boiler.

Besides being impressive as a triumph of human ingenuity, there is much about the construction and working of locomotives which is picturesque. A shop where they are constructed or repaired is always of interest. An engine-house at night is full of weird suggestions and food for the imagination.

On page 196 is an illustration from a photograph taken in the erecting shops of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia; and on page 193 is a view of a similar shop of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona, which suggests at a glance many of the processes of construction which go on in these great works. At Altoona are immense travelling cranes resting on brick arches and spanning the shop from side to side. These are powerful enough to take hold of the largest locomotive and lift it bodily from the rails and transfer it laterally or longitudinally at will. On page 193 a large consolidation engine is shown, swung clear of the rails, and in the act of being moved laterally. The hooks of the crane are attached to heavy iron beams, from which the locomotive is suspended by strong bars. On page 189 is a view in the blacksmith's shop of the Baldwin Works, showing a steam hammer and the operation of forging a locomotive frame.

It is quite natural that the engineers, or "runners," as they generally call themselves, who have the care of locomotives should take a deep interest and acquire a sort of attachment for them. In the earlier days of railroading this was much more the case than it is now. Then each locomotive had an individuality of its own. It was rare that two engines were exactly alike. Nearly always there was some difference in their proportions, or one engine had some device in it which the other had not. Now, many locomotives are made exactly alike, or as nearly so as the most improved machinery will permit. There is nothing to distinguish the one from the other. Therefore Bony Smith can claim no superiority for his machine which Windy Brown has not the advantage of. In the old days, too, each engine had its own runner and fireman, and it seldom fell into the hands of any one else, and those in charge of it took as much pride in keeping it bright as the character in Pinafore did "in polishing up the handle of the big front door." On many roads—particularly the larger ones—engines are not assigned to special men. The system of "first in first out" has been adopted, that is, the engines are sent out in the order in which they come in, and the men take whichever machine happens to fall to their lot. This naturally results in a loss of personal attachment to special engines.

Every change in the construction,

* This engine had two different appliances for oiling the cylinders, the pair of oil cups, 20, 20, and the automatic oiler, 9.

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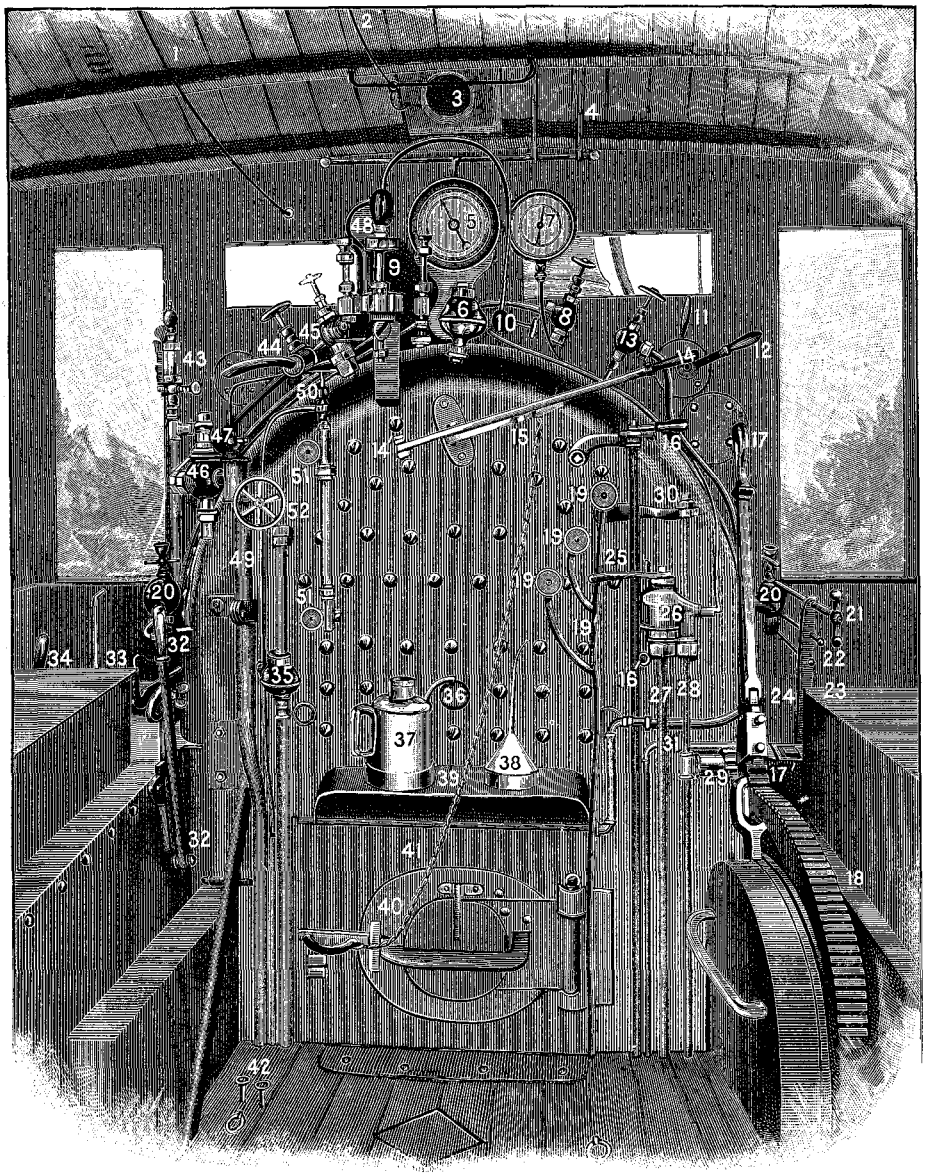

Cab End of a Locomotive and its Attachments.

alteration in the proportions, or addition to the attachments of locomotives is a subject of intense interest to the men and a topic of endless discussion at all times and places. The theories which are propounded, and the yarns which are spun while sitting around hot stoves, in round-houses, or waiting for passing trains on side tracks, would fill many books. Jack never tires of telling what his engine did when "she was going up Rattlesnake Grade," and Smoky Bill grows excited when he describes how Ninety-six turned her wheels in making up forty-nine minutes time in the down run with the "electric express."

Locomotive engineers and firemen read with avidity everything which is explanatory of the construction or work-

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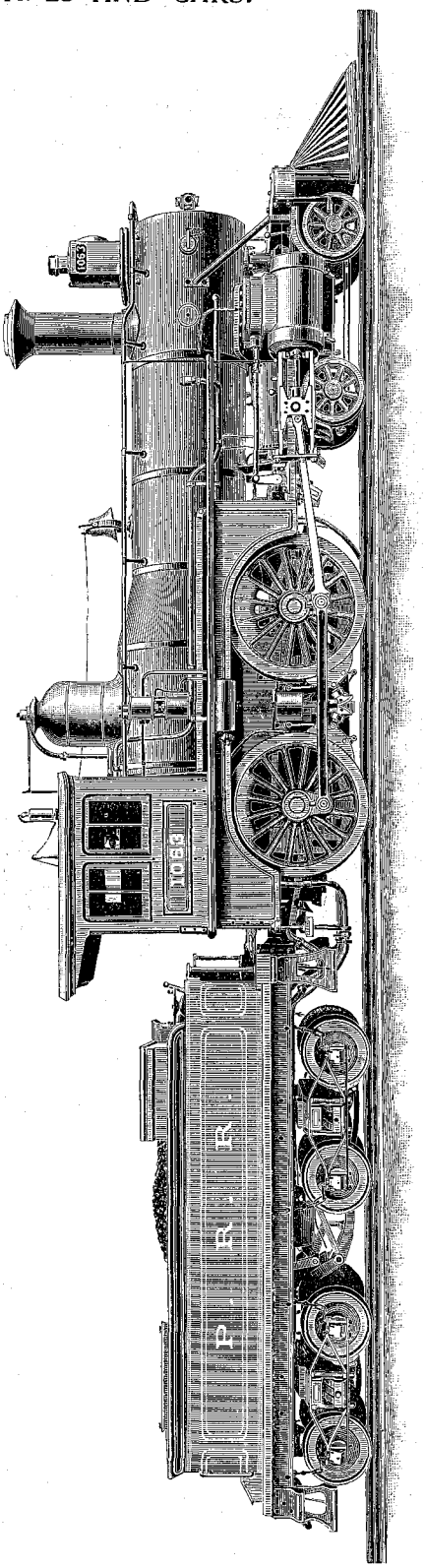
ing of locomotives, but generally have a contempt for things which have no practical bearing. They demand "lucidity" in what they read with as much vehemence as Matthew Arnold did, and some editors and college professors, whose writing and thinking is foggy, would be greatly benefited by the criticisms of the Locomotive Brotherhood.

Much might be written about the duties of locomotive runners and firemen, and the qualifications required. It is the general opinion of locomotive superintendents that it is not essential that the men who run locomotives should be good mechanics. The best runners or engineers are those who have been trained while young as firemen on locomotives. Brunel, the distinguished civil engineer, said that he never would trust himself to run a locomotive because he was sure to think of some problem relating to his profession which would distract his attention from the engine. It is probably a similar reason which unfits good mechanics for being good locomotive runners.

It will perhaps interest some readers to know how much fuel a locomotive burns. This of course depends upon the quality of fuel, work done, speed, and character of the road. On freight trains an average consumption may be taken at about 1 to 1½ pound of coal consumed per car per mile. With passenger trains, the cars of which are heavier and the speed higher, the coal consumption is greater. A freight train of 30 cars, at a speed of 30 miles per hour, would therefore burn from 900 to 1,350 pounds of coal per hour.



A Typical American Passenger Locomotive.

Peter Parley's illustration of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is a representation of one of the earliest passenger-cars used in this country. The accuracy of the illustration may, however, be questioned. Probably the artist depended upon his imagination and memory somewhat when he drew it. The engraving at the top of page 197 is from an original drawing made by the resident engineer of the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad, and from which six coaches were made by James Goold for the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad in 1831, and is an authentic repre-

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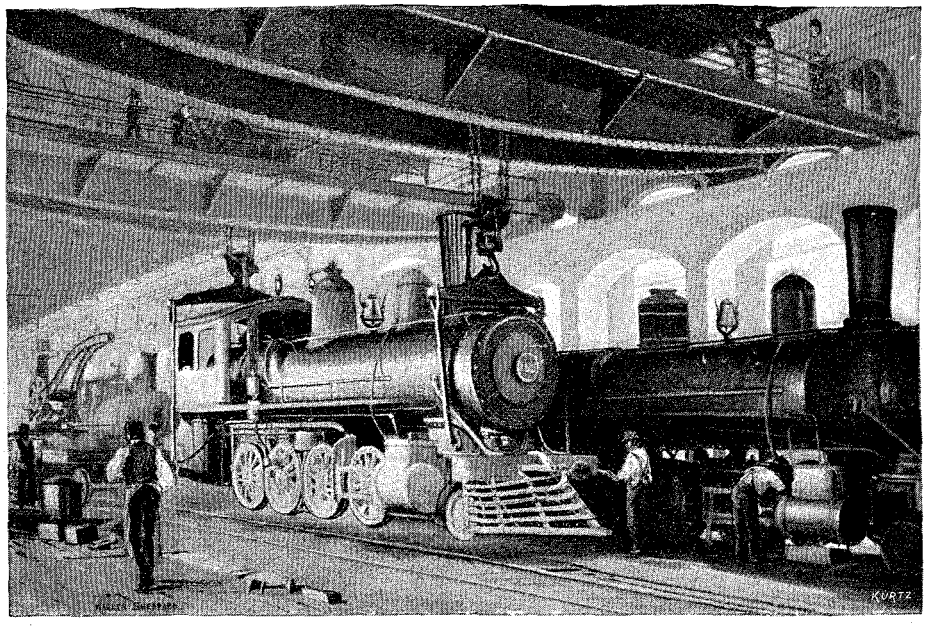
sentation of the cars as made at that time. Other old prints of railroad cars represent them as substantially stage-coach bodies mounted on four car-



Interior of Erecting Shop, Showing Locomotive Lifted by Travelling Crane.

wheels, as B [p. 197]. The next step in the development of cars was that of joining together several coach-bodies. This form was continued after the double-truck system was adopted, as shown by A [p. 197], which represents an early Baltimore & Ohio Railroad car, having three sections united. It was soon displaced by the rectangular body, as shown in C [p. 198], which is a reproduction from an old print.

Fig. F [p. 198] is an illustration of a car used for the transportation of flour on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, while horses were still used as the motive power. To show how nearly all progress is a process of evolution, it was shown in one of the trials of the validity of Winans's patent on eight-wheeled cars with two trucks, that, before the date of his patent, it was a practice to load fire-wood by connecting two such cars with long timbers, which rested on bolsters attached by king-bolts to the cars. The wood was loaded on top of these timbers, as shown in D [p. 198]. An old car E [p. 198] which antedated Winans's patent and was used at the Quincy granite quarries for carrying large blocks of stone, was also introduced as evidence for the defendants in that suit. Although Winans was not able to establish the validity of his patent on eight-wheeled cars with two trucks, he was undoubtedly one of the first to put it into practical form, and did a great deal to introduce the system.

The progress in the construction of cars has been fully as great as in that of locomotives. If the old stage-coach bodies on wheels are compared with a vestibule train of to-day the difference will be very striking. Most of us who are no longer young can recall the days when sleeping-cars were unknown, when a journey from an eastern city to Chicago meant 48 hours or more of sitting erect in a car with thirty or more passengers, and an atmosphere which was fœtid. Happily those days are past, although the improvement in the ventilation of cars has been very slow, and is still very imperfect.

Any one who will stand close to a line of railroad when a train is rushing by at

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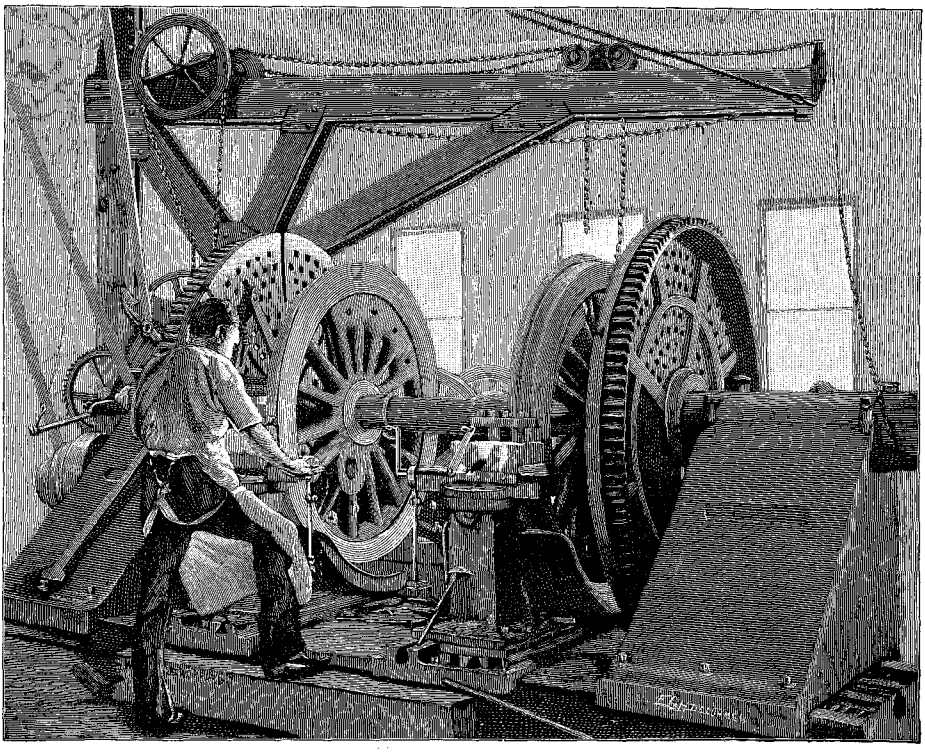

Turning Locomotive Tires.

a speed of forty to sixty miles an hour must wonder how the engine and cars are kept on the track, and even those familiar with the construction of railroad machinery often express astonishment that the flanges of the wheels, which are merely projecting ribs about $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. deep and $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, are sufficient to resist the impetus and swaying of a locomotive or car at full speed. The problem of the manufacture of wheels which will resist this wear and not break, has occupied a great deal of the attention of railroad managers and manufacturers.

Locomotive driving-wheels in this country are always made of cast-iron, with steel tires, which are heated and put on the wheels and then cooled. The tires are thus contracted and "shrunk" on the wheels. The tread, that is the surface which bears on the rail, and the flange of the tire are then turned off in a lathe made especially for the purpose, shown in the above picture. For engine-trucks, tenders, and cars, until within a few years, "chilled" cast-iron wheels have been used almost exclusively on American railroads. The tread and flange of a cast-iron wheel, if made without being "chilled," would soon be worn out in service, as such iron has ordinarily little capacity for resisting the wear to which wheels are subjected. Some cast-iron, however, has a singular property which causes it to assume a peculiar crystalline form if, when it is melted, it is allowed to cool and solidify in contact with a cold iron mould. The iron which is thus cooled quickly, or "chilled," becomes very hard, and resists wear very much better than iron which is not chilled.

The superior quality of certain kinds of cast-iron which seem to be found only in this country, and the cheapness of wheels made of it, has led to their general use here. In Europe, wheels are made of wrought-iron, with tires which were also made of the same material before the discovery of the improved processes of manufacturing steel, but since then they have been made of the latter ma-

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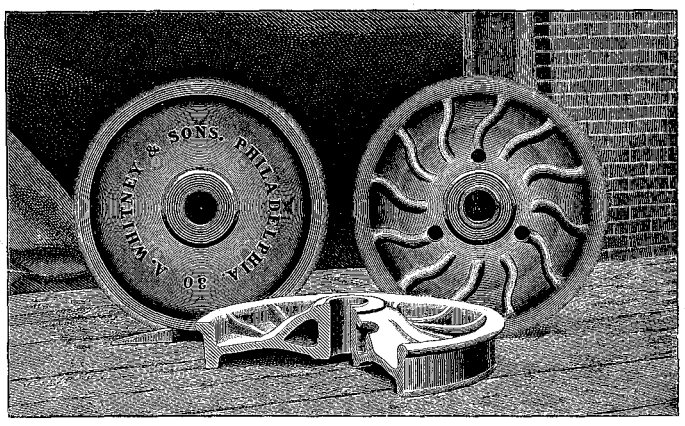
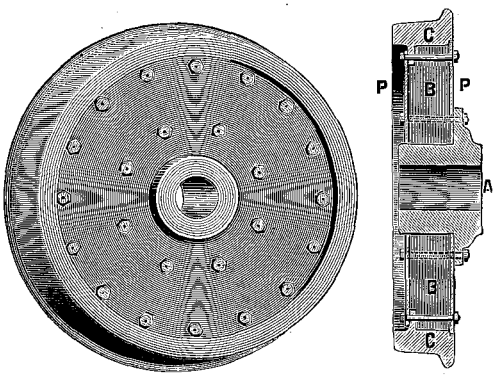
terial. Owing to the breakage of a great many cast-iron wheels of poor quality, those with steel-tires are now coming into very general use on American roads under passenger-cars and engines. A great variety of such wheels is now made. The "centres," or parts inside the tires, of some of them are cast-iron, and others are wrought-iron constructed in various ways.



Cast-iron Car Wheels.

What is known as the Allen paper wheel is used a great deal in this country, especially under sleeping cars. A section and front view of one of these wheels is shown below. It consists of a cast-iron hub, A, which is bored out to fit the



Allen Paper Wheel.

axle. An annular disc, *B B*, is made of layers of paper-board glued together and then subjected to an enormous pressure. The disc is then bored out to fit the hub, and its circumference is turned off and the tire, *C C*, is fitted to it. Two wrought-iron plates, *P P*, are then placed on either side of it, and the disc, plates, tire, and hub are all bolted together. The paper, it will be seen, bears the weight which rests on the hub of the axle and the hub of the wheel.

It would require a separate article to give even a brief description of the different kinds of cars which are now used. The following list could be increased considerably if all the different varieties were included:

Baggage-car, boarding-car, box-car, buffet-car, caboose or conductor's car, cattle or stock car, coal-car, derrick-car, drawing-room car, drop-bottom car, dump-car, express-car, flat or platform car, gondola-car, hand-car, hay-car, hopper-bottom car, horse-car, hotel-car, inspection-car, lodging-car, mail-car, milk-car, oil-car, ore-car, palace-car, passenger-car, post-office car, push-car, postal-car, refrigerator-car, restaurant-car, sleeping-car, sweeping-car, tank-car, tip-car, tool or wrecking car, three-wheeled hand-car.

The following table gives the size, weight, and price of cars at the present time. The length given is the length over the bodies not including the platforms.

	Length, feet.	Weight, lbs.	Price.
Flat-car	34	16,000 to 19,000	$380
Box-car	34	22,000 to 27,000	$550
Refrigerator-car	30 to 34	28,000 to 34,000	$800 to 1,100
Passenger-car	50 to 52	45,000 to 60,000	$4,400 to 5,000
Drawing-room Car	50 to 65	70,000 to 80,000	$10,000 to 20,000
Sleeping-car	50 to 70	60,000 to 90,000	$12,000 to 20,000
Street-car	16	5,000 to 6,000	$800 to 1,200

Some years ago the master car-builders of the different railroads experienced

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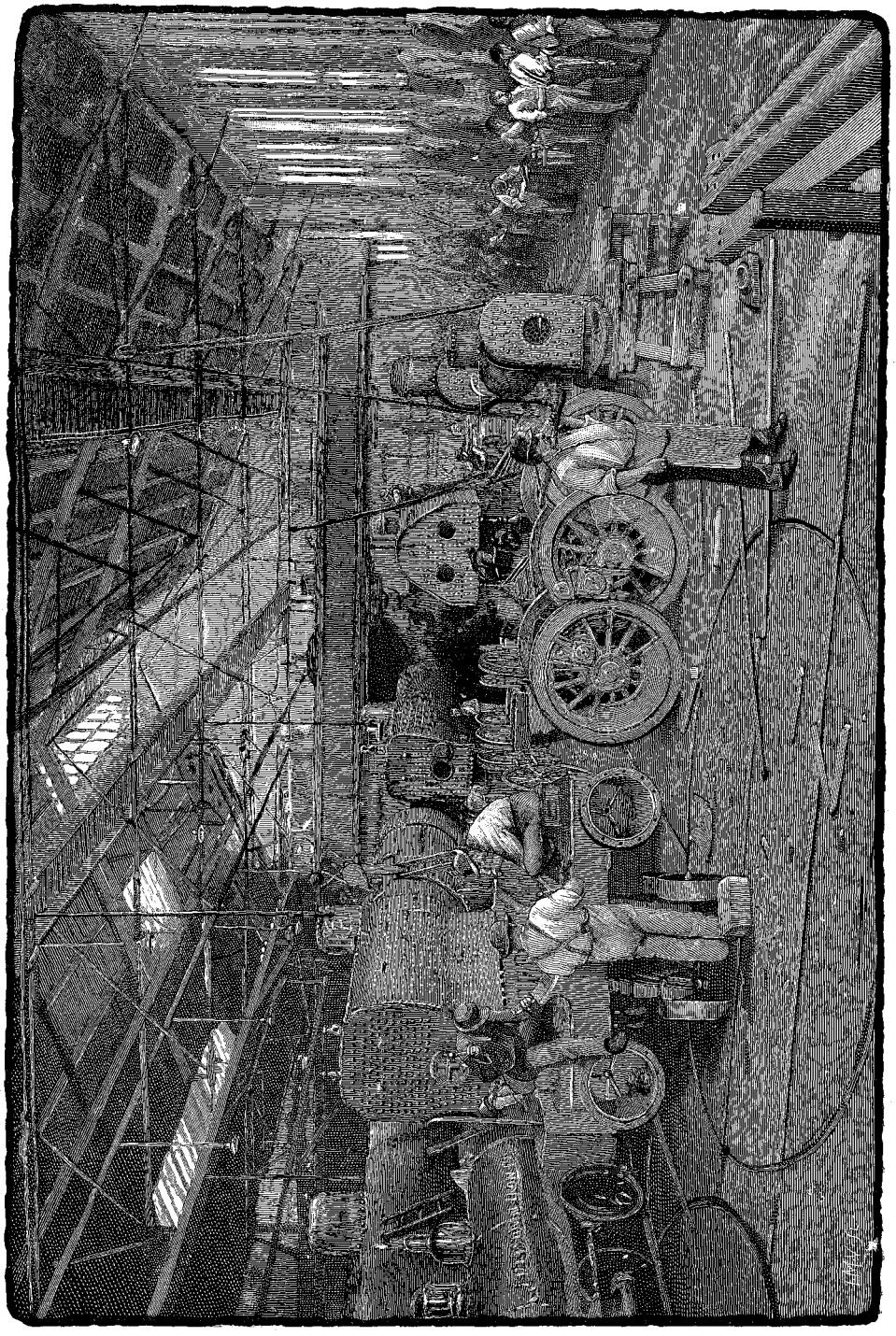

View in Locomotive Erecting Shop.

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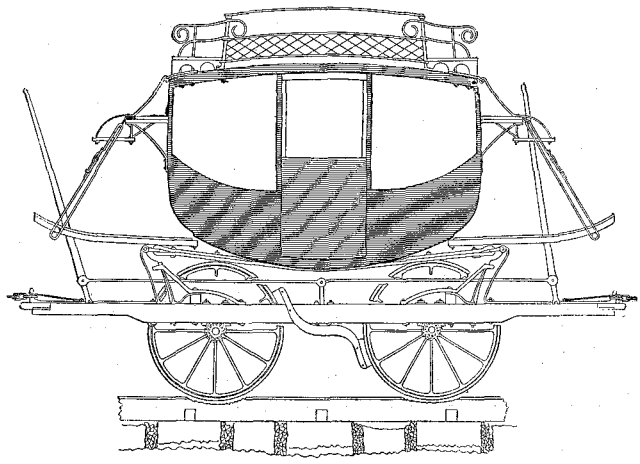
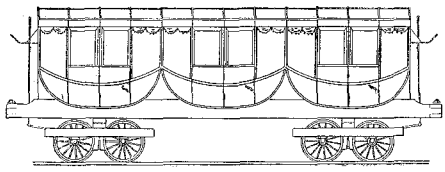
great difficulty in the transaction of their business, from the fact that there were no



From this drawing made by the resident Engineer John B. Jervis, Esqr were made in 1831 the six Coaches by the undersigned for the Mohawk & Hudson Rail Road

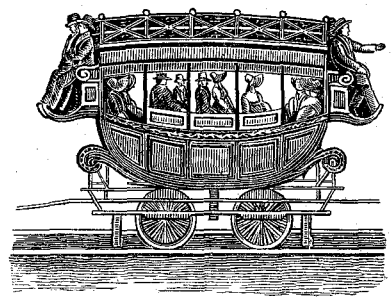
Albany 20 March 1875 James Gold

common names to designate the parts of cars in different places in the country. What was known by one name in Chicago had quite a different name in Pittsburg or Boston. A committee was therefore



Early Car on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. (A)

appointed by the Master Car-Builders' Association to make a dictionary of terms used in car-construction and repairs. Such a dictionary has been prepared, and is a book of 560 pages, and has over two thousand illustrations. It has some peculiar features, one of which is described as follows in the preface: "To supply the want which demanded such a vocabulary, what might be called a double dictionary is needed. Thus, supposing that a car-builder in Chicago received an order for a 'Journal-box'; by looking in an alphabetical list of words he could readily find that term and a description and definition of it. But suppose that he wanted to order such castings from the shop in Albany, and did not know their name; it would be impracticable for him to commence at A and look through to Z or until he found the proper term to designate that part." To meet this difficulty the dic-



Early Car. (B) (From an old print.)

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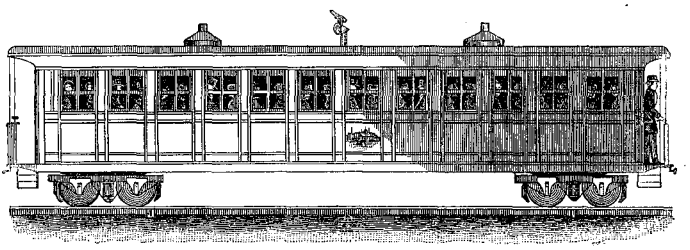
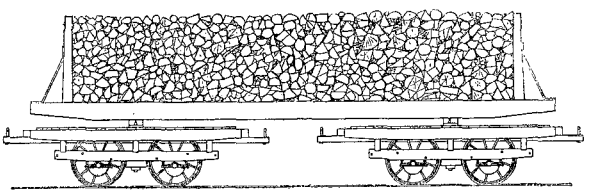
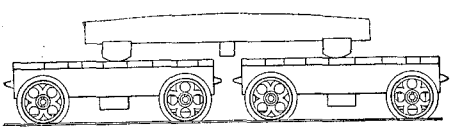
tionary has very copious illustrations in which the different parts of cars are represented and numbered, and the names of the parts designated by the numbers are then given in a list accompanying the engravings. An alphabetical list of names and definitions is also given, as in an ordinary dictionary. The definition usually contains a reference to a number and a figure in which the object described is illustrated. In making the dictionary the compilers selected terms from those in use, where appropriate ones could be found. In other cases new names were devised. The book is a curious illustration of a more rapid growth of an art than of the language by which it is described.



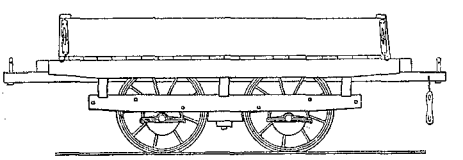
Early American Car, 1834. (C)



Early Car for Carrying Firewood on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. (D)



Old Car on the Quincy Granite Railroad. (E)



Old Car for Carrying Flour on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. (F)

The following table, compiled from Poor's Manual of Railroads, gives the number of locomotives and of different kinds of cars in this country, beginning with 1876 and for each year thereafter. The figures for 1888 are estimated, but are not far out of the way. If the average length of locomotives and tenders is taken at 50 feet, those now owned by the railroads would make a continuous train 280 miles long; and the 978,000 cars, if they average 35 feet in length, would form a train which would be nearly 6,500 miles long.

Year.	Miles of railroad.	Locomotives.	Passenger-train cars.			Freight cars.
			Passenger.	Baggage, mail, etc.	Total.	
1876..	72,623	14,562	.....	....	13,059	358,101
1877..	74,658	15,669	.....	....	14,055	376,713
1878..	79,208	15,911	12,053	3,854	15,907	392,175
1879..	80,852	16,446	11,683	4,413	16,096	423,013
1880..	84,715	17,084	12,009	4,519	16,528	480,190
1881..	93,670	17,949	12,789	4,786	17,575	539,355
1882..	104,325	20,116	14,548	4,976	19,524	648,295
1883..	112,412	22,114	15,551	5,366	20,917	710,451
1884..	120,552	23,623	16,899	5,948	22,847	748,667
1885..	125,152	24,587	17,303	6,411	23,714	798,399
1886..	127,729	25,937	17,290	6,544	23,834	805,519
1887..	133,607	26,415	19,252	6,325	25,577	845,914
1888*.	150,600	29,500	21,000	7,000	28,000	950,000

* Estimated.

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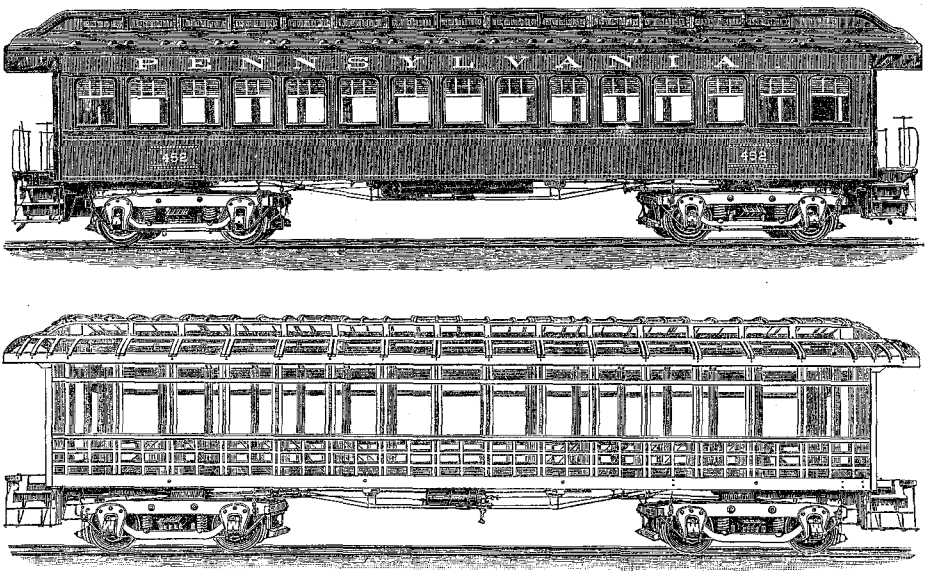

Modern Passenger-car and Frame.

The number of cars, it will be seen, has more than doubled in ten years, so that if the same rate of increase continues for the next decade there will be over two millions of them on the railroads of this country alone. Beyond a certain point, numbers convey little idea of magnitude. Our railroad system and its equipment seem to be rapidly outgrowing the capacity of the human imagination to realize their extent. What it will be with another half century of development it is impossible even to imagine.

FAIR DAY.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

WIDOW MERCY BASCOM came back alone into the empty kitchen and seated herself in her favorite splint-bottomed chair by the window, with a dreary look on her face.

"I s'pose I be an old woman, an' past goin' to cattle shows an' junketings, but folks needn't take it so for granted. I'm sure I don't want to be on my feet all day, trapesin' fair grounds an' swallowing everybody's dust; not but what I'm as able as most, though I be seventy-three year old."

She folded her hands in her lap and looked out across the deserted yard. There was not even a hen in sight; she was left alone for the day. "Tobias's folks," as she called her son's family with whom she made her home—Tobias's folks had just started for a day's pleasuring at the county fair, ten miles distant. She had not thought of going with them, nor expected any invitation; she had even helped them off with her famous energy; but there was an unexpected reluctance at being left behind, a sad little feeling that would rise suddenly in her throat as she stood in the door and saw them drive away in the shiny, two-seated wagon. Johnny, the youngest and favorite of her grandchildren,

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had shouted back in his piping voice, "I wish you was goin', grandma."

"The only one on 'em that thought of me," said Mercy Bascom to herself, and then, not being a meditative person by nature, she went to work industriously and proceeded to the repairing of Tobias's work-day coat. It was sharp weather now in the early morning, and he would need the warmth of it. Tobias's placid wife never anticipated and always lived in a state of trying to catch up with her work. It never had been the elder woman's way, and Mercy reviewed her own active career with no mean pride. She had been left a widow at twenty-eight, with four children and a stony New Hampshire farm, but had bravely won her way, paid her debts, and provided the three girls and their brother Tobias with the best available schooling.

For a woman of such good judgment and high purpose in life, Mrs. Bascom had made a very unwise choice in marrying Tobias Bascom the elder. He was not even the owner of a good name, and led her a terrible life with his drunken shiftlessness, and hinderance of all her own better aims. Even while the children were babies, however, and life was at its busiest and most demanding stages, the determined soul would not be baffled by such damaging partnership. She showed the plainer what stuff she was made of, and simply worked the harder and went her ways more fiercely. If it was sometimes whispered that she was unamiable, her wiser neighbors understood the power of will that was needed to cope with circumstances that would have crushed a weaker woman. As for her children, they were very fond of her in the undemonstrative New England fashion. Only the two eldest could remember their father at all, and after he was removed from this world Tobias Bascom left but slight proofs of having ever existed at all, except in the stern lines and premature aging of his wife's face.

The years that followed were years of hard work on the little farm, but diligence and perseverance had their reward. When the three daughters came to womanhood they were already skilled farm-house keepers, and were despatched for their own homes well equipped with feather-beds and homespun linen and woollen. Mercy Bascom was glad to have them well settled, if the truth were known. She did not like to have her own will and law questioned or opposed, and when she sat down to supper alone with her son Tobias, after the last daughter's wedding, she had a glorious feeling of peace and satisfaction.

"There's a sight o' work left yet in the old marm," she said to Tobias, in an unwontedly affectionate tone. "I guess we shall house keep together as comfortable as most folks." But Tobias grew very red in the face and bent over his plate.

"I don' know's I want the girls to get ahead of me," he said sheepishly. "I ain't meanin' to put you out with another wedding right away, but I've been a-lookin' round an' I guess I've found somebody to suit *me*."

Mercy Bascom turned cold with misery and disappointment. "Why T'bias," she said, anxiously, "folks always said that you was cut out for an old bachelor till I come to believe it, an' I've been lottin' on——"

"Course nobody's goin' to wrench me an' you apart," said Tobias gallantly. "I made up my mind long ago you an' me was yokemates, mother. An' I had it in mind to fetch you somebody that would ease you o' quite so much work now 'Liza's gone off."

"I don't want nobody," said the grieved woman, and she could eat no more supper; that festive supper for which she had cooked her very best. Tobias was sorry for her, but he had his rights, and now simply felt light-hearted because he had freed his mind of this unwelcome declaration. Tobias was slow and stolid to behold, but he was a man of sound ideas and great talent for farming. He had found it difficult to choose between his favorites among the marriageable girls, a bright young creature who was really too good for him, but penniless, and a weaker damsel who was heiress to the best farm in town. The farm won the day at last; and Mrs. Bascom felt a thrill of pride at her son's worldly success; then she asked to know her son's plans, and was wholly disappointed. Tobias meant to sell the old

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place; he had no idea of leaving her alone as she wistfully complained; he meant to have her make her home at the Bassett place with him and his bride.

That she would never do; the old place which had given her a living never should be left or sold to strangers. Tobias was not prepared for her fierce outburst of reproach for the mere suggestion. She would live alone and pay her way as she always had done, and so it was for a few years of difficulties. Tobias was never ready to plough or plant when she needed him; his own great place was more than he could serve properly. It grew more and more difficult to hire workmen, and they were seldom worth their wages. At last Tobias's wife, who was a kindly soul, persuaded her reluctant mother-in-law to come and spend a winter; the old woman was tired and for once disheartened; she found herself deeply in love with her grandchildren, and so next spring she let the little hill farm on the halves to an impecunious but hard-working young couple.

To everybody's surprise the two women lived together harmoniously. Tobias's wife did everything to please her mother-in-law, except to be other than a Bassett. And Mercy, for the most part, ignored this misfortune, and rarely was provoked into calling it a fault. Now that the necessity for hard work and anxiety was past, she appeared to have come to an Indian summer shining-out of her natural amiability and tolerance. She was sometimes indirectly reproachful of her daughter's easy-going ways, and set an indignant example now and then by a famous onslaught of unnecessary work, and always dressed and behaved herself in plainest farm fashion, while Mrs. Tobias was given to undue worldliness and style. But they worked well together in the main, for, to use Mercy's own words, she "had seen enough of life not to want to go into other folks' houses and make trouble."

As people grow older their interests are apt to become fewer, and one of the thoughts that came oftenest to Mercy Bascom in her old age was a time-honored quarrel with one of her husband's sisters, who had been her neighbor many years before, and then moved to greater prosperity at the other side of the county. It is not worth while to tell the long story of accusations and misunderstandings, but while the two women did not meet for almost half a lifetime the grievance was as fresh as if it were yesterday's. Wrongs of defrauded sums of money and contested rights in unproductive acres of land, wrongs of slighting remarks and contempt of equal claims; the remembrance of all these was treasured as a miser fingers his gold. Mercy Bascom freed herself from the wearisome detail of every-day life whenever she could find a patient listener to whom to tell the long story. She found it as interesting as a story of the Arabian Nights, or an exciting play at the theatre. She would have you believe that she was faultless in the matter, and would not acknowledge that her sister-in-law Ruth Bascom, now Mrs. Parlet, was also a hard-working woman with dependent little children at the time of the great fray.

Of late years her son had suspected that his mother regretted the alienation, but he knew better than to suggest a peace-making. "Let them work — let them work!" he told his wife, when she proposed one night to bring the warring sisters-in-law unexpectedly together. It may have been that old Mercy began to feel a little lonely and would be glad to have somebody of her own age with whom to talk over old times. She never had known the people much in this Bassett region, and there were few but young folks left at any rate.

As the pleasure-makers hastened toward the fair that bright October morning Mercy sat by the table sewing at a sufficient patch in the old coat. There was little else to do all day but to get herself a lunch at noon and have supper ready when the family came home cold and tired at night. The two cats came purring about her chair; one persuaded her to open the cellar door, and the other leaped to the top of the kitchen table unrebuked, and blinked herself to sleep there in the sun. This was a favored kitten brought from the old home, and seemed a link between the old days and these. Her mistress noticed with surprise that pussy was beginning to look

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old, and she could not resist a little sigh. "Land! the next world may seem dreadful new too, and I've got to get used to that," she thought with a grim smile of foreboding. "How do folks live that wants always to be on the go? There was Ruth Parlet, that must be always a visitin' and goin'—well I won't say that there wasn't a time when I wished for the chance." Justice always won the day in such minor questions as this.

Ruth Parlet's name started the usual thoughts, but somehow or other Mercy could not find it in her heart to be as harsh as usual. She remembered one thing after another about their girlhood together. They had been great friends then and the animosity may have had its root in the fact that Ruth helped forward her brother's marriage. But there were years before that of friendly foregathering and girlish alliances and rivalries; spinning and herb gathering and quilting. It seemed, as Mercy thought about it, that Ruth was good company after all. But what did make her act so, and turn right round later on?

The morning grew warm, and at last Mrs. Bascom had to open the window to let out the buzzing flies and an imprisoned wild bee. The patch was finished and the elbow would serve Tobias as good as new. She laid the coat over a chair and put her bent brass thimble into the paper-collar box that served as work-basket. She used to have a queer splint basket at the old place, but it had been broken under something heavier when her household goods were moved. Some of the family had long been tired of hearing that basket regretted, and another had never been found to take its place. The thimble, the smooth mill-bobbin on which was wound black linen thread, the dingy lump of beeswax, and a smart leather needle-book, which Johnny had given her the Christmas before, all looked ready for use, but Mrs. Bascom pushed them farther back on the table and quickly rose to her feet. "'Tain't nine o'clock yet," she said, exultantly. "I'll just take a couple o' crackers in my pocket and step over to the old place. I'll take my time and be back soon enough to make 'em that pan o' my hot gingerbread they'll be counting on for supper."

Half an hour later one might have seen a bent figure lock the side door of the large farm-house carefully, trying the latch again and again to see if it were fast, putting the key in a safe hiding-place by the door, and then stepping away up the road with eager determination. "I ain't felt so like a jaunt this five year," said Mercy to herself, "an' if Tobias was here an' Ann, they'd take all the fun out fussin' and talkin', an' bein' afeard I'd tire myself, or wantin' me to ride over. I do like to be my own master once in a while."

The autumn day was glorious, with a fine flavor of fruit and ripeness in the air. The sun was warm, there was a cool breeze from the great hills, and far off across the wide valley the old woman could see her little gray house on its pleasant eastern slope; she could even trace the outline of the two small fields and larger pasture. "I done well with it, if I wasn't nothin' but a woman with four dependin' on me an' no means," said Mercy proudly as she came in full sight of the old place. It was a long drive from one farm to the other by roundabout highways, but there was a footpath known to the wayfarer which took a good piece off the distance. "Now, ain't this a sight better than them hustlin' fairs?" Mercy asked gleefully as she felt herself free and alone in the wide meadow-land. She had long been promising little Johnny to take him over to Gran'ma's house, as she loved to call it still. She could not help thinking longingly how much he would enjoy this escapade. "Why, I'm running away just like a young one, that's what I be," she exclaimed, and then laughed aloud for very pleasure.

The weather-beaten farm-house was deserted that day, as its former owner suspected. She boldly gathered some of her valued spice-apples, with an assuring sense of proprietorship as she crossed the last narrow field. The Browns, man and wife and little boy and baby, had hied them early to the fair with nearly the whole population of the countryside. The house and yard and out-buildings never had worn such an aspect of appealing pleasantness as when Mercy Bascom came near. She

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felt as if she were going to cry for a minute, and then hurried to get inside the gate. She saw the outgoing track of horses' feet with delight, but went discreetly to the door and knocked, to make herself perfectly sure that there was no one left at home. Out of breath and tired as she was, she turned to look off at the view. Yes, there was Tobias's place, prosperous and white-painted; she could just get a glimpse of the upper roofs and gables. It was always a sorrow and complaint that a low hill kept her from looking up at this farm from any of the windows, but now she was at the farm itself she found herself regarding the Tobias's home with a good deal of affection. She looked sharply with an apprehension of fire, but there was no whiff of alarming smoke against the clear sky.

"Now I must git me a drink o' water first of anything," and she hastened to the creaking well-sweep and lowered the bucket. There was the same rusty, handleless tin dipper that she had left years before, standing on the shelf inside the well-curb. She was proud to find that the bucket was no heavier than ever, and was heartily thankful for the clear water. There never was such a well as that, and it seemed as if she had not been away a day. "What an old gal I be," said Mercy, with plaintive merriment. "Well, they ain't made no great changes since I was here last spring," and then she went over and held her face close against one of the kitchen windows, and took a hungry look of the familiar room. The bedroom door was open and a new sense of attachment to the place filled her heart. "It seems as if I was locked out o' my own home," she whispered as she looked in.

There were the same old spruce and pine boards that she had scrubbed so many times and trodden as she hurried to and fro about her work. It was very strange to see an unfamiliar chair or two, but the furnishings of a farm kitchen were much the same, and there was no great change. Even the cradle was like that cradle in which her own children had been rocked. She gazed and gazed, poor old Mother Bascom, and forgot the present as her early life came back in vivid memories. At last she turned away from the window with a sigh.

The flowers that she had planted herself had bloomed all summer in the garden; there were still some ragged sailors and the snowberries and phlox and her favorite mallows, of which she picked herself a posy. "I'm glad the old place is so well took care of," she thought, gratefully. "An' they've new-silled the old barn I do declare, and battened the cracks to keep the dumb creaturs warm. 'Twas a sham-built barn anyways, but 'twas the best I could do when the child'n needed something every handturn o' the day. It put me to some expense every year, tinkering of it up where the poor lumber warped and split. There I enjoyed tryin' to cope with things and gettin' the better of my disadvantages! The ground's too rich for me over there to Tobias's; I don't want things too easy, for my part. I feel *most* as young as ever I did, and I ain't agoin' to play helpless, not for nobody.

"I declare for't, I mean to come up here by an' by a spell an' stop with the young folks, an' give 'em a good lift with their work. I ain't needed all the time to Tobias's now, and they can hire help, while these can't. I've been favoring myself till I'm as soft as an old hoss that's right out of pasture an' can't pull two wheels without wheezin'."

There was a sense of companionship in the very weather. The bees were abroad as if it were summer, and a flock of little birds came fluttering down close to Mrs. Bascom as she sat on the doorstep. She remembered the biscuit in her pocket and ate them with a hunger she had seldom known of late, but she threw the crumbs generously to her feathered neighbors. The soft air, the brilliant or fading colors of the wide landscape, the comfortable feeling of relationship to her surroundings all served to put good old Mercy into a most peaceful state. There was only one thought that would not let her be quite happy. She could not get her sister-in-law Ruth Parlet out of her mind. And strangely enough the old grudge did not present itself with the usual power of aggravation; it was of their early friendship and Ruth's good fellowship that memories would come.

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"I declare for't, I wouldn't own up to the folks, but I should like to have a good visit with Ruth if so be that we could set aside the past," she said, resolutely, at last. "I never thought I should come to it, but if she offered to make peace I wouldn't do nothin' to hinder it. Not to say but what I should have to free my mind on one or two points before we could start fair. I've waited forty year to make one remark I have in mind for Ruthy Parlet. But there! we're gettin' to be old folks." Mercy rebuked herself gravely. "I don't want to go off with hard feelins to nobody." Whether this was the culmination of a long, slow process of reconciliation, or whether Mrs. Bascom's placid satisfaction helped to hasten it by many stages, nobody could say. As she sat there she thought of many things; her life spread itself out like a picture; perhaps never before had she been able to detach herself from her immediate occupation in this way. She never had been aware of her own character and exploits to such a degree, and the minutes sped by as she thought with deep interest along the course of her own history. There was nothing she was ashamed of to an uncomfortable degree but the long animosity between herself and the children's aunt. How harsh she had been sometimes; she had even tried to prejudice everybody who listened to these tales of an offender. "I war'n't more'n half right, now I come to look myself full in the face," said Mercy Bascom, "and I never owned it till this day."

The sun was already past noon, and the good woman dutifully rose and with instant consciousness of resource glanced in at the kitchen window to tell the time by a familiar mark on the floor. "I needn't start just yet," she muttered. "Oh my! how I do wish I could git in and poke round into every corner! 'Twould make this day just perfect.

"There now!" she continued, "p'raps they leave the key just where our folks used to." And in another minute the key lay in Mercy's worn old hand. She gave a shrewd look along the road, opened the door, which creaked what may have been a hearty welcome, and stood inside the dear old kitchen. She had not been in the house alone since she left it, but now she was nobody's guest. It was like some shell-fish finding its own old shell again and settling comfortably into the convolutions. Even we must not follow Mother Bascom about from the dark cellar to the hot little attic. She was not curious about the Browns' worldly goods; indeed she was nearly unconscious of anything but the comfort of going up and down the short flight of stairs and looking out of the windows with nobody to watch.

"There's the place where Tobias scratched the door with a nail. Didn't I thrash him for it good?" she said once, with a proud remembrance of the time when she was lawgiver and proprietor and he dependent.

At length a creeping fear stole over her lest the family might return. She stopped one moment to look back into the little bedroom. "How good I did use to sleep here," she said. "I worked as stout as I could the day through, and there wasn't no wakin' up by two o'clock in the morning, and smellin' for fire and harkin' for thieves like I have to nowadays."

Mercy stepped away down the long sloping field like a young woman. It was a long walk back to Tobias's, even if one followed the footpaths across country. She was heavy-footed, but she was still light-hearted when she came safely in at the gate of the Bassett place. "I've done extra for me," she said as she put away her old shawl and bonnet; "but I'm goin' to git the best supper Tobias's folks have eat for a year." And so she did.

"I've be'n over to the old place this day," she announced bravely to her son, who had finished his work and his supper and was now tipped back in his wooden arm-chair against the wall.

"You ain't, mother!" responded Tobias. "Next fall, then, I won't take no for an answer but what you'll go to the fair and see what's goin'. You *ain't* footed it way over there?"

Mother Bascom nodded. "I have," she answered solemnly, a minute later, as if the nod were not enough. "T'bias, son," she added, lowering her voice, "I ain't one to give in my rights, but I

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was thinkin' it all over about y'r Aunt Ruth Parlet——"

"Now if that ain't curi's!" exclaimed Tobias, bringing his chair down hastily upon all four legs. "I didn't know just how you'd take it, mother, but I see Aunt Ruth to-day to the fair, and she made everything o' me and wanted to know how you was, and she got me off from the rest, an's ays she: 'I declare I should like to see your marm again. I wonder if she won't agree to let bygones be bygones.'"

"My sakes!" said Mercy, who was startled by this news. "'Tis the hand o' Providence! How did she look, son?"

"A sight older 'n you do, but kind of natural too. One o' her sons' wives that she's made her home with, has led her a dance, folks say."

"Poor old creatur! we'll have her over here if your folks don't find fault. I've had her in my mind——"

Tobias's folks, in the shape of his wife and little Johnny, appeared from the outer kitchen. "I haven't had such a supper I don't know when," repeated the younger woman for at least the fifth time. "You must have been busy all day, Mother Bascom."

But Mother Bascom and Tobias looked at each other and laughed.

"I ain't had such a good time I don't know when, but my feet are all of a fidget and I've got to git to bed now. I've be'n runnin' away since you've be'n gone, Ann!" said the pleased old soul, and then went away, still laughing, to her own room. She was strangely excited and satisfied, as if she had at last paid a long-standing debt. She could trudge across pastures as well as anybody, and the wearing old grudge was done with. Mercy hardly noticed how her fingers trembled as they unhooked the old gray gown. The odor of sweet fern shook out fresh and strong as she smoothed and laid it carefully over a chair. There was a little rent in the skirt, but she would mend it by daylight.

The great harvest moon was shining high in the sky, and she needed no other light in the bedroom. "I've be'n a smart woman to work in my day and I've airnt a little pleasurin," said Mother Bascom sleepily to herself. "Pore Ruthy! so she looks old, does she? I'm goin' to tell her right out, 'twas I that spoke first to Tobias."

THE IMMORTAL WORD.

By Helen Gray Cone.

One soiled and shamed and foiled in this world's fight,
Deserter from the host of God, that here
Still darkly struggles,—waked from death in fear,
And strove to screen his forehead from the white
And blinding glory of the awful Light,
The revelation and reproach austere.
Then with strong hand outstretched a Shape drew near,
Bright-browed, majestic, armored like a knight.

"Great Angel, servant of the Highest, why
Stoop'st thou to me?" although his lips were mute,
His eyes inquired. The Shining One replied:
"Thy Book, thy birth, life of thy life am I,
Son of thy soul, thy youth's forgotten fruit.
We two go up to judgment side by side."

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FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KITTY FARNUM TAKES THE PRIZE.

JOHN HAVILAND was in town that summer. Many things kept him there; he had his own business, and he had his schools, and he had his workmen's clubs. And just now he had, more than all, the new young men's club he was founding on the Bowery. He would usually dine at his own club; and there the men he most commonly met were Derwent and Lucie Gower. There seemed to be a certain bond of sympathy between these men. Gower also was kept in town by his business; for Gower had his duties in life, and performed them punctiliously, too. Derwent—well, Derwent was kept there by much the same reasons that kept John at home. Furthermore, these men, not being pleasure-seekers, were all three unhappy—for the moment, only, let us hope.

Haviland lived most of the time on his little sloop, which he kept moored at Bay Ridge, and he took little cruises in her when the wind served. Derwent was apt to be with him on these; he was an enthusiast in everything, and just now was much interested in John's work in New York. Then there was politics; the primaries were already beginning, and John was at work over these; a most fascinating subject for Derwent, who was fond of saying that the most noticeable industries in all "property-democracies" had been plied by those who made a trade of patriotism; but John was not a trader. It was Derwent who called ours an age of coal; but machine civilization was his favorite term for the nineteenth century, and just now his notion was that property was the pasturage that gave life to the monster that he fought.

Certainly, it had been an evil year for those who thought and hoped. That showed itself even in the primaries, where now the local leaders found it hard to keep their rank and file content. Still less could John get on, with his abstract talk of pure government and simple laws. Sovereign voters were showing a strange tendency to go in directly for abstract benefits, or what they conceived to be such. Even city workers were discontented; and there was said to be much misery in the mining districts. The coal magnates—Tamms, Duval, and Remington—finding that that ichor of our civilization was growing too plentiful, had laid their heads together and were "diminishing the output;" that is, they forbade that more than a certain number of tons should be mined per week. Thus did they not only cut off that draught of life from the general social fabric, but about one-third of the cupbearers thereof were thrown out of work. Upon this, many of the rest had struck. Their places in the mines had promptly been filled by other human energy in the shape of so many head of human beings, male and female, shipped from Poland; while the strikers and even some of the Poles, who had escaped and could read and write, were making trouble. But these themes are too heavy for our slight pen; except such outcome of it as even all the world might see and Mrs. Flossie Gower might feel.

And, if politics had thus all gone askew, John was just a shade discouraged with his social work as well. Many a talk did he and Derwent have about it, lying becalmed off the sullen Jersey coast, smoking their midnight cigars beneath the sky. "They will come to the club fast enough," he would say, "and read a newspaper or two, and smoke a pipe—when they have not money enough to pay for drinks at the bar-room. They will listen to what we tell them, politely enough. But what I find is the hardest thing to cope with is a sort of scoffing humor: as if we were all

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muffs, and they knew it, and only put up with it so long as it suited their convenience."

"A curious thing this jeering habit in your democracy," muttered Derwent. "They have caught the trick of Voltaire's cynicism and turned it upwards. They are incredulous of excellence and of benevolence in high places—even of yours, old fellow, I am afraid," he added. "I never could see how there could be class-hatred in America; but class-hatred there certainly is."

"I talk to these boys of books and pictures, and the joys of art, and the delights of nature; and I fear, if they do not cry 'Oh, chestnuts' at me, or some other current slang, it is out of mere good-nature and because they like me. Their delight in nature is limited to the nearest base-ball field, the newspapers they take up are generally those printed on pink paper, and as for books—I doubt if many of them ever opened one, except he knew it was obscene."

"All literature has had but two sources—religious hymns and merry stories," said Derwent, gravely. "These boys must naturally begin with that one which is left them."

"But they are such finished positivists! As for fearing the Roman Church, it is but an old wives' tale to them."

"How much did our friends at *La Lisière* care for this higher side of life?" said Derwent. "It is true they substituted wine for whiskey, and straight-limbed horses for bow-legged bull-pups, and steeple-chases for sparring, and French novels for the pink newspaper. I fancy our two sets of friends would understand one another, Tony Duval and Birmingham and your boys, much better than you do after all. As for Mr. Van Kull, he would be a hero with either lot, and Caryl Wemyss a muff."

"There are plenty of rich people who are not like Mrs. Gower's set."

"True, but they do not advertise themselves, they do not make a show, they do not 'lead society'—suggestive phrase. And probably you are the first rich man of that class whom your Bowery friends have ever seen. No wonder that they set you down for a muff!"

"Of course a poor boy covets his neighbor's goods, if he sees that his goods are the only thing the neighbor values," sighed John.

Thus did these two hold converse, and often Lucie Gower with them. Indeed Lucie Gower had got quite interested in John's plans, and if he did not feel that his personal assistance would be of much value, he helped John out with money, which was almost as much to the point. The simple fellow was not happy, and he did not quite know why; surely his wife, the admired leader of all their world, was all that he desired? At times he would seem on the point of confiding with John, and would turn his eyes to him with the troubled look of some not healthy animal; a look, alas! which John saw no way to answer.

But if John made little progress with his missionary work, James Starbuck made greatly more with his. The discontent on the line of the Allegheny Central Railroad and in the coal mines was certainly spreading; and Starbuck, in his capacity of travelling inspector, had much opportunity to see this and to work upon it. Now and then he would enter Haviland's club-room; he had had himself inscribed as a member thereof; and each time it was noticeable that he would take many of the young men away to some secret meeting of his own. John at first had welcomed him as an ally; he was much better educated than most of the young men, and his influence was certainly for sobriety, at least. But of late he had begun to doubt.

Meantime Tamms, the man who ruled the Allegheny Central, was continually at the office; for he was not without anxiety about all this. His clever manœuvres of the previous summer had had one result of doubtful benefit; it had left him saddled with all the Starbuck Oil Works stock, and nearly all the Allegheny Central. A time of extreme prosperity had been expected by him that year; he had just made one great monopoly of all the neighboring coal interests; but the one thing even clever Tamms could not see and provide against was a general revolt among the men and women whose lives, as he thought, he had bought and paid for. Mrs. Tamms and the daughters had come back from

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Europe, loaded with rich laces and new gowns, and paying a pretty figure therefor at the custom-house; but without any offers of marriage as yet, or at least without sufficiently brilliant ones.

Charlie, too, was at the office frequently, and when he was there, looked into things pretty closely; though Arthur was still revelling in the new delights of Newport. Old Mr. Townley would come in regularly once a month, and cut the coupons off the bonds of his trusts. Thence he would drive up to his club—he was the oldest member now—and wag his white head sagely among his friends, financiers *emeriti* like himself, and tell them what a treasure he had in his clever young man Tamms.

Gracie came back to her aunt's house early in October; but she came back alone. Mamie had been quite taken up by Mrs. Gower; why it should be esteemed an honor by young girls to be taken up by Mrs. Gower, I leave unsaid; but such it was. She translated them to that higher sphere which she had so completely made her own. Before such promotion a maiden was simply a pretty girl, nothing more; after it she became "the thing," for married men to flirt with, for young men to pay attention to, and perhaps, finally, for one of them to marry. So Mamie Livingstone was staying with her at *La Lisière*.

It is needless to say that Charlie Townley was there too. If Flossie was somewhat sceptical of other worlds, she was quick to recognize an eternal fitness of things in this. And what more fit than that fashion should wed wealth, and a young man who had so well proved his taste in spending money should be given a pretty helpmeet and with her the wherewithal to shine? Mrs. Gower had a good-natured custom of pensioning off, in this pleasant manner, her old adorers; for all her loves had been platonic, affairs of fashion and make-believe, like the Bronx hounds' fox-hunting. For Flossie had never been in love in her life; I question if she could be; though hoping always much to be the cause that love should be in others.

Charlie, then, found a strong ally in his old friend, and we may be sure he pushed his advantage to the utmost. Caryl Wemyss was happy too to have him there; for Charlie's pursuit was obvious, and the pack of tongues will often follow only one such scent at a time. And though ready enough to startle the world when the proper time came, Wemyss did not wish to diminish the effect of his *coup* by anticipation. Moreover he had not quite made up his mind.

As for old Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone, they only knew that Mamie was off enjoying herself; which our parents now have learned to be also part of pre-established harmony. Gracie was their comfort now; they were fonder of her than of their own daughter, I think. But Gracie was more troubled. She had taken pretty little Mamie to her heart. Down-stairs, with the old people, she was a sweet presence, like still sunlight after rain; she read to them, and talked, and smiled, and helped. But up-stairs, I wonder, in the temple of her maiden's chamber? What shall we do for Gracie, I beseech you, reader? We can find all their happinesses, in this world, for Charlie, for Flossie Gower and Mr. Tamms, and even, through his vanity, for Wemyss—but how for her? And Gracie was—she was very lovely and contented, and she had the sunniest of smiles; she was one for some of us to love perhaps—but she was not exactly happy, you see. But what can we do? We cannot go with her to her own room, when she is alone; we may not dare to console her; we may not venture in, but stand awestruck, hand upon the door. I wonder what happens there, when the light figure is bent down, and the face forgets to smile, and the dark eyes look out, unrestrained by other's presence, on the four mute walls?

Why did Haviland—yes, and Derwent too—go to the house so often? When Mamie came home, Charlie Townley came often, too; and Gracie, beginning her winter work, would have left them all to her, but that they rather sought herself. And, as if by some strange chemistry, she began to feel that these two had some understanding with her, of things both human and divine.

See, there she is, standing in the shadow; John is talking to her. At a

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distance sits Derwent, pulling his tawny long moustache, his blue eyes fixed simply on her, like a young child's. Here is Mamie Livingstone, prettier, some would say, than Gracie, with her nameless touch of style, and girlish distinction; she ripples and flashes like a summer brook, as Charlie bends over her, so that the rosebud in his coat is just beneath her eyes, and he says something to her about it.

But Mamie was not the only girl who gave trouble to her friends that autumn. In another street—the Fifty-Something-eth—sits the Beauty, Kitty Farnum, lounging back lazily in her chair, her perfect arms clasped behind her head, a sort of democratic Cleopatra, looking, with her silent idle scorn, at her mother, who is chiding her. Her mother is carefully dressed, well-educated, worldly enough in all conscience sake; and yet there is something about her, about her or about her voice, that makes the haughty beauty sicken with a consciousness of difference between them. Kitty has the pride of a coronet, if not the taste for one.

"I heard you positively discouraged him at Lenox." The mother is speaking of Lord Birmingham; and the daughter is thinking that, when a girl, her mother must have been admired of "gentlemen friends" and have worn gold ornaments about her neck. For Kitty has that intense appreciation of small differences of social habit that a clever child inherits when parents are acutely conscious of their lack of social position. If the factory and railroads and exchanges be the all-in-all of life, these things are trifles; but our economists who ignore them forget how much of life is left besides mere work, how great a part in life is played by self-esteem. Your baron of the middle ages scorned them, for he had his horse and battle-axe and coat-of-mail; and perhaps had you given these to his hind, the churl might have made as good a baron, and the baron would have been like any other soldier, in his eating and his thinking and his lying down. But to-day you put these two together, and they speak two words, and each knows—and much more their wives and daughters, that they "move in different spheres." But why then, in this democracy, does the one sphere, in successive stages as you ascend, hate, envy, imitate, and seek to enter the other? Mrs. Gower's set are false and foolish; but they are quite modest enough to recognize that they are no models for a people's imitation. Greatness is thrust upon them. Jem Starbuck may hate them, and Jenny his sister envy; but how long, think you, the Duvals, and now this Mrs. Farnum, have striven to be like them? Alas! if they were better men, even, as our mediæval baron was the better man than his churl, the folly of the imitation would be gone. But *amour-propre* still rules humanity, although democracy apportion out its goods, and when *amour-propre* shall turn from show of affluence to proof of excellence, we shall see great things. And love it may be yet that makes the world go round; but, alas! in so many marriages, one side loves the other and the other loves—itself.

"It was reported even in the *Herald*, that it was to be a match," said Mrs. Farnum, plaintively. "And now, he has gone off on his yacht, and they will say that he has jilted you."

"Mother, I will marry whom I like—and when I like," said Kitty.

"But tell me, my darling—you do not like anyone else?" said Mrs. Farnum, coaxingly.

"My dear mother——"

"I do wish you would say 'mamma,' and not insist on calling me mother." And she thought hastily over the men she knew her child had seen that summer. "I hope it is not Van Kull—or that young Holyoke," she added, in increasing terror.

Kitty turned her back and intimated so plainly a dismissal that the obedient mother felt constrained to go.

"It *is* young Holyoke," she thought, with a sigh that was meant to soften her obdurate daughter's heart.

She poured her troubles in her tired husband's ear that night: "Kate shall marry whom she likes," said that unimaginative person. "I guess her half million will be worth any beggarly marquis of them all. You weren't a countess, when I married you." And Mrs. Farnum had to cry in silence.

Poor humanity! How much trouble

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do you give yourselves. As for Kitty Farnum, she had been asked in marriage by the Earl already; and had refused him twice.

CHAPTER XXV.

FLOSSIE ENJOYS HERSELF.

FLOSSIE GOWER lay idly upon her couch; it was her reception-day. She was waiting for the monotonous round of callers; and, while she waited, she gave herself to reminiscences. It was not usual for her to ply her memory so hard; but to-day, thinking of her whole life, and planning her campaign to Russia, all the events of her career passed in review before her. Her dainty morning dress curled away from the throat, and rippled gracefully, in a cascade of laces, over to the ground; simple and pure as any Endymion might clothe his dream in. The neck was white as ever; but the face had a wearied look the world had never seen, a pout of unheroic discontent, like any other woman's who was old and out of humor. And yet our heroine was telling to herself her triumphs, like beads.

She had early learned that she was rich, and thus had quickly found that riches were, alone, unsatisfying. No pedant moralist was more sure of this than she. But there they parted; while the moralist might prate of other worlds, or the love of humanity, Flossie was a positivist. No unknown world should drag her, Saturn-like, from her chosen orbit, and bid her leave her balls, her troops of male admirers, for nunneries or the domestic fireside. Unknowables might be disregarded: she knew no other world than this; and as for the love of humanity, she sought it for herself.

Of course we men do not understand the keen delight that Flossie took in swaying from his balance every man she met. We are not pleased when a pretty woman shows her sensibility to us. It may even rather shock us; we do not expect that sort of thing; moreover, if obvious to us, it is perhaps seen by others, and that cheapens the conquest.

But it is a woman's *carrière* to work her will and worth through men. And what else is her whole training, her education, the lessons we read to her of history? You may talk, and raise statues, in your female colleges, of Princess Idas and Corinnes; but it is Helen, Cleopatra, Heloise, who have left their woman's mark upon the world; and they are women enough, yet, these Vassar girls, to know it.

Still, it was some years before Flossie took her natural course and found in men's admiration her own highest reward. She had seen so much of men, her brother and his friends, in her early youth, that perhaps she had a little contempt for an animal so easily tamed, so soon domesticated. Whether she had yet found the king of the forest in her Boston Paris, we must leave to the reader.

Perhaps the earlier battles and campaigns, the Italys and Marengos, were the best, after all. Yet they were so easy! Poor Lucie had been such easy prey, even to a Nantucket neophyte! And to conquer the world of New York scarce justified a Corsican lieutenant's triumph. To trample on the patrician matron, and dazzle the jewels from Cornelia herself, was hardly harder. Then she even, in her wealthy way, had tried to serve the Lord; but found that fruitless, too. A fashionable ritual was all she had retained.

Then she had led, and they had followed. Thorough ditch, thorough briar, from fad to folly. Was she not the high priestess of that circle *debonair*, known as well in Boston or in Philadelphia as in New York, as the "married women's set?" They pretended to be in love with one another's husbands, and they dazzled young girls; and led their Pauls away from such Virginias as were "coming out."

But all this was not the tithe of her triumph. Some had tumbled in the ditches, or been torn and spotted in the briars. Surely the glory of these was hers also? She set the pace; and some had failed, and some had fled, and some had forged, and some had fallen through. But she had always stayed at the head, indifferent, frivolous, successful. Then was she not a patroness of art and literature? She dabbled in politics, too, and went to Washington, and corrupted sim-

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ple Congressmen, and made herself a model to their wives.

Mrs. Gower was at home, this afternoon; and she rose and swept her robes to the adjoining dressing-room for another gown; in this one she was visible only to her maids, her maker, and her husband. It was five or ten minutes when she came back; her pout was gone, and in its place a smile—her *pas de fascination* as it were. She graciously beamed upon the two young girls who had come to make their dinner-call upon her, and was graciously pleased even to apologize for keeping them waiting. And their hearts were won by her at once—they were the very poor descendants of one of the very oldest pre-revolutionary families—and they talked enthusiastically about her, going home, and wondered if it could really be true what the world said about her and that Mr. Wemyss from Boston. They were stylishly dressed and poor, and waiting to be married too.

Then came in Mrs. James De Witt, *née* Duval, just made a matron and fresh from a wedding-journey which had proved somewhat slow to her; Strephon and Chloe did not go on wedding journeys, I suppose; it was Helen and Paris began the fashion. Then Mrs. Malgam came in; and Flossie had her usual velvet battle with her dear enemy and rival friend. Mrs. Gower envied her her stupid youth, and silly red cheeks. Shall I go and leave the field with her? she thought. But the field would be hers, anyhow, in a few years.

Then there came in two prying matrons, of those whom Flossie had defeated in the world's esteem, so many years ago. They had lived to see their fiats disregarded, and their reception-rooms depleted, and their daughters put out and their sons dazzled, all by this little Flossie Starbuck; and they loved her accordingly. Would their hour of triumph never come again? Flossie wondered why they came to-day; they had not been to see her, save in the most symbolical of paste-board calls, since three months after her marriage. But they had never, since that first triumphant season, dared to question her divine right, by wit and beauty and style, to rule. Could it be that they really meant to bury the hatchet and surrender unconditionally? Or did they scent, like envious ravens, her coming overthrow? She was indifferently polite to them; but made little effort to conceal that she was bored.

Dear me, will a man never come? Mrs. Gower rose, when they had gone, and pressed her feverish brow against the mirror. How marked the wrinkles were beneath the eyes! Men's voices were heard at last, and Flossie turned her back to the window. It was only a silly fellow, an artist, whom Mrs. Gower had made, and who now presumed upon it; and with him a dancing boy. The boy was nice enough at germans; and was at least a gentleman, but the other was only a swell, which even Flossie Gower realized to be a different thing. Genius soars above birth, so Van Smeer disowned his mother; but he preferred to be known as a gentleman rather than as an artist, and only painted the portraits of his rich fair friends carelessly, à la Congreve, and by way of flirtation, as it were. Moreover, he was a Jew.

It was fun for Flossie to snub this man, and see his color change. Mrs. Wilton Hay had come in, the woman to whom Flossie had suspected Van Smeer of transferring his incense. "I have been thinking for some time of setting up an establishment in England," said he to Mrs. Hay, who was going back. "My friend Lord Footlight is by way of having a sort of historical pageant in his theatre at his place in Surrey, and is very keen to have me come." To which Mrs. Hay made no reply, but Mrs. Gower did. "Do, Mr. Van Smeer," she said; "I should think her native air would do your poor mother so much good."

Van Smeer turned livid and ugly, but had to turn and smile to Kitty Farnum, who entered then, for Kitty was said to be that season's card. "Who was his mother?" whispered Mrs. Hay. "A Jewish ballet-girl," said Flossie in reply, and Van Smeer knew she did, and had to leave her unavenged. But I know not what he said to Mrs. Hay, when those two left together.

Mahlon Blewitt came in. He represented yet another period in Mrs. Gower's life, and she had been his Beatrice. But this Dante had been born in West-

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ern Ohio, and she had taught him a profound disbelief in all divine comedies, the Inferno even with the rest. He had come from his father's vast wheat-fields and the infinite prairies to New York, full of dreams of Shelley and of Chatterton; and Mrs. Gower had taken him up. Then he had gone back from her to his dreams. But he had really fancied him in love with her, and somehow her presence had remained with him and made his dreams absurd. Now he was a man of fashion, and turned his white ties more carefully than the sonnets he still peddled in large quantities to all the magazines; and he cynically talked about his country's decadence like any Caryl Wemyss, whom he chiefly envied, and of whose verses he wrote bitter reviews upon the sly. Had he really loved his clever patroness, the Inferno at least might have been left him to do; but he knew now that he had not loved her—only his dreams had seemed a poorer thing since Flossie Gower had shared them. The Polish minister came in; he knew his Flossie well and liked her much; he had seen women something like her in continental courts, but known none so bright, so good-natured, or half so free from danger. With him was young Harvey Washburn, a civil-service-reformer who had been sent to Congress to reform the world, and whom Von Hillersdorf was forming for it. Flossie would have liked to go to Washington, and have political power, and vulgarize that too; but there the mighty middle class control, who did not understand her; by the time they do, perhaps, the myriads who make no play of life will have their say, and break her, with other butterflies. Poor Flossie! she does not amount to much, after all, in all America; and is angrily conscious of it.

And now comes in our hero, Arthur Holyoke; no one, even Von Hillersdorf, is more perfect a man of the world than he. Well he places his bow and smile, his outspoken compliment here, his whispered word of adoration there; his coat is as well cut as Jimmy De Witt's, who has also come, some time later than his bride. But no one of these is earnest, thinks Flossie, and is bored again, and glad when they all go, and Mr. Killian Van Kull appears. Here at last is her peer, one who can understand her. Van Kull is a frank libertine; and she likes him for it; he does not play with foils; he is a *viveur*, like the puissant Guy Livingstone who was the hero that her youth adored. Mamie Livingstone, by the way, has come in too, and gone out with Charlie Townley. Charlie has lately had to present to Flossie his partner's lady, Mrs. Tamms, and her marriageable daughters; and Mrs. Gower will have a new pleasure to-morrow, when she meets and cuts them, driving in the Park.

Killian stays some time; there is a dark devil in his eye to-day, and Mrs. Gower thinks his pale face never looked so handsome. When Mr. Wemyss is announced, he rises with a slight smile, and he too goes away.

Mrs. Gower is rude to Wemyss; she throws herself upon a sofa, and has the migraine; he assumes his devotional manner and makes bold to take her hand. She draws it away impatiently.

"Have you a headache?" says he. "I hoped you would let me go to drive with you."

The carriage is ordered; the pony carriage that Mrs. Gower drives herself. He gets into it, and she after him and takes the reins. It is her whim to have no footman behind them; and Caryl does not dare remonstrate, though he thinks of it. He supposes she is going to the Park; but she turns down Thirty-fourth Street and drives toward the East River. They come to the ferry; and she sends Wemyss out to get the ticket. "Wherever are you going?" says he, returning.

"Why? Do you think I am going to elope with you?" She says it with a slight smile; and he is silent.

They come to the Long Island shore; and she rattles up the hill and drives familiarly through some narrow, squalid streets, where the air is not pleasant to breathe and the dank entries of the close brick houses swarm with half naked children.

Ahead of them now is the group of high chimneys and great tanks of rusty iron; the scorching sky is a veil of brick-red smoke, chemical, unnatural in color. The stench of oil is almost overpowering; but Flossie drives rapidly into the

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gate as if it were her own park avenue at *La Lisière*.

"Why have you come in here?" says Caryl Wemyss at last, looking, for the once, surprised. Mrs. Gower has dropped the reins, and seems suddenly listless.

"It was my favorite playground when I was a girl," she answers, finally. "It was a whim of mine to see the place again. Perhaps you did not know that here we made our money?"

Wemyss struggles with some speech about his indifference to the birthplace of the rose he wears; but Flossie is not hearing him; her eyes wander over the arid, unsightly factory-yard, the blue pyramids of barrels, and up to the tramways high in the air, and the masts of the iron ships.

"Come," she says; "give the reins to that man there."

Wemyss does as he is bid, and leaves the man with a silver dollar, wondering; and, wondering no less himself, he follows Flossie through the iron maze she seems to know so well.

They go up the foul ladder to the summit of the great storage tank, Wemyss caring for his fine overcoat, and almost sickened with the heavy smell of the crude petroleum, while Flossie's delicate nostrils dilate as she breathes it in once more. She guides him to the "tail-house," where the first run of naphtha has just begun, mobile, metallic, with its evil shine. Flossie looks at it closely, and notes, with an adept's eye, the hour of the run. A few hours more and it will be standard, water-white, as she has made herself, but with gold, and not with fire. Then she takes him to the spraying-house where the tested oil lies lazily, girdled by the sun with brilliant rings, fair to look upon as any sylvan spring.

Mrs. Gower was obstinately silent, going home, while Mr. Wemyss still wondered. They dined together and went to the play; and it was after midnight when he got to his rooms.

He had his valet pull his boots off and bring his smoking-jacket; and then, dismissing him, began to cut the pages of the last French novel.

"She is capable of anything," he said to himself, before he had read the first page of his book.

"She is a devil," he added, under his breath, somewhat flattered, somewhat frightened, at the thought.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JEM STARBUCK AMUSES HIMSELF.

JAMES STARBUCK'S breach with his sister had been a permanent one. He probably had as little affection in his nature as any man you could well find; but what he had was centred in pretty Jenny, and he was both grieved and annoyed by this. He said to himself that his love was given to his brethren, and his work the cause of labor; and certainly he had no love for his master, the great double monopoly of a corporation that employed him, and his maker he deemed a cleverly contrived bogy of the rich. Perhaps it was more his hate of these than even love of his fellow-laborers that really ruled his actions; he recognized no difference among men but riches, and put on these the burden of all their miseries.

One hot morning in the autumn he returned from his periodic journey over the Allegheny Central Railroad. There had been trouble that week on the line of the road; trouble with a strike among the coal miners, and Starbuck had had much ado to keep their own men in order. It was a Saturday and his work was over for the week. James was never idle from preference; but he saw no work to which he could turn his hand that day. He visited the bar-room in the lower Bowery which formed his club, and found that even this was silent and deserted. One fellow only he met—a silly, drinking workman named Simpson—and he asked him to go to the races. "Everybody has gone," said he, "and I've got the tip on Ballet-girl." And James remembered that all the penny papers had been crammed for days with talk and bets and naming favorites for the great sweepstakes. He cared little for such things himself, and had a sort of contemptuous wonder at the interest they aroused among his acquaintance; but after some beer, to which Simpson insisted on treating him, they took their tickets by the railway, and paid their

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dollars at the gate; dollars which, as Starbuck reflected, were more rare to Simpson than to him.

The day had grown intensely hot; not a breath was stirring on the track, and the air, impregnated with dust, seemed lifeless, overbreathed. But the grand stand was packed with humanity; poor people from his own neighborhood, dingy men, fat mothers of families, gasping for breath, young men with their girls, in soiled white dresses and gay ribbons, many wearing the colors of their favorite jockey. He could see that they were all intensely eager about the race; often they had even little betting-books, or cards upon which they marked the winners. James had never been at a race before, and was amazed at all the crowd, at the money they spent for this, at the amount of betting, at the interest they showed in all the horses. Above them, in the private boxes, was a similar crowd, but more finely dressed; Starbuck recognized some of the people he had seen driving in the Park; for he was fond of frequenting such places and having the rich men's wives pointed out to him. There even was his employer, Mr. Tamms, and his wife and daughters in crisp bright dresses, with snowy throats that made one cool to look at; and there in the shade was Mrs. Gower, whom he also knew by sight. They, too, seemed to be betting; but with less excitement than the common people (as he said to himself) below.

"Come to the paddock," said his friend; and they walked out there and saw the horses unclothed and the trial paces of the jockeys. "Isn't she a daisy?" said Simpson, pointing to a slender mare as Ballet-girl; and Starbuck looked at her. Just then her jockey dropped his whip, which Simpson obsequiously picked up and handed to him. If this numberless crowd were the working classes, they were little better than "their betters," said Starbuck to himself, grimly.

The bell rang for the first race; and Simpson hurried him back to the lawn. A false start, a cloud of dust, and they were off, amid the wild cries of the multitude. He watched the little knot of gay colors bobbing around the track. How little they meant to him, and how much to all the throng around him! Starbuck turned and watched the mass of people with all the cynicism of a Caryl Wemyss. Close by him was a rather pretty, pale-faced girl; she was evidently very poor; a black jersey was all she wore and a lilac-twigged cotton skirt; but she rose to her feet, and shouted and clapped her gloveless hands.

Between the races nothing would do but they must have some more beer; and they went behind the grand stand where the pool-booths were, and men, and women too, were drinking it. At the booths was a great press of disreputable men, crying hoarsely and waving rolls of dingy bank-bills at the gamblers. James saw that his friend had had too much to drink already; and he insisted on putting another "fiver" on his favorite. Above them in the stalls James could see the ladies drinking iced champagne and fanning themselves after the excitement of the race. He walked out upon the lawn again, where the well-dressed gentlemen were also making up their books; and went along to the sacred place reserved for private carriages. Here they had hampers; and young men in fawn-colored coats were leaning over the shoulders of pretty young women, having flirtations with them, which he, perhaps, interpreted too simply. "Really," said one pretty face's owner, "this is more like Longchamps than I had supposed possible!"

"We are improving, Mrs. Malgam," said the man. "New York will no longer be provincial, one of these days. And it is getting like Longchamps in more respects than one," he added. "Have you seen that pretty woman just ahead of us with the cream-colored ponies?"

"Dear me, how interesting!" cried the lady, levelling her opera-glasses in the direction indicated; and James Starbuck followed her look with his eyes, as he stood beside the carriage. "It seems just like being abroad to see such people! She *is* handsome—and she's awfully well-dressed," added the lady, candidly. "I never can get my woman to cut a dress for me like that. Who is she, Mr. Van Kull?"

"You had better ask Mr. Townley," said the other.

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"Ask Lucie Gower, you mean," said a gentleman who had not yet spoken.

"You know very well that that is not true of poor Lucie," answered the first; "and my cousin would not thank you."

"Well, they call her Rose Marie, that's all I know," said the other, sulkily; but James did not hear the end of the altercation, for he pressed forward among the drags and carriages to the person indicated. As he did so, one of her cream-colored ponies reared and turned, and was about to crowd him against a dog-cart that was standing next in the row. Starbuck grasped the bridle and gave its mouth a savage wrench. "So it's you, is it?" said he, facing his sister.

Jenny gave a half-suppressed scream, as the pony still reared and plunged; and a gentleman who was beside her grasped the reins. "Who is it?" said he.

"I do not know," said Jenny, looking full at James. "Some drunken fellow, I suppose."

Starbuck turned away, dropping the pony's bridle. He walked back to the lawn, where he found Simpson, much the worse for liquor. The great race had been run, while Starbuck was not looking; and the favorite had lost. Simpson was quarrelsome and angry; and ended by begging James for the loan of a dollar, which he gave, and hurried back to the city. As he passed up Broadway, he looked curiously at the bulletin-boards before the newspaper-offices. A dense crowd was standing about each one; but Starbuck gathered the purport of the news from such messages as were passed out from the centre of the crowd. He stopped at his rooms but for a moment, to get a small hand-bag; then he took a cab to the Jersey City ferry; here he boarded the Pennsylvania train.

Starbuck had a pass, and he rode in the parlor car; but his sleep was troubled, and his dreams seemed full of strange noise and glare. He woke up once and found a reason for the latter; the train was running by a long row of flaming coke-furnaces, which lit the whole valley with a sullen red. The dawn broke as they rolled through a long tunnel, choking with coal-gas, and came to Pittsburg. The forest of chimneys stood smokeless, now that a subtiler agent than the coal was found, and the ringing of bells was in the Sunday morning air, which now lay clear above the city; and the steep river hills were visible, and the red brick town, heaping up to its apex in the bold mediæval castle that is its modern city hall.

James had little cause to dally here; but noticed, in the hour or two he had to wait, an unusual, unquiet expression on the faces of the people who were swarming from the tenement doors into the street, like ants from some huge ant-hill. By mid-day he found a freight train that would take him to his destination. His journey lay up a river valley, its sloping mountains clothed in reds and yellows of autumn woodland. For many miles everything was silent with a Sunday stillness; then the crests of the hills were lost, and the blue sky shaded into yellowish brown, at the touch of a few tall iron towers. These were pouring forth black cinders, as they had for seven years past; for the iron smelter may never say, "it is good," and rest, upon the seventh day. James watched the carload of ore climbing up along the outside of the furnace, until the great tower's top was opened, as the tons of ore fell in; then the prisoned flame burst forth and the lower surface of the sulphurous brown cloud that filled the valley was dyed a vivid crimson with the pouring flame.

This river basin had been lovely once; but now its soil was coal-dust, and the soft swelling of the hillsides, all up and down the stream, was spotted with huge red tanks, of rusting brick-red iron, large as ancient forts, the storage fountains of the pipe-lines. And the whole country bristled with the abandoned scaffoldings of old oil-wells, like a scanty fur.

James talked with the brakeman and found that his accustomed engineer was disabled. Bill, he said, was a non-union man, and had been given many a hint; but he stuck it out and wouldn't join, and so they had deputed Ned O'Neal, the engineer of the local freight that ran just ahead, to chose the steepest down grade and "drop upon" Bill's time.

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O'Neal had "dropped" accordingly, lagging behind under pretext that his engine would not fire, and finally getting his long train of fifty coal-cars just at the bottom of a curving trestle. Bill had gone into him and scattered the last dozen coal-cars, doing some injury to his locomotive; but his head was badly cut open, and his brakeman had broken his neck. Starbuck was too well used to the tyranny of laboring men to pay much attention to this; and he asked about the riots. Yes, said the brakeman, he believed they had had quite a time at Steam City for several days past. A few men had been hurt, some of them Hungarians at the mines or such-like. But they had smashed up a terrible deal of rolling-stock.

It was night when Starbuck reached Steam City. The streets were jammed with people, but the town was very still. Only, just in front of the station, was a piece of vacant land that might have contained two or three acres; this was closely strewn with the wreck of cars, machinery, and engines; nothing but the trucks, wheels, and other iron work remaining, all twisted in a wild confusion of iron arms and limbs.

He found that most of the people were going in but one direction, so he followed them. It was a strange country; the soil was coal-dust, the very streams were still with oil, and through every crevice in the earth poured the gas, flaring with wild fire that flamed there night and day. The night was very dark; and at every street-corner waved these torches, never quenched, belching fire from the iron tubes stuck anywhere, carelessly, into the ground. A strange country, fitter place for northern runes than modern men; where Loki still lurks in the mountains and the smitten rock gives forth petroleum; and, where the spear or pickaxe strike the earth, gush still the mythic rills of fire.

The crowd went on, to a wild and open hillside above the town. Here perhaps a dozen lengths of pipe were flaring with the natural gas, glowing ruddily and fitfully upon the upturned faces of some dozen thousand men; and at the highest point, below a flaming well of the gas that had been but lately and rudely piped (for the volume of the fire still shot up straight some hundred feet or so, pillaring, like a groined roof, its canopy of smoke), was a sort of rostrum. From this a man was speaking; but his words were hard to hear above the roaring of the burning well. Starbuck knew the man; he was a certain Moses Jablonawski, a Polish Jew.

The man was pale and narrow-chested, with a reddish beard; his strongest notes varied from a low hiss to a sort of thin shriek; this last he employed in climaxes, and managed barely to carry his words across the great multitude. But Starbuck knew well what he was saying; he preached simple anarchy, nihilism, resistance to any government or force, destruction of all industrial system, annihilation of all wealth and works. Starbuck had never, even in his secret meetings, gone wholly with the man—(openly, of course, he was a "boss" and on the side of the employers)—for secretly James had rather a greed for the wealth of others than a desire to do without the material things of civilization. But to-night there was something in the cold, logical, merciless reasoning of the Pole that went with his mood. Why dally with the pitch at all? Undoubtedly, if they too got their part of this corruption, they would be just as bad. *Destroy, destroy,* was the burden of the orator's speech; *then ask what new thing there shall be, when all is gone. And if it be but suicide, society's suicide, better that than humanity in misery. The slave must break his chains before he ploughs and sows.* But the most part of the speech was a clever rousing of the passions, among his audience, of hate and envy. He brought their own woe home to them; and painted brilliantly the pleasures of the idle remnant. And always came the refrain, *Kill, kill, destroy, resist all office and authority*—till mankind be as the beasts of the forest once more, lawless, unrestrained; then may they build anew and better, freed from superstition of another world, from tainted lessons of the past of this, from silly lessons of a priest's self-sacrifice, from fashions of a feudal aristocracy. He showed them that their government was but a tyranny more formidable, more insidious, than the

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Czar's; that their rich masters were worse than kings; that commercial *bourgeois* (he used the word) were more blood-sucking than military dukes, and common schools and priests, policemen, laws and soldiers, their implements of selfish wrong. All these must go; and labor, the primal curse, go with them too.

He stopped; and the crowd murmured; and another man got up. This speaker was tall and muscular, and his clear voice rang deeply to the farthest corners of the crowd. "Some of you know me," he said, "some of you have heard me speak before; and some Englishmen among you have heard of me in England. My name is Lionel Derwent." There was a shout or two at this; but most of the crowd remained expectant.

"You know why I have come; I heard that there was trouble here and I came down to see what little thing I could do to help you. You must know me as the son of a working-man who has leisure, and who tries to see the truth for workingmen. You know, too, that I have no interest against you; every penny of property my father left I gave to the workingmen's schools in England; and I support myself by writing for the papers.

"Now I must tell you that the man who spoke to you just now is wrong; and he is not only wrong, but he means to be wrong; in other words, he lies. He would have you behave like a child who has just been given a gold watch, and smash it because he does not know how to use it. You have all got your gold watches. You have got your roads and your mills and your schools and your votes. When he tells you to destroy the government, he tells you to undo what your hands have created. Bad as things may be, they are bad because you voters are not wise enough; but he would destroy all wisdom, do away with schools and votes, and then the first big general would be a czar over you again.

"I say you are not wise enough. If things are wrong, whose fault is it? It is you who make them. Do you trust to the best men? Do you try to see who is wise and what is excellent? or do you give the power to him whom you justly hate—the rich monopolist, the selfish trader, who says he is a coarse, plain man like you, and then buys your sovereignty with the sweat of your own brows and a sop of the very mess of pottage you have sold your birthright for?

"If you care more for a glass of beer than your welfare, whose fault that selfish men have found the beer comes cheaper than your family's comfort in their dividends?

"Your foreign friend—who is no wise leader for American workmen, and if you chose him, you will chose wrong—your foreign friend has told you to destroy. Suppose you tore up these railroads and wrecked these mills and furnaces and flooded all the mines and burned the oil—you know what farmers' wages are; would you be better off? And if you all went out and wanted work in the fields, where would the wages go to? You say you would not want wages, but would take the land; very good, there is the land now: will any of you like to change your work and earnings for a freehold farmer's life? 'No, we want the mills and railroads, but we do not want the rich,' you say. And if we wiped away the rich, who would build your railroads? Can you do it alone, and feed and pay yourselves? But if the rich must do it, what shall be their reward? They give you money—what will you pay them in? Money, or money's worth, and human bodies, are the only values that the world has ever known. Will you pay them in your bodies, in your slavery? If no, why, then, object that they have money?

"Because they have more than we, you say. Well, that may be mended. But if people are to use money to help you build your railroads, they must have the money to start with.

"Because they have more money than we have, you say again. And now be honest. Will you promise me one thing: that you will try not to think the world all wrong until it has no justice? They say there is no justice in the country of our friend here, and that is why he had to fly to us. If you can say there is no justice here; when you can honestly say, 'I have not got what I deserve'—then we will take it, though we wade through

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seas of blood, and I go with you. But tell me honestly, now—do you think you want money so much as some of the rich? Do you think it so needful to you? Do you think, each one of you, your knowhow is so valuable? Do you think, to-day, if you had a million apiece, you would use the money on the whole so well? You all know Coal-Oil Patsy—he got five millions, and he kept a bad circus, and a bad hotel, and a bad baseball nine, and bad women, and took to drinking himself blind and bribed himself a seat in Congress, and killed his wife or broke her heart, and at last he lost his money, and now he gets a dollar and a quarter a day, when he is sober enough—and he is worth no more—and what cent of his money ever did you any good? It is now all gone, and he built no single furnace, nor mill, nor railroad, nor worked a mine, nor gave any one of you a day's work while his money lasted. And one thing more: do you think you are better, or as fit to spend this money that your railroad or your coal mine makes—I do not mean, whether you may be so in a short time—but fairly now, as you stand, to-day, are you kinder, wiser, nobler; have you higher tastes, more learning, better knowledge of all the things that take money to buy? For remember, beer and beef and clothes and tobacco and rum are cheap enough—you know you get all of them you need to-day—it is fine learning, and clean manners, and great pictures, and new sciences, and poets, and high music, that come expensive. Even are you *quite* as good? Are your boys *quite* as well-bred and sober and respectful, and your little girls *quite* as generous and gentle? I do not say that all these things are so for ever—that you may not all become so—and believe me, the first young man or woman that comes along and says, 'Look here, I am fit to be a gentleman,' and the world does not admit him such; the first old man who has knowledge to make and spend money, and has not got it—and I will let him say, like our friend here, 'Away with learning and effort and order and wisdom and their universal works, and let us burn and kill! for behold, I have not my deserts.'"

The great mass of men had begun to hear Derwent speak with some attention; but the crowd thinned rapidly. Probably the greater part of it did not understand English at all; and toward the end several Huns and Poles collected little groups about them and began themselves to speak in the corners. But as the Englishman closed, James Starbuck took the place; he was known to be one of the masters in sympathy with them, and the multitude pressed eagerly back.

Starbuck looked slowly around the great multitude; and you might have heard the murmur of a child, so silent was their expectation. Then he began; and his words dropped hissing, one by one, like drops of molten iron falling into water.

"What has this fine gentleman to do down here, with us rough workmen?" he began. "Do you think he would let one of you marry his sister?" Starbuck uttered each word staccato, by itself; and his frame seemed to quiver with malice; and he paused again, as if to recover his control. "I saw him riding, many times last winter, in a carriage with footmen, with servants in livery, and a lady wearing diamonds, whose dress would buy a house for you and me. She is a fashionable belle, in the newspapers, and they say she is no better than she should be; but she would not touch our wives and daughters with the glove upon her hand.

"This aristocrat may have lost his money—as many of them do, by gambling, as well as poor old Coal-Oil Patsy—and he may have other ways of getting it, for all I know. Perhaps he was paid for his speech to-night. But are you such flats as to think he really cares for the likes of us?" The crowd already had begun to murmur angrily.

"The rich are better than we, he has the cheek to tell you. Yes, their dresses are better, and their food is finer, and they have learned how to lie and swindle with a soft tongue. They drink champagne instead of beer, and bet bigger money on their horses, and smoke cigars, and take their girls to ride in fine turnouts with a span of horses; but they don't mean honestly by their girls, and they turn them out upon the streets at last. And they don't have to

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work in the dirt, and they can take a hot bath every day, and their wives and daughters can keep their bodies clean and their faces fair, and so they go to the theatre and show themselves in dresses you'd be ashamed to see your wife in.

"But in all the rest, he's gassin' you. I think my girls could wear their diamonds as well as them, and flirt and show their dresses; and I could drive my span, and take my fancy drinks, and bribe the judges and the lawyers. Do you suppose if they couldn't steal from us, they could earn even so much as Coal-Oil Patsy? And as for books and pictures, they leave all that to the long-haired fellers at the colleges; they don't care a damn for art an' all that stuff any more 'n we do.

"Do you suppose if any boy o' yourn studied to be a gentleman, and was as good, and as clever, and as gifted with the gab as our fine friend here, and went to him, he'd take him to his clubs and balls and parties? He'd say, 'Your hands are coarse and rough, and you don't talk enough like a dude'—and what he'd really mean all the time would be, 'You ain't got money enough.' I tell you all this talk is guff, and it just comes down to the money. All we want is money, and they've got it.

"Then he says we aren't smart enough. Of course we aren't smart enough. This world has been run for the smart fellers about long enough, and it's about time it was run for the honest men. It's the rich fellers on top that are the smart ones, and we are the fools who let 'em make all the money. It's they who are the judges and make the laws and run the legislatures, and then they have the cheek to come to us and say, 'Oh lord, don't break the law!' And they bring you men over by the shipload, and give you seventy cents a day, and rent one room of their houses to your families at their own price, and herd your girls and boys together naked in the coal-mines, and then say, 'See how much cleaner we are! how much more virtuous we are!' And if you strike, you starve, and they know it; and if in your despair you give a kick or two to their damned machinery, they cry like cowards as they are, 'Oh lord, that's my property—don't break the law!' And the law is theirs, too, not ours, nor God Almighty's whom they talk so much about.

"I tell you, friends, you can never touch these people but through their pockets. The law's a fraud, and when they don't find it suit, they laugh at it. And they don't care a damn for you or your wives or children or your souls or your bodies or the lives of your boys or the virtue of your daughters—but only for what they can make out of you. And they talk about the freedom of the country, and the Declaration of Independence, and ballots and that; and all the time they ape their swell English friends and marry their girls off to rotten foreign princes and would have a king here if they could—except that it's easier to throw the dust in our eyes under what they call a republic.

"And now I say, don't you care a damn for their laws, either. And if they hire their damned spies who are paid to shoot you down, you shoot them too. They won't care much for that; but then when you burn a big works, and blow up a mine or two, they'll see their money going and squeal fast enough. That's all I've got to say."

Derwent had listened to his speech intently, none the less so that threatening glances were cast at him from time to time. As he finished, a score or more of orators leaped to the platform; and many of them began to speak at once. Starbuck, having done his work, disappeared; the crowd was beginning to thin; the speakers spoke in Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Sicilian, each in the dialect of his own audience. Many were waving their hands violently and making threatening gestures in the direction of the city, which lurked, black and sullen, below them in the valley, shrouded in the thick smoke itself had made, bright-pointed here and there with many torches; and now and again from the bowels of the thing would burst a blaze of white-hot metal, like the opening of the monster's fiery eye, ending in a wide red glare and a hissing shower of sparks; and all was dark again.

Hardly any men of the English race were by this time left upon the ground. Derwent noticed it, as he stood watch-

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ing, in one corner of the throng; and thought how un-American a scene it was. At last the anarchist who had first begun stood up again, as if to close the meeting. This time his voice seemed stronger or more sibilant; his speech was but a string of curses, of tales of crime, full of a savage's lust of ruin. *Let it end! Let them suffer, too; let them die, as we have died. If they mean to starve us now, let these mills and machines, these tools of wrong, these mines, these gaols of wretchedness, let them all burn or blast—what care we—we who are to be burned or hanged ourselves? Let their towns be gutted, and their homes be razed and their factories be burned—aye, let them burn, burn, burn, as this shall, burn, from now on, day and night, winter and summer, for all time!*

And as the orator closed, with a group of men he threw himself upon the structure of the piping of the flaming well. The wooden tower swayed and rocked and fell; and with a roar like the ocean the gas, freed from its casing, flooded the sky with its flare of fire. A great mass of pebbles and timbers rose with the first outburst, and fell flaming on the shouting crowd below; then, igniting close to the earth, and even below its surface, running rapidly around the rock, leaping and tossing in liquid tongues, the red rills seemed to spring from every crevice in the earth, until the place that had been the rostrum was sunken in a sea of flame.

The Pole had kept his arm extended, as one who invokes a spell, until the shock of the explosion had gone by, and all the flaming timbers fell; then, when the fire was steady, reddening the valley even to the distant mountain-tops, he swept his arm in a gesture not without some dignity toward the silent city. With a hoarse cry the multitude seemed to take his meaning; and the sea of swarthy faces, red-sashed men and olive-cheeked women, with their motley dresses, and their odd diversity of foreign cries, swept downward to the city's rolling mills.

Of all the crowd who spoke that night not one American except James Starbuck; of all the thoughts in those ten thousand heads, scarce one the fathers of the republic could have owned with honor; of all these men indeed, not one who understood the principles which gave his country birth.—Derwent was reflecting. Where were the true Americans? Where were the descendants of the colonies, and Virginia and old New England? What had been Starbuck's training, that he talked like that?

But, you will remember, old uncle Samuel Wolcott had hanged himself, now long years since, to the rafter from the barn in his hillside homestead.

SEAWARD.

By Thomas P. Conant.

The sight of ships, the rolling sea,
The changing wind to sing for me;
The moon-bound tide, a crimson west,
Wherein the royal sun at rest
Rides like a golden argosy

With mastlike rays in cloud-sails dressed—
A voyager on an endless quest,
Whose farewell fills with majesty
The sight of ships.

Like prisoner struggling to be free,
Out of the mountain land I flee.
Again I see the heaving breast
Of ocean, where the petrel nest,
And there across the sandy lea
The sight of ships.

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THE FATE OF THE GEORGIANA.

By Maria Blunt.

CONANICUT is a pleasant place to spend a summer. Of late years, indeed, so many people have thought so that its pleasantness has been diminished and, for some shy spirits, destroyed.

But if its favored and advertised localities have been improved to their ruin, there are tracts along the rugged line of shore, among the "Dumplings" and the huckleberry bushes, as yet unspoiled. Here the land is broken into steep, sugar-loaf hills whose ribs of rock are covered with wiry grass slippery to unaccustomed feet; and, extending into the water, these hills form a fringe of small conical islands displaying more rock and less grass than they show on shore.

They are the Dumplings seething in the giants' caldron of soup when the storms descend from the ocean.

If this is not a pleasing simile I am not responsible, for such is the local tradition, embodied in the local name. Whatever else they are, they are picturesque: in tempests, when the waves are flung upon them in spray; or in calms, when each "floats double," looking down upon its shadow.

To the left is Newport Harbor, its breakwater and Fort Adams: to the right, the slim point of Beaver Tail and the open ocean.

Here blows the salt breath of the Atlantic, untainted by drainage; here break foam-tipped billows, unvexed by bathing-ropes; here, below the tapering hills and bristling, pointed rocks, the gulls still watch for fish, as above them the few, ancient farm-houses, gray, storm-beaten, and lonely, watch their bleak sheep-ranges and the wide sea. Here man may come—though we selfishly hope he will not—and close to Newport and its pageants, its social splendor, its naval pomp, its military parade, with all the dash and glitter of a gay world before his eyes, may live the life of a hermit or a savage.

By which of these names the owners of two or three jaunty little cottages, perched high upon the cliffs, would wish to be described, I do not know, but I do know that when one of the quaintly-fashioned, soft-toned, peaked and gabled structures was offered to Dick Kimball, he felt himself an unexpectedly lucky man.

Dick had been for some years chief buyer for a prominent jobbing house and was considered a man of push and energy. These qualities had lately led him to start in business for himself, and he was spoken of as "rising." Now, as one seldom rises with a bound, but advances, like history, along a slow spiral, Dick found, as others have done, that if there is more glory in independent transactions there is more safety in an assured salary.

For a time there seemed to be nothing very certain about his business except its bad debts.

So he and Julia economized, wore their old clothes, and hopefully indulged in more or less expensive experiments in marketing on co-operative principles. During the winter they talked very bravely of staying in the city all summer, and Julia said she could take the children to the Park for air and exercise.

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But when the heats came and the sun on the pavements began to look white, and the breath from the streets was such that no one knew which was worse, the hot, foul air outside, or the close, foul air inside, Julia weakened and declared the baby could never stand it. They must go somewhere to open fields and trees—anywhere—details could be arranged afterward. But details, when they pressed for arrangement, did not prove so manageable and she was still worrying, undecided, when one warm evening Dick came home to dinner with a letter in his pocket.

"There, Julia," he said, throwing it down by her plate. "There's luck. The Browns are going to Europe."

"Yes, if they like it," Julia answered languidly, for the weather was oppressive and her luck had seemed small.

"Well, Brown's as good a fellow as he always was when he was foot of our class and I had to help him scrape through. Success doesn't spoil him a bit. He knows I've been hard up this year. Read the letter. He wants us to take his cottage near Newport for the summer."

"A cottage near Newport!" cried Julia, breathless. "Why, Dick, you are dreaming! If we can't afford Bayshore, or the Catskills——! You know I haven't a dress; and as for the children——"

"But it isn't that. Nothing of the sort. Flannel dresses and ginghams—or sackcloth and ashes if you choose. I lived in a tennis shirt and knickerbockers when I was there that summer before we were married, don't you remember? Lovely place, lots of sailing and fishing. We both said, when we got rich we would build there. Brown got rich faster than I did, and you see he has done it. He and Sidney—that's his wife's brother, you know—each have cottages. They spend the summers there, painting. But this year, as you see, Brown says he's going abroad."

"Dear me!" said Dick's pretty sister Georgie, looking over Julia's shoulder, "American art must be flourishing. Why aren't you an artist, Dick? Pictures must sell better than wool if Mr. Brown and Mr. Sidney get seaside cottages and trips to Europe out of theirs."

"They don't," said Dick, promptly. "Not a bit of it. Brown's pictures sell very well, but they never built that cottage. Just wait till you hear him on the grossness of the American public! No, it was more likely wool, for when old Henry Sidney died he stood at the head of the trade. He left a big pile and there were only Mrs. Brown and her brother to share it. They can do what they like. Perhaps," Dick added, with a half-pathetic glance at his own curly-headed heir, "Bobby can be a painter too, some day, if I stick to wool."

Julia jumped up and ran to his end of the table, regardless of etiquette, or oven of the example she set to Master Bobby.

"I don't care how nice Mr. Brown is, I won't take his cottage. And leave you! Why, Dick, I could not do it."

But she finally did. The offer was really too good to be refused, and of course Dick protested that he longed to be left, and talked jocosely of bachelor freedom, Coney Island, and the peanut galleries. Besides, he would often run up to see them.

A hot wave came on. One of the children fell ill. Georgie packed the trunks with the thermometer at 90°, and after an uncomfortable night on the Newport boat, Mrs. and Miss Kimball, two children, and the very important personage who had been induced to come with them as cook, stood among their bags and bundles on the high cottage balcony and turned their bleached faces seaward to the strong salt air.

They knew at once that they had done wisely and well, and began to put things to rights with enthusiasm. In this task they were much assisted, and their enthusiasm was sustained, by the kindness of their neighbor, Mr. Sidney, who promptly came over from the adjoining cottage, initiated them into the ways of the island—and the islanders—engaged a boy for them, placed his boats and man at their disposal, and introduced his friend Jack Horner, who was spending a vacation with him.

"Another artist," Georgie wrote to Dick. "They do thrive surprisingly out here. But I believe Mr. Horner is not rich. He might as well be in wool. He can paint, though. At least Mr. Sidney says so, and that he is truly a genius.

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I hope he is, but I know he can swim magnificently, and they are teaching Julia and me to row. We should be perfectly happy if only you could come. We hate to think of you in the hot city while we——" etc., etc.

Dick did come, when he could, to spend the Sundays, sometimes adding a Saturday or Monday, when the three men would go out in Sidney's boats and fish all day, coming back sunburned and happy, whether they caught anything or not.

Julia established a small table and an urn upon the balcony and made coffee there in the summer evenings, and Sidney and Horner testified their approval by coming over very regularly to drink it.

Georgie found them delightful companions. She was bright and active, and could play tennis and handle a pair of oars to admiration. On hot mornings when a land breeze made these sports unattractive, the balcony was still the coolest place, and the two men formed a habit of loitering there.

There would be needlework and talk; they even were not above reading aloud. By and by Sidney, with some diffidence, set up his easel and begged permission to put Miss Georgie's shapely head upon it, and after that she sat quite regularly.

Horner looked on and criticised. Julia suggested effects of costume and drapery.

It was all very cosey and intimate.

II.

"ANYHOW, I can paint a boat. She's as dainty as a shell. Who'd know her for the old tub we pried off the rocks yonder?"

"By and by Sidney, with some diffidence set up his easel and begged permission to put Miss Georgie's shapely head upon it."

A fresh breeze blew briskly from the sea. The crisp waves ran before it, tossing their foamy crests. The wet rocks glistened; the water glanced and sparkled; the radiant sunlight gave the air a metallic glitter like tiny points of diamond dust. White breakers chased each other on Agassiz's Point, and across the bay a few reefed sails were scudding with the swift-winged gulls. One felt the rush of the world through space.

Below the cottages wooden stairs led from ledge to ledge, down the steep sides of a basin-shaped cove where Sidney's various pleasure craft were rocking at their moorings. A tiny sloop was laid up on this sheltered beach, and, paint-pot in hand, Horner wriggled out

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"She looked brightly up a moment to challenge criticism, but then leaned back against the boat unable to conceal her exhaustion."

from under it. He stopped half-way and, lying on his back, put some extra touches to the stern, where the name, "Georgiana," shone resplendent in gold on a buff ground.

"You've made those letters big enough," said Sidney.

"'Tis to be read afar," retorted Horner. "The meteor of the seas. If you give a month to the lady's portrait, shall I take less pains with her name?"

"She says it is not her name," murmured Sidney, maliciously, but the wind blew his words away. He was crouching, for protection against this wind, behind a big bowlder and was painting a jutting point of rocks over which the waves were dashing. With his pocket box of colors and a handful of fine brushes, he had managed to catch the spirit of the breezy morning, the wide sea and brilliant sky, upon a foot, or so, of paper.

Horner came up and leaned over the bowlder, rubbing his daubed fingers.

"Your perspective tilts a good deal, seems to me," he said, but presently he burst out, "By Jove, I don't see how you do it. It's more wonderful than genius—of which, you know, you haven't a spark—— Or, no, it *is* genius, the genius of manipulation."

"Well," said Sidney, serenely, "what is all genius but the power to do?"

"Now if I had been doing that," pursued Horner, still stretching over the rock, "I should have wanted a canvas as big as the side of a church, something huge and inspiring like the ocean out there. But here you have it on an insignificant scrap, as if you had seen it through the small end of a spy-glass. It is positively immoral. You belittle nature."

"My dear fellow," said Sidney, smiling, "what value has size in art?"

"But how can you see in such a light?" Horner grumbled. "This intolerable dazzle would put my eyes out."

"If I waited till everything suited me, how much would I ever do?" asked Sidney, going over his shadows with a careful hand.

The relationship between these two, though close, was peculiar. It dated from their school-days, when Horner, as the more experienced and muscular, had stood Sidney's friend with aggressive

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classmates, and although Sidney had since repaid this kindness many times, their relative positions had never greatly altered. Horner was still the better man, in his own eyes and in those of his friend.

Yet Sidney was rich and Horner poor. More than this, Sidney's family connections opened to him literary and artistic circles—we will not call them rings—that Horner could scarcely have entered alone. His was a sporadic genius springing from meagre soil, and he might have struggled uselessly his life long, but for the lucky chance that united him to Sidney. Yet it was he who seemed to give. A certain obtuseness is often part of the endowment of rich and simple natures, and Horner's affection for Sidney had never quite lost the slight tinge of patronage with which it started—an attitude easily made ridiculous, had it not been so unconscious and sincere. Its justification was his greater power, a fact, although it must be said that as yet he had not done very much to prove it. Sidney, working with method and precision, unswayed by wayward impulses, quietly increased in artistic stature and in favor with critics and hanging-committees. He was, in short, successful, and we all know that only the disappointed care to sift too carefully the causes of success. Horner, at times, came perilously near this latter class.

He made his daily bread—with condiments—by illustrations for various periodicals, but although this is honorable employment, it failed to satisfy him. His ambitions were vast and vague, and filled him with their restlessness. He was forever planning largely and working furiously, until he dropped exhausted and was obliged to lie by and gather strength for another onset.

One of these forced recruiting seasons was upon him now, and he was defending himself against its depression as best he could, fretting secretly at his idleness, but rowing, fishing, and swimming as if such pastimes were the end and aim of his being. He walked all over the island and sailed all over the bay, and finally wreaked his reviving energies upon an old boat that he found stranded on the rocks. Having repaired her, he painted her, and regarded his work with much satisfaction, as we have seen.

As, less contentedly, he watched Sidney's nimble fingers, a riotous gust struck him and whirled his cap from his head. When he caught and replaced it, his eyes travelled round the little harbor with its boats.

"Where's the skiff?" he asked, abruptly.

"Miss Kimball has it," Sidney answered, without looking up from his work.

"Why didn't you make Bates take a heavier boat such a day? By the way, Bates went, I hope, and not Frank."

"I—why, really, I don't know." Sidney put down his brushes and looked troubled. "I meant to go with her myself, but she got off before we were down. But I suppose so. She would not want a boy with the sea like this."

"Heaven knows what she'd want; I don't," Horner muttered, half under his breath. "Whatever it is, it's likely to be more than I can fathom. But I know what I want—that she should not pass the Point in a cockle-shell to-day."

Sidney looked gravely at the racing breakers, then resumed his painting, as with an effort, saying only:

"I think we may trust Bates."

Horner sat idly gazing at the Georgiana, whistling softly to himself, when a cry from Sidney startled him.

"By Jove! It can't be."

"What—where?"

"Look there!"

"Good——!"

A little skiff, wave-tossed, was slowly rounding the Point, and in it, toiling in rowing, sat Georgie, alone. Her hat was blown back and lay upon her shoulders; a strand of her loosened hair curled over it; and her veil and fluttering ends of ribbon whipped about her head. They were picturesque, but made her look as if she were flying signals of distress.

Both men sprang up and ran down to the shore—one had turned white.

They could see that she looked often over her shoulder, as if anxious, and, although she pulled stoutly, she was evidently tired. The skiff made little progress; the oars scarce held the water; the white-caps danced about her mockingly, and the two men watched her in a tense silence. Horner had even started back to get another boat when Georgie,

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barely clearing the outlying rocks, turned sharp round under the temporary shelter of a big Dumpling and headed directly for the shore. The wind was now at her back, and the little boat, borne by an incoming wave, sped to land. They could see her trying to guide it to the cove, and she showed both skill and courage, but it was quickly beyond her control.

As it rushed up, Sidney and Horner splashed into the water and caught the prow. Georgie shipped her oars quickly, a curling sea broke over them all, nearly sweeping the men from their feet, filling the boat with water, and flinging them all forward, breathless from the shock, upon the beach. Georgie clung desperately to her seat; Horner, struggling for a foothold, lifted the skiff by main force and ran it out of reach of the pursuing waves. As the last one broke ineffectually behind them, Sidney held out his hand to Georgie, who rose with an affectation of ease and a panting attempt to laugh.

She shook out her drenched skirt, tossed the hair from her forehead, looked brightly up a moment to challenge criticism, but then leaned back against the boat unable to conceal her exhaustion.

She was very pretty. The graceful outlines of her figure, showing here and there through the folds of her wet and clinging garments, and the soft color of her charming face were well set off against the tilted skiff and a background of blue sea.

But if the color-loving eyes that saw her took involuntary note of these harmonies, it was in no tone of admiration that Horner began, excitedly:

"Of all the crazy things I ever heard of, this exceeds. I did not think even you could be guilty of such folly."

"Oh—thank you," Georgie struggled to say lightly. "How nice to exceed the expectations of one's friends!"

"You never should have done it. Where was Bates? Or Frank?"

"I do not know. Busy, no doubt."

"You mean to say you have been all the way to the Landing—alone—in that shell—in this gale? And back? Why didn't you send for me? Great Powers of Heaven! It makes me cold to think of it."

He seemed so. He was pale, almost as breathless as she, looking at her with a curious mixture of anger and entreaty.

She returned the look with a hint of defiance, as if his tone incensed her.

"Why did you do it? What made you? Promise me never to do such a thing again."

"You make too much of it," Georgie answered, very quickly. "Nonsense. I went because I liked. It was—exhilarating. Good-bye."

She turned lightly off. Sidney, who had been busy about the boat and silent, now came forward and, still silent, offered his arm to lead her up the stairway. She shook her head—perhaps because she could not speak—and sprang up the steps; then turned and laughingly waved her hand back to them—a bit of bravado that did no good, for it only showed how white she had become, and neither of the men smiled.

Sidney presently gathered up his sketching paraphernalia and prepared to leave the cove. "Are you coming?" he asked, as Horner made no motion to follow.

"I'm going for a stroll," Horner strove to say, indifferently. "The day is too fine for the house."

"I am going to get into something dry," said Sidney, in an odd tone. "I advise you to do the same."

"I'm not wet," said Horner, impatiently. "At least—" for he was soaked—"I don't care. I'm not going in just now."

Georgie's smile died away long before she reached the top of the bluff, and she was very glad to sink down under the lee of the cottage walls, where Julia was watching the children at play. Mrs. Kimball had thriftily tied the children's hats over their little ears for safety from the romping wind, but of what other mischief that wind might be doing she was happily ignorant. Happily too, as Julia's own beach hat limited her field of vision like a tunnel, Georgie could keep her bare head and dripping dress out of focus and recover breath unmolested. When Julia remarked that she had not seen either of their neighbors that morning, Georgie refrained from answering that she had, but then,

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woman-like, nearly betrayed herself by breaking out, petulantly, "I should think you'd be glad of it. We see enough of them, I'm sure. And Mr. Horner is a perfect bear."

"Oh, if you compare him to Mr. Sidney——" said Julia, laughing at this ungrateful burst. "What can you expect? But he is very polite. He has even named his boat for you."

"For me?" retorted the girl, indignantly. "You know better, Julia. At least you know that my name is not Georgiana."

III.

A SLEEPY sea with a few idle sails upon it. Hazy distances melting into a sky full of hot sunshine. Subdued murmurs from the beach, where lazy waves lapped gently in and went out again with a low swish, like a sigh.

Such are the changes of the seaside.

Who would take that calm expanse for the boisterous main? Or that sedate and white-robed maiden for the rash rower of yesterday? Aphrodite, born of spray and landing from a sea-shell, is a convenient metaphor, but Georgie had probably resembled her less when really coming out of the raging deep, all wet flannel and blowing locks, than she did now when seated in a low wicker chair, safe and dry on the shaded balcony, with her soft, billowy draperies piled about her like foam.

She was doing nothing—that is, she was gazing dreamily upon the dreamy sea and sitting for her portrait, that Sidney was industriously, and at the moment silently, painting.

Julia, who could seldom afford to do nothing, had taken her work-basket to the other end of the balcony, where she said there was more breeze. As there seemed to be none anywhere, it was clever of her to find this out, but possibly her cleverness had suggested other reasons for going there. At all events she fastened her attention upon her sewing, until Horner's restlessness diverted it.

He had come up after Sidney's easel had been placed, and for a little while lounged about, making comments, as was his wont. But he had soon grown abstracted, then silent, until he suddenly went over and joined Julia. There he sat upon the rail and swung his feet, looking off to sea, making an aimless remark or two, or letting Julia's lively talk ripple over him unregarded, until she said he made her nervous and asked him why he did not read to her. The book they had begun was on the library table; would he get it? How nice! He went obediently, but he did not come back.

All over the house the windows were open, the shutters bowed, and the rooms in that cool twilight beloved of good housekeepers—if not artists—in garish summer. Coming from the outer glare, Horner's eyes were dazzled and he saw only what he brought with him—the image of a white dress projected upon a square of blue.

He went mechanically to the table as directed, and being there forgot book—Julia—himself—and all the world. He stood between two windows; near to one was Sidney's easel, and through the half-closed blinds the low talk drifted in.

"I have something to ask you," he heard, in Sidney's quiet voice. "Do you know—I am sure you do not—how much you frightened—a—us all yesterday? It still seems a miracle that you are here now. If you knew how cruel such rashness can be——"

"It was foolish," Georgie answered, without a trace of resentment. "In fact, it was very wrong. I know I owe you an apology for the wetting I gave you."

"No," he said, "not for that."

"Well, for the fright too," she assented, and Horner could tell that she smiled. "To tell the truth, I was frightened myself."

"Promise me never to do such a thing again."

They were the same words that Horner had used the day before, but with what a difference! He in his excitement had slapped them at her rudely. He could see this himself now. Sidney's tone was deferential, soothing—it was more, it was maddeningly caressing. Would she suffer it? Would she not assert her independence?

No. She was answering with the utmost meekness and docility.

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Horner felt the blood rush to his temples, then woke to the fact that he was listening, eavesdropping, spying upon —with how sharp a stab the knowledge came!—his rival's privacy.

He went blindly out.

He did not hear a chair pushed back, nor know that Georgie had risen and was coming into the house, so when he met her in the hall the surprise overcame him.

"Do you mean it?" he said, savagely, barring her way, "or are you only fooling—him, and me, and all of us?"

"Do I mean what?" asked Georgie, bewildered, then more indignantly, "I don't understand you, Mr. Horner."

"That is not true," he answered, harshly. "A woman always understands."

"I do not understand how you, or anyone, can speak to me like this," she said, coloring angrily. "What do you mean?"

Truly what did he mean? To make a fool of himself? He turned with a short laugh of self-derision and strode out of the opposite door.

The sun was hot upon the hills and on the bare, unshaded rocks, as Horner plunged down among them to the shore; so hot, indeed, that although he felt a fierce desire for motion he sank down presently in the stingy shadow of a cliff, panting and oppressed. He tossed off his hat and tore his collar open, and longed for a storm, for a rushing, mighty wind, for something to struggle with and overcome. For this deadly calm seemed typical of Sidney's suavity and underlying fervor.

"He seems soft enough, but I know him," he said, with clinched hands. "Nothing can move him when he is once set."

And wave after wave of passion surged through him as he gauged the depth of meaning in Sidney's tone and manner.

Before him was the dazzling, glassy water; behind him sunny uplands slumbered; far off drowsy earth and heaven met. Quiet? Peace? Why, in his breast a scorching sirocco seemed to blow, drying up the springs of life and spreading ruin and desolation.

He took his head in his hands, digging his nails into the scalp, and went back over his life, thinking of what Sidney had been to him. When his mother died; when his father wished him to give up art and go into business; when he had won his first prize; when orders began to come in for his illustrations —at every turn, in hours of trouble, in hours of rejoicing, it was always Sidney—Sidney. It was Sidney whose generous admiration he had so loftily received; it was Sidney whose help he had not scrupled to take; and it was Sidney—could it be Sidney?—who was to crush him at last.

"Curse him—curse him! I owe him everything I have," he groaned. "I never can repay him. He has been ahead of me all my life. Money, standing, talent—no, I swear, I've more than he. But he has success—success in art, in life, in——" He could not bring himself to say "in love," but ground his heel into the sand and set his teeth and cried:

"He shall not have her. He shall not have her. I'll kill him first."

The shadow of the rock shifted slowly with the advancing day, and Horner shifted his place mechanically to be out of the unbearable sun. The tide had crept away, leaving a stretch of stones and shells covered with languishing seaweed. Here and there a stranded crab, or other water creature, crawled about forlornly. Horner noted the analogy with a dull rage. Had the vigor of his life ebbed away from him? What had happened in these few hours to change the world? A girl had looked him in the face. A girl! There were hecatombs of girls. But his heart answered instantly, "One only—one—out of ten hundred thousand only one for me. Not for me. Never for me."

It seemed as if that blighting moment of sudden knowledge had indeed changed his whole nature. Where were his will, his energy, his certainty of power? Stripped from him! And he saw himself a failure and a fool.

Out of the salt waste before him all his past disappointments rose and confronted him. He had had many, as all ardent, striving souls must have, but he had said to himself that he accepted them, overcame them, or went on in spite of them, patiently pursuing his

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ideal and letting that be in itself his success.

Now he saw that this had been only his vanity. His ideal was worthless, or miles out of reach, and he a futile idiot, posing with fatuous conceit for Sidney's admiration.

And Sidney, who beat him always, in every way, could very well afford to be condescending and helpful and magnanimous.

"I will not have it so. It shall not be. I'll beat him yet," he cried aloud, wrestling with his anguish, and starting up to go—anywhere.

A breeze was ruffling the water and the few sails were filling. Horner was too far under the cliff to see that a black cloud was rapidly rising in the west, but when he reached the cove and saw the Georgiana gently swaying on her line, a longing to escape took possession of him.

On the land was bondage, intolerable humiliation and despair; on the sea was freedom, at least, and air. He broke into a run and bounded down the floating dock to the sloop.

"What are you up to?" called Sidney's voice from the shore. "You're not going out?"

Horner paid no attention, but hauled at the sail. Sidney now appeared, hastening along the dock.

"Can't you see the sky?" he cried. "We're going to have the worst kind of a storm in half an hour."

Horner still took no notice, but pulled the mainsail to position with a vicious jerk and turned his attention to the jib. Sidney came alongside, and laid his hand on the mast.

"Horner," he said, seriously, "be rational. Look there, man. You can never do it."

"Get out of my way," cried Horner, furiously. "D'ye think there's nothing I can do? If I go to the devil, what's that to you?"

He seized the tiller and, obedient to his will, the Georgiana, with a graceful dip, began to glide from the dock. A strange look of comprehension, half incredulous, half resentful, flashed over Sidney's face; the next instant he leaped the widening streak of water and alighted in the boat. Turning his back to Horner he gazed seriously ahead, keeping his thoughts, whatever they might be, to himself.

The dense cloud that had piled itself up in the west now rolled a long arm across the sun. From under its curled edges a sickly light fell, causing the caps of the rising waves to show lurid against the horizon. Each rock and headland, every house and tree, stood out in sharp relief; the landscape looked ghastly and unnatural. All the little craft had scurried home in haste, but here and there a schooner lay under bare poles, her men working briskly to stow every rag of canvas.

As the Georgiana emerged from the shelter of the cliff, the wind swooped down upon her, seizing and shaking her violently, but after a moment's shivering pause she tore on with her boom ploughing the water. A fisherman running along the shore shouted to her. Another, high on the rocks, made a trumpet of his hands, and when his words were whisked away by the wind, pointed vehemently to the sky.

Horner noticed with savage joy that Sidney was quite pale and sat with eyes intent and tight lips. He himself seemed mad. The whistling wind, the dash through the waves, the straining sail and cordage, filled him with fierce delight. But suddenly Sidney turned and looked him in the face, a long, silent look of questioning; then sprang up, whipped out his knife, and cut a rope. The mainsail fell and Horner woke from his delirium, too late.

The focus of the storm had reached them. A shrieking gust tore off the jib and whirling it away let them see it fluttering like a white bird far over the dark bay. The wet sail hung low; the trembling Georgiana, careening, shipping sea after sea, yielded to another blast and went over.

Horner had barely time to kick off his shoes when he flew out into space, and his thought as he struck the churning water was that Sidney could not swim.

What happened next he never distinctly remembered. He found himself, panting and bruised, hanging to the Georgiana with one hand and desperately clutching Sidney's coat with the other.

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They scrambled up and laid hold of the centre-board.

IV.

THE bottom of a capsized boat, rolling and tossing on a stormy sea, is at best a slippery perch. As the two men clung to it, Horner felt instinctively—for neither could speak—that Sidney's strength could not keep him there unaided, and he threw his body forward as well as he could to support part of Sidney's weight and serve him as a bulwark. This greatly increased the strain on his own arms, but he was strong. He had need to be.

The rain fell in heavy sheets, beating them down and nearly drowning them. It beat down the waves too, somewhat, until at last, when almost exhausted between the tumultuous floods below and the pouring floods above, they felt themselves drifting into calmer water. They were under the lee of a sea-girt Dumpling, whose sombre bulk, indistinctly seen above them, broke the force of the storm. Some portion of the Georgiana's submerged rigging caught upon the rocks below the surface, and here she stayed, rocking back and forth, perilously near the island cliff where she would dash her slight frame to pieces, but never quite reaching it, held by her chance moorings, whose strength none could gauge.

As night came on, the rain ceased and the wind with it, but land, sea, and sky, were all alike of ink. Even the Dumpling, at once their protector and their most dreaded enemy, was but a deeper black upon the blackness that surrounded them. The men breathed more easily, but dared not relax their hold, for without warning, out of the darkness, some huge breaker would every now and then roll over them. Horner had managed to get his companion's head upon his breast, and as Sidney rested so, Horner felt sure that it was because of inability to move. Probably the mast, or other part of the boat had dealt him a disabling blow as they upset.

Lying thus, through painful, speechless hours, did Horner feel that he held his fate in his arms, and ask himself why he spent his strength and lessened his chances of life for this man, the thought of whom, so short a time ago, had filled him with frenzy? Who shall say? Men are both worse and better than they know.

If he had acted with blind impulse when they were struggling in the water, he had ample time to think now. If he should let the next wave sweep them from the boat—he could swim. Or, if he simply opened his arms—they were cramped and stiff—what would happen? Who could blame him? Who would know?

Once safe on land with Georgie, and Sidney and all his intolerable benefactions at the bottom of the sea—Where is the man who is not sure a girl could readily be made to love him if only that other man were out of the way?

The surging of the waves about them and the echo from the rocks; the sound of the storm-bell's faint and monotonous clang; the groaning of the tortured Georgiana as she seemed to swing through a fathomless abyss of night and darkness; and all the hundred, indefinite, dismal noises of the deep—it needs something more than these to drown the voice of the tempter in a man's ear.

Horner's grasp had not loosened, but it tightened quickly as Sidney's voice broke weakly through these dreary cadences.

"I don't know what keeps us here. If it is a rope, it will soon fray and then nothing can save us. Horner—you can swim—make your way to the rock while you can. Why should both die?"

It seemed a long time to Horner before he managed to answer:

"You can't swim."

"I might make shift," Sidney answered; "I do swim a little. But I think this arm is broken, I cannot move it."

Horner heard himself reply:

"While the rope holds, we'll stay."

By and by the night grew lighter. But as the sullen clouds parted and through narrow rifts a few stars threw long, broken reflections upon the heaving waves, they brought no cheer with them. They rather served to emphasize

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the gloomy gulfs, the drear immensities of space, among which two men and a little boat were so incalculably insignificant. Horner was the first to speak again.

"Sidney, we have been friends a long time."

"Yes." Sidney was in pain and very tired.

"You have laid me under many obligations," Horner went on, with growing steadiness. "I had no right to take them. I've been a fool. This upset is my fault, but you had no business to come. Now answer me one question. Do you love her, or not?" Sidney tried to lift his head from Horner's shoulder and sit up; he tried to free himself from Horner's supporting arm. Failing, he turned his widely opened eyes up to the haggard face close above him, and said, simply:

"If you let go of me, Horner, I shall drown."

"I did not ask you that," said Horner, sharply; "I know it. And if that rope breaks we may both be dead in half an hour. Now answer me. Do you love her, or not?"

"You know that too," said Sidney.

"Does she love you?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me the truth—in the face of death."

"It is the truth. I do not know."

He stopped, then said quite steadily:

"I have thought—at times—she cared for you."

"Oh, no." Horner's answer was a bitter laugh. He had forgotten for the moment where he was, and saw only Georgie's indignant face when he left her that afternoon. A rolling swell recalled him, and when it had passed Sidney spoke.

"I did not know until I saw you in the boat that you cared. I suppose the thought had come to me, but I turned from it. Then I knew. For a moment I hoped you would go out. That is why I came. I've done no good, but I couldn't stop you and—I dared not let you go alone. I want you to know that if I get back I mean to ask her to marry me."

"If I thought you wouldn't," Horner cried, "I'd drown you now. Man—she loves you."

It was evidently very hard for Sidney to speak at all. His voice grew feebler, but he went on with resolution.

"I want you to know this, and I want you to know that if I won't take any decision but hers, I'll abide by that. If—if she doesn't care for me, I'll go away and give you a chance."

"I've got no chance," said Horner. "You can't give it to me. I tell you she loves you,"—how he turned the knife in his own wound! "If I distrusted you—but I don't. I know you are true. And if I get to land, so help me God, you shall—for her. But if ever you change, if you're not good to her, I'll come back, I'll come back, if it's from the ends of the earth, and I'll kill you."

Sidney made no reply. Horner could not tell if he had heard.

The clouds had broken, drawing off in shadowy masses as a pale yellow light stole upward in the east. Against its growing flush the cold waves rose and fell, and with them the boat and the two benumbed men. Gradually the grim face of the cliff softened until it shone with reflected glows of morning.

Out of the darkest hour of his life, calm had come to Horner's breast. As Sidney's helpless head lay pillowed there, a something he could not name, nor fully understand, filled his struggling, torn, exhausted soul with peace.

He had seen the vision of a fair garden that he was not to enter; he had helped to push another in and to shut the gates upon himself. Yet the strife and turmoil of the night had dropped away. A dawn was breaking whose radiance he had never known before.

V.

"I NEVER would ha' b'lieved it if I hadn't a seen it. The cloud then was a-comin' up like a racer. I run along the rocks an' yelled, but I knowed they couldn' hear me."

Two cowering women listened to the oracle and started, shivering, as each whip-lash of lightning, sharper than the last, cracked across the sky.

They were in the cottage dining-room, where, through the immense window

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that filled its whole sea-ward wall, they saw much more than they liked of the tempest's fury.

Dick was looked for that evening, and Julia had sent in much anxiety for Bates, to confer upon the best means of getting him up from the Landing. The usual way, by boat, was quite impracticable, for even should the storm cease, the waves would run high until morning. Bates came, in evident excitement.

His emotions were all so deeply subterranean and any hint of them upon the surface was so unusual, that Julia vaguely took the alarm, thinking only of her husband. But Georgie looked into the boatman's rugged face and cried, "What is it, Bates? What has happened?"

Then they heard it in a burst of feeling. The Georgiana was out, the two men in her. The Lord only knew what would come of it.

Georgie's face grew suddenly as gray as the solid wall of rain that now shut out all the world save one rocky Dumpling, where foam and spray were leaping. It was Julia who exclaimed:

"But what will they do? How dreadful!"

"I dunno what they *will* do. They ain't had time to make the breakwater. I've been a-sailin' Mr. Sidney for five years and more, an' I ain't never knowed him do no sech fool trick before. An' that there Mr. Horner, he 'peared useter the water. I give him credit for more sense. He kin sail a boat tolerbul, for a amatoor. But they can't ne'er a one of 'em run the Georgiana—an old patched-up thing like she be—in this blow. She'll sink, sure's I say it."

A clap of thunder covered the cry that Georgie uttered, but she started to the door with such unmistakable intention that Julia caught her arm. "You can't do anything, Georgie," she cried, aghast at the girl's face. "Don't be crazy."

"Oh, Julia, how can you hold me? Let me go. I will go, I tell you! They will drown. I can save him. I can row."

She pulled open the door, and the entering blast took away her breath. She struggled with it vainly a moment, then dropped upon a chair. Bates shut the door and turned to Julia.

"I kin take a boat an' go out an' row round. But it won't help them none for me to git spilt, an' there ain't no boat built could live while this racket lasts. No. They're either run in behind the fort, or gone up the bay, or—" he left the sentence unfinished for a suggestive moment, then added, "I'll see to gittin' Mr. Kimball with the wagon all right. An' I'll ask roun' at the Landin'—maybe they put in there. Don't you fret, Mis' Kimball."

"There, Georgie," cried Julia, catching at straws, "it's all right. They are at the Landing. We are worrying for nothing."

"Anyway we can't help 'em now," muttered Bates, as he walked away. "But they wasn't aheadin' that way when I see 'em."

Georgie said nothing. She sank slowly upon her knees in the wide window and watched the sweeping gale. Julia felt herself growing hysterical. Why was the girl so moved?

The children and their early tea and bedtime created a diversion. Julia was glad to busy herself with them, and as the storm frightened them she sat upstairs a long time, until they fell asleep.

But when she went down Georgie still knelt where she had left her, her white dress gleaming in the darkness, her face framed in her hands against the pane, and her eyes straining into the black night, over the waste of tumbling waters dimly discerned below.

It was an unspeakable relief to hear the sounds of Dick's arrival, but when she ran to let him in, the boom of surf upon the shore entered with him, so loud and angry that, although the wind had ceased, she trembled and was silent. Dick came in as if nothing had happened, but he looked amazed when he saw Georgie. She had risen and turned to him in mute appeal. He watched her furtively, but spoke with resolute cheerfulness. Yes, Bates had told him. High old storm, wasn't it? Poor little woman, scared almost to death? No, they were not at the Landing; why should they be? They would go to Newport, of course, and get a good supper and be vastly amused to-morrow when they heard how frightened—— But Dick stopped there. The good fellow could not keep it up.

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"Against its growing flush the cold waves rose and fell, and with them the boat and the two benumbed men."

Bates had told him too much. He went up to Georgie and took her cold hands.

"My dear little girl," he said, affectionately, "you are very much overwrought. The storm has upset you——"

But she shook her head.

"No—no," she whispered. "You don't know——"

"What!" he said, gravely. "Do you care so much?"

"I love him, Dick," her white lips framed noiselessly; "I love him and he——"

She hid her face, and Dick, drawing her to his shoulder, had no heart to ask more. He soothed her gently, though perplexed enough. By and by he found a chance to murmur aside to Julia, "Which?" But Julia only looked at him reproachfully, and he was none the wiser.

It was curious how, although they said over and over that the men were safe in Newport, at Fort Adams, up the bay; that there was no reason to be alarmed; yet at the first hint of light they were down upon the beach with a dozen others, boatmen and fishermen, all anxious to give advice and have someone else act on it. To take boats and go out and row up and down—what was the good? Yet it seemed better to do that than to do nothing, and they waited only for more daylight before starting. Bates's years of service had made him really fond of Sidney, and he wandered anxiously along the shore, scanning the water with practised eyes. Suddenly he turned and came tearing back. Dick ran to meet him.

"What? Where?" he cried. But Bates would not stop to answer.

"I dunno. I dunno. I'm goin' out. I want two strong fellers with me."

Two were promptly ready, and Dick jumped in too, as the boat pushed off.

What Bates had seen was the hull of the Georgiana pounding about behind a corner of the Dumpling, but he was not sure if there was anything on it, or not.

The men had to skirt all around the jagged islet to avoid its fringe of rocks and breakers. It seemed a long pull to them with its uncertainty, but longer to the two women who stood on shore and watched them slowly disappear. Longest of all was the time before the boat

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"But Georgie looked into the boatman's rugged face and cried, 'What is it, Bates? What has happened?'"

came back, creeping from behind the rocks, turning landward, now seen, now hidden by some combing wave. The men were bending to their oars with a will, and Dick and Bates were bending too, over something heavy, dark, and motionless, in the stern.

"Are they alive? Is it one, or two?" were the questions Julia dared not utter, as she felt Georgie's hands clench convulsively upon her arm.

The boat came in, and the waiting group of men ran out through the waves to meet it.

Sidney was lifted out unconscious. Horner's eyes were closed, but as he was borne ashore they opened and roved eagerly from face to face. Finally, as he was laid upon the sand, they rested upon Georgie and filled with sudden light. He struggled to raise himself upon his elbow.

"Don't fear," he gasped, "I have saved him for you." The exertion was too much, and he sank again. Georgie stretched out her arms. She uttered a sound between a laugh and a sob. Then she dropped upon her knees and hid her face.

VI.

Sidney's condition was thought critical for a day or two, and Horner would not leave him. Besides, Horner needed some little time to recover his own tone after such a strain. But at last, one morning when the early air was fresh and sweet, he stepped out upon the breezy hillside.

He wore what he was accustomed to call his town clothes, and he carried a bag in his hand. He walked across the grass to the Kimballs' cottage, but he did not go in. He did not even step upon the familiar balcony. He stood looking at it a moment, then turned and faced the sea.

Again that blue plain lay before him, dimpling as innocently as a smiling child. Doubt, storms, despair—none of these could exist in such a shining world.

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Happiness was there, and peace—yes, and love.

His breast heaved. Something low and inarticulate escaped him. Then he caught up his bag, lifted his face once to the cottage windows, and strode heavily down the hill.

One of the window blinds shook; it opened a little and a girl's face, wondering, pale, peeped out. Horner did not see it. He walked fast, then faster; by and by he began to run.

A whistle sounded from the wharf, still distant. It was the early boat, warning her passengers that she was about to start. Horner could easily have let it go without him, but just as the plank was drawn in, he came down the bank full speed and leaped aboard.

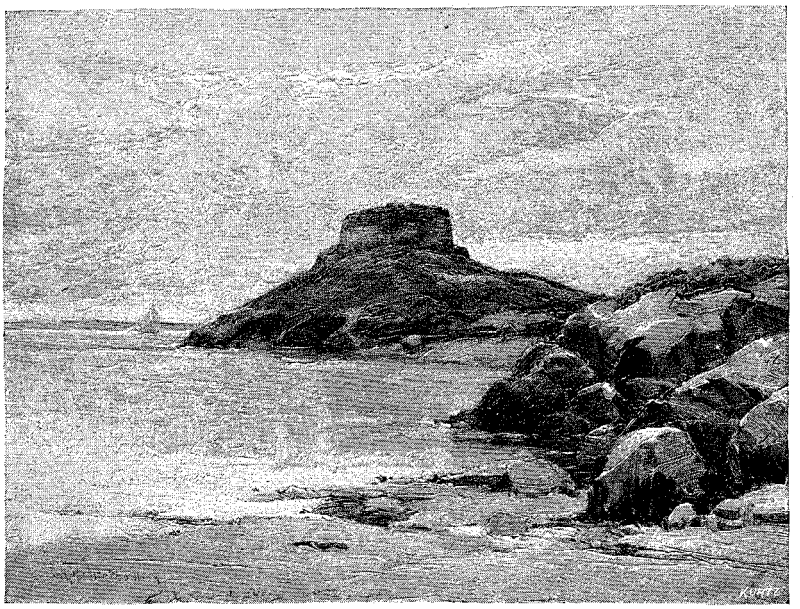
He stood outside as the puffing little ferryboat rounded the tall, white lighthouse on the breakwater. The sun shone brightly on Conanicut, on the steep Dumplings, and the red roofs of the cottages, half hidden behind the grassy slopes. Then the boat swung round, and Horner saw nothing but the dancing sea.

A few hours later he was in his rooms in town.

Sidney found a note upon the hall table and read it when he came to breakfast. It was short, not more than a line, but he thought it over all the morning.

Late in the afternoon he managed, with some assistance, to dress himself in his usual clothes and went across to the other cottage. Entering unannounced, he came upon Georgie sitting idly in a window. She sprang up as he entered, and he suddenly found that he could not trust himself to speak. He had not regained his strength, and the walk had been more of an exertion than he knew, but what stirred him most was the change in Georgie.

The girl was very pale, and her eyes looked dark and sunken; her lips, too, were working nervously, as if she wished to speak, but could not.



The Dumplings.

It was evident that she had suffered, and Sidney felt that he had come expressly to ask her why; but the answer to this question meant so much to him that he could not put it. Thus two agitated people faced each other for a brief moment, each striving for composure. Its outward semblance came first to Georgie, and she said, bravely:

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"Longest of all was the time before the boat came back."

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"I am glad to see you so much better, Mr. Sidney."

For an instant Sidney felt as if he had received another blow. Then he braced himself, looked straight at her, and said, directly:

"I came to ask you something. I hope you know what it is. But first, I must say this: Horner saved my life. But for him I should have drowned."

"Oh, what possessed you?" cried the girl, her composure vanishing; "what made you go out in such a storm?"

Sidney looked down.

"I thought I could help him, but I did not. I was made helpless myself. He held me on the boat. I told him if I came to land I should tell you."

She did not ask him why, and when he noticed this he stopped. He felt that she was not thinking of him at all. And he was right. Horner's panting words upon the beach; Horner's face raised mutely to her window; these, and that rough question, "Are you fooling him—and me?" had haunted Georgie's thoughts all day, and now a feeling of being forced to the wall and turning at bay swept over her.

"I am to blame," she cried, abruptly. "It is my fault. If it had not been for me, he would not have gone out. But the time has come to speak the truth. He went away this morning. Why?"

Sidney looked at her without speaking.

"Was it sudden business?" she persevered.

Still looking at her, Sidney answered, "No."

"Then why—why," she exclaimed, "why did he go when he knew—" Her resolution failed her, and with a scarlet blush she turned quickly off.

At least Sidney knew.

The light from the window touched her hair and all the soft curves and outlines of her pretty figure. He could see her hands clasped tight against her breast, and without seeing could feel the tears that only her strong effort held from falling. Yet what he said was:

"He did not know. He went because he did not know."

His voice sounded low and even. It gave no hint of pain or passion. But suddenly, as if they had just leaped into sight, he saw every article in the room: each rug upon the floor, each picture on the walls, every commonplace chair and table, every defect, scratch, or disarrangement. As long as he lived he could recall every trivial detail. Then over all fell a mist in which Georgie's figure seemed to float away from him, and in a voice that seemed to himself strange and remote, he asked:

"Shall I write to him to come back?" and when she did not answer, he added, "to you?"

Then Georgie said, very low, but ah, how distinctly:

"Yes," and he did not need to look at her to know that she was happy.

This knowledge, that might have maddened some men, softened him. He went up to her and held out his hand, and though he was pale, he spoke steadily, like a man.

"Will you say good-bye? I may not see you again."

"Oh!" cried the girl, turning quickly to remonstrate; but when she saw him, she stopped and hung her head. She seemed about to speak, but finally gave him her hand in silence.

"I will write to him at once," he promised her. "Good-bye."

He held her hand a moment, said again, "Good-bye," and when she could see, he was gone.

Horner had made up his mind that the city was unendurable and that if he spent another night in his hot and stifling rooms he should shoot himself. He resolved on a run into the country somewhere, and started for any train he could catch.

At the street corner he met his postman and took from him this note:

"DEAR H——, I sail at noon on the Umbria. Let to-morrow find you in Conanicut. Bates has all necessary orders.

"Yours, H. S.

"P. S. I go to study for a year or two in Rome."

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A LONDON LIFE.

By Henry James.

PART THIRD.

X.

"WHAT do you intend to do? You will grant that I have a right to ask you that."

"To do? I shall do as I have always done—not so badly, as it seems to me."

This colloquy took place in Mrs. Berrington's room, in the early morning hours, after Selina's return from the entertainment to which reference was last made. Her sister came home before her—she found herself incapable of "going on" when Selina quitted the house in Park Lane at which they had dined. Mrs. Berrington had the night still before her, and she stepped into her carriage with her usual air of graceful resignation to a brilliant lot. She had taken the precaution, however, to provide herself with a defence (against a little sister bristling with righteousness,) in the person of Mrs. Collingwood, to whom she offered a lift, as they were bent upon the same business and Mr. Collingwood had a use of his own for his brougham. The Collingwoods were a happy pair who could discuss such a divergence before their friends candidly, amicably, with a great many "My loves" and "Not for the worlds." Lionel Berrington disappeared after dinner, without holding any communication with his wife, and Laura expected to find that he had taken the carriage, to repay her in kind for her having driven off from Grosvenor Place without him. But it was not new to the girl that he really spared his wife more than she spared him; not so much perhaps because he wouldn't do the "nastiest" thing as because he couldn't. Selina could always be nastier. There was ever a whimsicality in her actions; if two or three hours before it had been her fancy to keep a third person out of the carriage she had now her reasons for bringing such a person in. Laura knew that she would not only pretend, but would really believe, that her defence of her conduct on their way to dinner had been powerful and that she had won a brilliant victory. What need, therefore, to thresh out further a subject that she had chopped into atoms? Laura Wing, however, had needs of her own, and her remaining in the carriage when the footman next opened the door was intimately connected with them.

"I don't care to go in," she said to her sister. "If you will allow me to be driven home and send back the carriage for you, that's what I shall like best."

Selina stared, and Laura knew what she would have said if she could have spoken her thought. "Oh, you are furious that I haven't given you a chance to fly at me again, and you must take it out in sulks!" These were the ideas—ideas of "fury" and sulks—into which Selina could translate feelings that sprung from the depths of one's conscience. Mrs. Collingwood protested—she said it was a shame that Laura shouldn't go in and enjoy herself, when she looked so lovely. "Doesn't she look lovely?" She appealed to Mrs. Berrington. "Bless us, what's the use of being pretty? Now, if she had *my* face!"

"I think she looks rather cross," said Selina, getting out with her friend and leaving her sister to her own inventions. Laura had a vision, as the carriage drove away again, of what her situation would have been (for her peace of mind,) if Selina and Lionel had been good, attached people like the Collingwoods, and at the same time of the singularity of a good woman being willing to accept favors from a person as to whose behavior she had the lights that must have come to the lady in question in regard to Selina. She accepted favors herself and she

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only wanted to be good: that was oppressively true; but if she were not Selina's sister she wouldn't drive in her carriage. That conviction was strong in the girl as this vehicle conveyed her to Grosvenor Place; but it was not in its nature consoling. The prevision of disgrace was now so vivid to her that it seemed to her that if it had not already overtaken them she had only to thank the loose, mysterious, rather ignoble tolerance of people like Mrs. Collingwood. There were plenty of that species, even among the good; perhaps indeed exposure and dishonor would begin only when the bad had got hold of the facts. Would the bad be most horrified and do most to spread the scandal? There were, in any event, plenty of them too.

Laura sat up for her sister that night, with that nice question to help her to torment herself—whether if she were hard and merciless in judging Selina it would be with the bad, too, that she would associate herself. Was she all wrong, after all—was she cruel by being too rigid? Was Mrs. Collingwood's attitude the right one, and ought she only to propose to herself to "allow" more and more, and to allow ever, and to smooth things down by gentleness, by sympathy, by not looking at them too hard? It was not the first time that the just measure of things seemed to slip from her hands, as she became conscious of possible, or rather of very actual, differences of standard and usage. On this occasion Geordie and Ferdy asserted themselves, by the mere force of lying asleep upstairs in their little cribs, as on the whole the proper measure. Laura went into the nursery to look at them when she came home—it was her habit almost any night—and yearned over them as mothers and maids do alike over the pillow of rosy childhood. They were an antidote to all casuistry; for Selina to forget *them*—that was the beginning and the end of shame. She came back to the library, where she should best hear the sound of her sister's return; the hours passed as she sat there, without bringing round this event. Carriages came and went all night; the soft shock of swift hoofs was on the wooden roadway long after the summer dawn peeped in—till it was merged in the rumble of the awakening day. Lionel had not come in when she returned, and he continued absent, to Laura's satisfaction; for if she wanted not to miss Selina she had no desire at present to have to tell her brother-in-law why she was sitting up. She prayed Selina might arrive first: then she would have more time to think of something that harassed her particularly—the question of whether she ought to tell Lionel that she had seen her in a far-away corner of the town with Captain Crispin. Almost impossible as she found it now to feel any tenderness for her, she yet detested the idea of bearing witness against her; notwithstanding which it appeared to her that she could make up her mind to do this if there were a chance of its preventing the last scandal—a catastrophe to which she saw her sister rushing straight. That Selina was capable at a given moment of going off with her lover, and capable of it precisely because it was the greatest folly as well as the greatest wickedness—there was a voice of prophecy, of warning, to this effect in the silent, empty house. If repeating to Lionel what she had seen would contribute to prevent anything, or to stave off the danger, was it not her duty to denounce his wife, flesh and blood of her own as she was, to his further reprobation? This point was not intolerably difficult to determine, as she sat there waiting, only because even what was righteous in that reprobation could not present itself to her as fruitful or efficient. What could Lionel frustrate, after all, and what intelligent or authoritative step was he capable of taking? Mixed with all that now haunted her was her consciousness of what his own absence (at such an hour) represented in the way of the unedifying. He might be at some sporting club or he might be anywhere else; at any rate he was not where he ought to be at three o'clock in the morning. Such the husband such the wife, she said to herself; and she felt that Selina would have a kind of advantage (which she grudged her,) if she should come in and say: "And where is *he*, please—where is he, the exalted being on whose behalf you have undertaken to preach so much better than he himself practises?"

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But still Selina didn't come in—even to take that advantage; yet in proportion as her waiting was useless did the girl find it impossible to go to bed. A new fear had seized her, the fear that she would never come back at all—that they were already in the presence of the dreaded catastrophe. This made her so nervous that she paced about the lower rooms, listening to every sound, roaming till she was tired. She knew it was absurd, the image of Selina taking flight in a ball-dress; but she said to herself that she might very well have sent other clothes away, in advance, somewhere—and at any rate, for herself, that was the fate she had to expect, if not that night then some other one soon, and it was all the same: to sit counting the hours till a hope was given up and a hideous certainty remained. She had fallen into such a state of apprehension that when at last she heard a carriage stop at the door she was almost happy, in spite of her prevision of how disgusted her sister would be to find her. They met in the hall—Laura went out when she heard the opening of the door. Selina stopped short when she saw her, but said nothing—on account, apparently, of the presence of the sleepy footman. Then she moved straight to the stairs, where she paused again, asking the footman if Mr. Berrington had come in.

"Not yet, ma'am," the footman answered.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Berrington, and ascended the stairs.

"I have sat up on purpose—I want particularly to speak to you," Laura remarked, following her.

"Ah!" Selina repeated, still more dryly. She went fast, almost as if she wished to get to her room before her sister could overtake her. But the girl was close behind her, she passed into the room with her. Laura closed the door; then she told her that she had found it impossible to go to bed without asking her what she intended to do.

"Your behavior is too monstrous!" Selina flashed out. "What on earth do you wish to make the servants suppose?"

"Oh, the servants—in *this* house; as if one could put any idea into their heads that is not there already!" Laura thought. But she said nothing of this—she only repeated her question: aware that she was exasperating to her sister but also aware that she couldn't be anything else. Mrs. Berrington, whose maid had gone to rest, began to divest herself of some of her ornaments, and it was not till after a moment, during which she stood before the glass, that she made that answer about doing as she had always done. To this Laura rejoined that she ought to put herself in her place enough to feel how important it was to *her* to know what was likely to happen, so that she might take time by the forelock and think of her own situation. If anything should happen she would infinitely rather be out of it—be as far away as possible. Therefore she must take her measures.

It was in the mirror that they looked at each other—in the strange, candle-lighted duplication of the scene that their eyes met. Selina drew the diamonds out of her hair, and in this occupation, for a minute, she was silent. Presently she asked: "What are you talking about—what do you allude to as happening?"

"Why, it seems to me that there is nothing left for you but to go away with him. If there is a prospect of that insanity—" But here Laura stopped; something so unexpected was taking place in Selina's countenance—the movement that precedes a sudden gush of tears. Mrs. Berrington dashed down the glittering pins she had detached from her tresses, and the next moment she had flung herself into an armchair and was weeping with a kind of fury. Laura didn't go to her; she made no motion to soothe or reassure her, she only stood and watched her tears and wondered what they signified. Somehow even the slight refreshment she felt at having affected her in that particular and (as it had lately come to seem) improbable way did not suggest to her that they were precious symptoms. Since she had come to disbelieve her word so completely there was nothing precious about Selina any more. But she continued for some moments to cry passionately, and while this lasted Laura remained silent. At last, from the midst

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of her sobs, Selina broke out, "Go away, go away—leave me alone!"

"Of course I infuriate you," said the girl; "but how can I see you rush to your ruin—to that of all of us—without holding on to you and dragging you back?"

"Oh, you don't understand anything about anything!" Selina wailed, with her beautiful hair tumbling all over her.

"I certainly don't understand how you can give such a tremendous handle to Lionel."

At the mention of her husband's name Selina always gave a bound, and she sprang up now, shaking back her dense braids. "I give him no handle, and you don't know what you are talking about! I know what I am doing and what becomes me, and I don't care if I do. He is welcome to all the handles in the world, for all that he can do with them!"

"In the name of common pity think of your children!" said Laura.

"Have I ever thought of anything else? Have you sat up all night to have the pleasure of accusing me of cruelty? Are there sweeter or more delightful children in the world, and isn't that a little *my* merit, pray?" Selina went on sweeping away her tears. "Who has made them what they are, pray?—is it their lovely father? Perhaps you'll say it's you! Certainly you have been nice to them, but you must remember that you only came here the other day. Isn't it only for them that I am trying to keep myself alive?"

This formula struck Laura Wing as grotesque, and she replied, with a laugh which betrayed too much her impression, "Die for them—that would be better!"

Her sister, at this, looked at her with an extraordinary cold gravity. "Don't interfere between me and my children. And for God's sake cease to harry me!"

Laura turned away: she said to herself that, given that amount of imbecility, of course the worst would come. She felt sick and helpless, and, practically, she had got the certitude she both wanted and dreaded. "I don't know what has become of your mind," she murmured; and she went to the door. But before she reached it Selina had flung herself upon her in one of her strange but, as she felt, really not encouraging revulsions. Her arms were about her, she clung to her, she covered Laura with the tears that had again begun to flow. She besought her to save her, to stay with her, to help her against herself, against *him*, against Lionel, against everything—to forgive her also all the horrid things she had said to her. Mrs. Berrington melted, liquefied, and the room was deluged with her repentance, her desolation, her confession, her promises, and the articles of apparel of which, in her streaming agitation, she successively divested herself. Laura remained with her for an hour, and before they separated the culpable woman had taken a tremendous vow—kneeling before her sister with her head in her lap—never again, as long as she lived, to consent to see Captain Crispin or to address a word to him, spoken or written. The girl went terribly tired to bed.

A month afterwards she lunched with Lady Davenant, whom she had not seen since the day she took Mr. Wendover to call upon her. The old woman had found herself obliged to entertain a small company, and as she disliked set parties she sent Laura a request for sympathy and assistance. She had disencumbered herself, at the end of so many years, of the burden of hospitality; but every now and then she invited people, in order to prove that she wasn't too old. Laura suspected her of choosing stupid ones on purpose to prove it better—to show that she could submit not only to the extraordinary but, what was much more difficult, to the usual. But when they had been properly fed she didn't detain them; on this occasion, as the party broke up, Laura was the only person she asked to stay. She wished to know in the first place why she had not been to see her for so long, and in the second how that young man had behaved—the one she had brought that Sunday. Lady Davenant didn't remember his name, though he had been so good-natured, as she said, since then, as to leave a card. If he had behaved well that was a very good reason for the girl's neglect and Laura needn't give another. Laura herself wouldn't have behaved well if at such a time she had been running after old women. There

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was nothing, in general, that the girl liked less than being spoken of, off-hand, as a marriageable article—being planned and arranged for in this particular. It made too light of her independence, and though in general such inventions passed for benevolence they had always seemed to her to contain at bottom an impertinence—as if people could be moved about like a game of chequers. There was a liberty in the way Lady Davenant's imagination disposed of her (with such an *insouciance* of her own preferences), but she forgave that, because after all this old friend was not obliged to think of her at all.

"I knew that you were almost always out of town now, on Sundays—and so have we been," Laura said. "And then I have been a great deal with my sister—more than before."

"More than before what?"

"Well, a kind of estrangement we had, about a certain matter."

"And now you have made it all up?"

"Well, we have been able to talk of it (we couldn't before—without painful scenes), and that has cleared the air. We have gone about together a good deal," Laura went on. "She has wanted me constantly with her."

"That's very nice. And where has she taken you?" asked the old lady.

"Oh, it's I who have taken her, rather." And Laura hesitated.

"Where do you mean?—to say her prayers?"

"Well, to some concerts—and to the National Gallery."

Lady Davenant laughed, disrespectfully, at this, and the girl watched her with a mournful face. "My dear child, you are too delightful! You are trying to reform her—by Beethoven and Bach, and by Rubens and Titian?"

"She is very intelligent, about music and pictures—she has excellent ideas," said Laura.

"And you have been trying to draw them out? that is very commendable."

"I think you are laughing at me, but I don't care," the girl declared, smiling faintly.

"Because you have a consciousness of success?—in what do they call it?—the attempt to raise her tone? You have been trying to bring her up and you *have* raised her tone?"

"Oh, Lady Davenant, I don't know and I don't understand!" Laura broke out. "I don't understand anything any more, and I have given up trying."

"That's what I recommended you to do last winter. Don't you remember that day at Plash?"

"You told me to let her go," said Laura.

"And evidently you haven't taken my advice."

"How can I—how can I?"

"Of course, how can you? And meanwhile if she doesn't go it's so much gained. But even if she should, won't that nice young man remain?" Lady Davenant inquired. "I hope very much Selina hasn't taken you altogether away from him."

Laura was silent a moment; then she returned: "What nice young man would ever look at me, if anything bad should happen?"

"I would never look at *him* if he should let that prevent him!" the old woman cried. "It isn't for your sister he loves you, I suppose; is it?"

"He doesn't love me at all."

"Ah, then he does?" Lady Davenant demanded, with some eagerness, laying her hand on the girl's arm. Laura sat near her on her sofa and looked at her, for all answer to this, with an expression of which the sadness appeared to strike the old woman freshly. "Doesn't he come to the house—doesn't he say anything?" she continued, with a voice full of kindness.

"He comes to the house—very often."

"And don't you like him?"

"Yes, very much—more than I did at first."

"Well, as you liked him at first well enough to bring him straight to see me, I suppose that means that now you are immensely pleased with him."

"He's a gentleman," said Laura.

"So he seems to me. But why then doesn't he speak out?"

"Perhaps that's the very reason! Seriously," the girl added, "I don't know what he comes to the house for."

"Is he in love with your sister?"

"I sometimes think so."

"And does she encourage him?"

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"She detests him."

"Oh, then, I like him! I shall immediately write to him to come and see me; I shall appoint an hour and give him a piece of my mind."

"If I believed that, I should kill myself," said Laura.

"You may believe what you like; but I wish you didn't show your feelings so in your eyes. They might be those of a poor widow with fifteen children. When I was young I managed to be happy, whatever occurred; and I am sure I looked so."

"Oh yes, Lady Davenant—for you it was different. You were safe, in so many ways," Laura said. "And you were surrounded with consideration."

"I don't know; some of us were very wild, and exceedingly ill thought of, and I didn't cry about it. However, there are natures and natures. If you will come and stay with me to-morrow I will take you in."

"You know how kind I think you, but I have promised Selina not to leave her."

"Well then, if she keeps you she must at least go straight!" cried the old woman, with some asperity. Laura made no answer to this, and Lady Davenant asked, after a moment: "And what is Lionel doing?"

"I don't know—he is very quiet."

"Doesn't it please him—his wife's improvement?" The girl got up; apparently she was made uncomfortable by the ironical effect, if not by the ironical intention, of this question. Her old friend was kind but she was penetrating; her very next words pierced further. "Of course if you are really protecting her I can't count upon you:" a remark not adapted to enliven Laura, who would have liked immensely to transfer herself to Queen's Gate and had her very private ideas as to the efficacy of her protection. Lady Davenant kissed her and then suddenly said—"Oh, by the way, his address; you must tell me that."

"His address?"

"The young man's whom you brought here. But it's no matter," the old woman added; "the butler will have entered it—from his card."

"Lady Davenant, you won't do anything so loathsome!" the girl cried, seizing her hand.

"Why is it loathsome, if he comes so often? It's rubbish, his caring for Selina—a married woman—when you are there."

"Why is it rubbish—when so many other people do?"

"Oh, well, he is different—I could see that; or if he isn't he ought to be!"

"He likes to observe—he came here to take notes," said the girl. "And he thinks Selina a very interesting London specimen."

"In spite of her dislike of him?"

"Oh, he doesn't know that!" Laura exclaimed.

"Why not? he isn't a fool."

"Oh, I have made it seem——" But here Laura stopped; her color had risen.

Lady Davenant stared an instant. "Made it seem that she delighted in him? Mercy, to do that how fond of him you must be!" An observation which had the effect of driving the girl straight out of the house.

XI.

On one of the last days of June Mrs. Berrington showed her sister a note she had received from "your dear friend," as she called him, Mr. Wendover. This was the manner in which she usually designated him, but she had naturally, in the present phase of her relations with Laura, never indulged in any renewal of the eminently perverse insinuations by means of which she had attempted, after the incident at the Soane Museum, to throw dust in her eyes. Mr. Wendover proposed to Mrs. Berrington that she and her sister should honor with their presence a box he had obtained for the opera three nights later—an occasion of curiosity, the first appearance of a young American singer of whom considerable things were expected. Laura left it to Selina to decide whether they should accept this invitation, and Selina proved to be of two or three differing minds. First she said it wouldn't be convenient to her to go, and she wrote to the young man to this effect. Then, on second thoughts, she considered she might very well go, and tele-

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graphed an acceptance. Later she saw reason to regret her acceptance, and communicated this circumstance to her sister, who remarked that it was still not too late to change. Selina left her in ignorance till the next day as to whether she had retracted; then she told her that she had let the matter stand—they would go. To this Laura replied that she was glad—for Mr. Wendover. "And for yourself," Selina said, leaving the girl to wonder why every one (this universality was represented by Mrs. Lionel Berrington and Lady Davenant,) had taken up the idea that she entertained a passion for her compatriot. She was clearly conscious that this was not the case; though she was glad her esteem for him had not yet suffered the disturbance of her seeing reason to believe that Lady Davenant had already meddled, according to her terrible threat. Laura was surprised to learn afterwards that Selina had, in London parlance, "thrown over" a dinner in order to make the evening at the opera fit in. The dinner would have made her too late, and she didn't care about it: she wanted to hear the whole opera.

The sisters dined together alone, without any question of Lionel, and on alighting at Covent Garden found Mr. Wendover awaiting them in the portico. His box proved a commodious, comfortable one, and Selina was gracious to him; she thanked him for his consideration in not stuffing it full of people. He assured her that he expected but one other inmate—a gentleman of a shrinking disposition, who would take up no room. The gentleman came in after the first act; he was introduced to the ladies as Mr. Booker, of Baltimore. He knew a great deal about the young lady they had come to listen to, and he was not so shrinking but that he attempted to impart a portion of his knowledge even while she was singing. Before the second act was over Laura perceived Lady Ringrose in a box on the other side of the house, accompanied by a lady she didn't know. There was apparently another person in the box behind the two ladies, whom they turned round from time to time to talk with. Laura made no observation about Lady Ringrose to her sister, and she noticed that Selina made no use of the glass to look at her. That Mrs. Berrington had not failed to see her, however, was proved by the fact that at the end of the second act (the opera was Meyerbeer's "Huguenots,") she suddenly said, turning to Mr. Wendover: "I hope you won't mind very much if I go for a short time to sit with a friend on the other side of the house." She smiled with all her sweetness as she announced this intention, and had the benefit of the fact that an apologetic expression is highly becoming to a pretty woman. But she didn't look at her sister, and the latter, after a wondering glance at her, looked at Mr. Wendover. She saw that he was disappointed—even slightly wounded; he had taken some trouble to get his box and it had been no small pleasure to him to see it graced by the presence of a celebrated beauty. But his situation collapsed if the celebrated beauty were going to transfer her light to another quarter. Laura couldn't imagine what had come into her sister's head—to make her so inconsiderate, so rude. Selina tried to perform her act of defection in a soothing, conciliating way, so far as appealing eyebeams went; but she gave no particular reason for her escapade, didn't name the friends in question, and betrayed no consciousness that it was not usual for ladies to roam about the lobbies. Laura asked her no question, but she said to her, after an hesitation: "You won't be long, surely. You know you oughtn't to leave me here." Selina took no notice of this—didn't excuse herself in any way to the girl. Mr. Wendover only exclaimed, smiling in reference to Laura's last remark: "Oh, so far as leaving you here goes——!" In spite of his great defect (and it was his only one, that she could see,) of having only an ascending scale of seriousness, she judged him interestedly enough to feel a real pleasure in noticing that though he was annoyed at Selina's going away and not saying that she would come back soon, he conducted himself as a gentleman should, submitted respectfully, gallantly, to her wish. He suggested that her friends might perhaps, instead, be induced to come to his box, but when she had objected, "Oh, you see, there are too many," he put her shawl on her shoulders, opened the box,

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offered her his arm. While this was going on Laura saw Lady Ringrose studying them with her glass. Selina refused Mr. Wendover's arm; she said, "Oh no, you stay with *her*—I dare say *he'll* take me;" and she gazed inspiringly at Mr. Booker. Selina never mentioned a name when the pronoun would do. Mr. Booker of course sprang to the service required and led her away, with an injunction from his friend to bring her back promptly. As they went off Laura heard Selina say to her companion—and she knew Mr. Wendover could also hear it—"Nothing would have induced me to leave her alone with *you!*" She thought this a most extraordinary speech—she thought it even vulgar; especially considering that she had never seen the young man till half an hour before and since then had not exchanged twenty words with him. It came to their ears so distinctly that Laura was moved to notice it by exclaiming, with a laugh: "Poor Mr. Booker, what does she suppose I would do to him?"

"Oh, it's for you she is afraid," said Mr. Wendover.

Laura went on, after a moment: "She oughtn't to have left me alone with you, either."

"Oh, yes, she ought—after all!" the young man returned.

The girl had uttered these words from no desire to say something flirtatious, but because they simply expressed a part of the judgment she passed, mentally, on Selina's behavior. She had a sense of wrong—of being made light of; for Mrs. Berrington certainly knew that honorable women didn't (for the appearance of the thing,) arrange to leave their unmarried sister sitting alone, publicly, at the playhouse, with a couple of young men—the couple that there would be as soon as Mr. Booker should come back. It displeased her that the people in the opposite box, the people Selina had joined, should sit there and see her exhibited in this light. She drew the curtain of the box a little, she moved a little more behind it, and she heard her companion utter a vague appealing, protecting sigh, which seemed to express his sense (her own corresponded with it,) that the glory of the occasion had somehow suddenly departed. At the end of some minutes she perceived among Lady Ringrose and her companions a movement which appeared to denote that Selina had come in. The two ladies in front turned round, and something went on at the back of the box. "She's there," Laura said, indicating the place; but Mrs. Berrington didn't show herself—she remained masked by the others. Neither was Mr. Booker visible; he had not, seemingly, been persuaded to remain, and indeed Laura could see that there would not have been room for him. Mr. Wendover observed, ruefully, that as Mrs. Berrington evidently could see nothing at all from where she had gone she had exchanged a very good place for a very bad one. "I can't imagine—I can't imagine—" said the girl; but she paused, losing herself in reflections and wonderments, in conjectures that soon became anxieties. Suspicion of Selina was now so rooted in her heart that it could make her unhappy even where it pointed nowhere, and by the end of half an hour she felt how little her fears had really been lulled since that scene of dishevelment and contrition in the early dawn.

The opera resumed its course, but Mr. Booker didn't come back. The American singer trilled and warbled, executed remarkable flights, and there was much applause, every symptom of success; but Laura became more and more unaware of the music—she had no eyes but for Lady Ringrose and her friend. She watched them earnestly—she tried to sound with her glass the curtained dimness behind them. Their attention was all for the stage, and they gave no present sign of having any fellow-listeners. These others had either gone away or were leaving them very much to themselves. Laura was unable to guess any particular motive on her sister's part, but the conviction grew within her that she had not inflicted such a snub on Mr. Wendover simply in order to have a little chat with Lady Ringrose. There was something else, there was some one else, in the affair; and when once the girl's idea had become as definite as that it took but little longer to associate itself with the image of Captain Crispin. This image made

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her draw back further behind her curtain, because it brought the blood to her face; and if she colored for shame she colored also for anger. Captain Crispin was there, in the opposite box; those horrible women concealed him (she forgot how harmless and well-read Lady Ringrose had appeared to her that time at Mellows); they had lent themselves to this abominable proceeding. Selina was nestling there in safety with him, by their favor, and she had had the baseness to lay an honest girl, the most loyal, the most unselfish of sisters, under contribution to the same end. Laura crimsoned with the sense that she had been, unsuspectingly, part of a scheme, that she was being used as the two women opposite were used but that she had been outraged into the bargain, inasmuch as she was not, like them, a conscious accomplice, and not a person to be given away in that manner before hundreds of people. It came back to her how bad Selina had been the day of that business in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and how in spite of intervening comedies the woman who had then found such words of injury would be sure to break out in a new spot with a new weapon. Accordingly, while the pure music filled the place and the rich picture of the stage glowed beneath it, Laura found herself face to face with the strange inference that the evil of Selina's nature made her wish—since she had given herself to it—to bring her sister to her own color by putting an appearance of "fastness" upon her. The girl said to herself that she would have succeeded, in the cynical view of London; and to her troubled spirit the immense theatre had a myriad eyes, eyes that she knew, eyes that would know her, that would see her sitting there with a strange young man. She had recognized many faces already, and her imagination quickly multiplied them. However, after she had burned awhile with this particular revolt she ceased to think of herself and of what, as regarded herself, Selina had intended; all her thought went to the mere calculation of Mrs. Berrington's return. As she didn't return, and still didn't, Laura felt a sort of constriction of the heart. She didn't know what she feared—she didn't know what she supposed. She was so nervous (as she had been the night she waited, till morning, for her sister to re-enter the house in Grosvenor Place,) that when Mr. Wendover occasionally made a remark to her she failed to understand him, couldn't answer him. Fortunately he made very few; he was preoccupied—either wondering also what Selina was "up to" or, more probably, simply absorbed in the music. What she *had* comprehended, however, was that when at three different moments she had said, restlessly, "Why doesn't Mr. Booker come back?" he replied, "Oh, there's plenty of time—we are very comfortable." These words she was conscious of; she particularly noted them and they interwove themselves with her restlessness. She also noted, in her tension, that after her third inquiry Mr. Wendover said something about looking up his friend, if she didn't mind being left alone a moment. He quitted the box, and during this interval Laura tried more than ever to see with her glass what had become of her sister. But it was as if the ladies opposite had arranged themselves, had arranged their curtains, on purpose to frustrate such an attempt: she couldn't even assure herself of what she had begun to suspect, that Selina was now not with them. If she was not with them where in the world had she gone? As the moments elapsed, before Mr. Wendover's return, she went to the door of the box and stood watching the lobby, for the chance that he would bring back the absentee. Presently she saw him coming alone, and something in the expression of his face made her step out into the lobby to meet him. He was smiling, but he looked embarrassed and strange, especially when he saw her standing there as if she wished to leave the place.

"I hope you don't want to go," he said, holding the door for her to pass back into the box.

"Where are they—where are they?" she demanded, remaining in the corridor.

"I saw our friend—he has found a place in the stalls, near the door by which you go into them—just here under us."

"And does he like that better?"

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Mr. Wendover's smile became intense as he looked down at her. "Mrs. Berrington has made such an amusing request of him."

"An amusing request?"

"She made him promise not to come back."

"Made him promise——?" Laura stared.

"She asked him—as a particular favor to her—not to join us again. And he said he wouldn't."

"Ah, the monster!" Laura exclaimed, blushing crimson.

"Do you mean poor Mr. Booker?" Mr. Wendover asked. "Of course he had to assure her that the wish of so lovely a lady was law. But he doesn't understand!" laughed the young man.

"No more do I. And where is the lovely lady?" said Laura, trying to recover herself.

"He hasn't the least idea."

"Isn't she with Lady Ringrose?"

"If you like I will go and see."

Laura hesitated, looking down the curved lobby, where there was nothing to see but the little numbered doors of the boxes. They were alone in the lamplit bareness; the *finale* of the act was ringing and booming behind them. In a moment she said: "I'm afraid I must trouble you to put me in a cab."

"Ah, you won't see the rest? *Do* stay—what difference does it make?" And her companion still held open the door of the box. Her eyes met his, in which it seemed to her that as well as his voice there was conscious sympathy, entreaty, vindication, tenderness. Then she gazed into the vulgar corridor again; something said to her that if she should return she would be taking the most important step of her life. She considered this, and while she did so a great burst of applause filled the place as the curtain fell. "See what we are losing! And the last act is so fine," said Mr. Wendover. She returned to her seat and he closed the door of the box behind them.

Then, in this little upholstered receptacle which was so public and yet so private, Laura Wing passed through the strangest moments she had known. An indication of their strangeness is that when she presently perceived that while she was in the lobby Lady Ringrose and her companion had quite disappeared, she observed the circumstance without an exclamation, holding herself silent. Their box was empty, but Laura looked at it without in the least feeling this to be a sign that Selina would now come round. She would never come round again, nor would she have gone home from the opera. That was by this time absolutely definite to the girl, who had first been hot and now was cold with the sense of what Selina's injunction to poor Mr. Booker exactly meant. It was worthy of her, for it was a kind of vicious little kick as she took her flight. Grosvenor Place would not shelter her that night, and would never shelter her more: that was the reason she tried to spatter her sister with the mud into which she herself had jumped. She wouldn't have dared to put such a hurt upon her if they had had a prospect of meeting again. The strangest part of this remarkable juncture was that what ministered most to our young lady's suppressed emotion was not the tremendous reflection that this time Selina had really "bolted" and that on the morrow all London would know it: all that had taken the color of certainty (and a very hideous tint it was), whereas the chill that had fallen upon the girl now was that of a mystery that waited to be cleared up. Her heart was full of suspense—suspense of which she returned the pressure, trying to twist it into expectation. There was a certain chance in life that sat there beside her, but it would go forever if it didn't move nearer that night; and she listened, she watched, for it to move. I needn't inform the reader that this chance presented itself in the person of Mr. Wendover, who more than anyone she knew had it in his hand to transmute her detestable position. To-morrow he would know, and would think sufficiently little of a young person of *that* breed: therefore it could only be a question of his speaking on the spot. That was what she had come back into the box for—to give him his opportunity. It was open to her to think he had asked for it—adding everything together.

The poor girl added, added, deep in her heart, while she said nothing. The

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music was not there now, to keep them silent; yet he remained quiet, even as she did, and that for some minutes was a part of her addition. She felt as if she were running a race with failure and shame; she would get in first if she should get in before the glare of the morrow. But this was not very far off, and every minute brought it nearer. It would be there in fact, virtually, that night, if Mr. Wendover should begin to appreciate the strangeness of Selina's not turning up at all. The comfort had been, hitherto, that he didn't appreciate strangenesses. There were certain violins that emitted tentative sounds in the orchestra; they shortened the time and made her uneasier—fixed her idea that he could lift her out of her mire if he would. It didn't appear to prove that he would, his also observing Lady Ringrose's empty box without making an encouraging comment upon it. Laura waited for him to remark that her sister obviously would turn up now; but no such words fell from his lips. He must either like Selina's being away or judge it damningly, and in either case why didn't he speak? If he had nothing to say, why *had* he said, why had he done, what did he mean——? But the girl's inward challenge to him lost itself in a mist of faintness; she was screwing herself up to a purpose of her own, and it hurt almost to anguish, and the whole place, around her, was a blur and swim, through which she heard the tuning of fiddles. Before she knew it she had said to him, "Why have you come so often?"

"So often? To see you, do you mean?"

"To see *me*—it was for that? Why have you come?" she went on. He was evidently surprised, and his surprise gave her a kind of anger, a desire almost that her words should hurt him, lash him. She spoke low, but she heard herself, and she thought that if what she said sounded to *him* in the same way——! "You have come very often—too often, too often!"

He colored, he looked frightened, he was, clearly, extremely startled. "Why, you have been so kind, so delightful," he stammered.

"Yes, of course, and so have you! Did you come for Selina? She is married, you know, and devoted to her husband." A single minute had sufficed to show the girl that her companion was quite unprepared for her question, that he was distinctly not in love with her and was face to face with a situation entirely new. The effect of this perception was to make her say wilder things.

"Why, what is more natural, when one likes people, than to come often? Perhaps I have bored you—with our American way," said Mr. Wendover.

"And is it because you like me that you have kept me here?" Laura asked. She got up, leaning against the side of the box; she had pulled the curtain far forward and was out of sight of the house.

He rose, but more slowly; he had got over his first confusion. He smiled at her, but his smile was dreadful. "Can you have any doubt as to what I have come for? It's a pleasure to me that you have liked me well enough to ask."

For an instant she thought he was coming nearer to her, but he didn't; he stood there twirling his gloves. Then an unspeakable shame and horror—horror of herself, of him, of everything—came over her, and she sank into a chair at the back of the box, with averted eyes, trying to get further into her corner. "Leave me, leave me, go away!" she said, in the lowest tone that he could hear. The whole house seemed to her to be listening to her, pressing into the box.

"Leave you alone—in this place—when I love you? I can't do that—indeed I can't!"

"You don't love me—and you torture me by staying!" Laura went on, in a convulsed voice. "For God's sake go away and don't speak to me, don't let me see you or hear of you again!"

Mr. Wendover still stood there, exceedingly agitated, as well he might be, by this inconceivable scene. Unaccustomed feelings possessed him and they moved him in different directions. Her command that he should take himself off was passionate, yet he attempted to resist—to speak. How would she get home—would she see him to-morrow—would she let him wait for her outside? To this Laura only replied: "Oh dear,

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oh dear, if you would only go!" and at the same instant she sprang up, gathering her cloak around her as if to escape from him, to rush away herself. He checked this movement, however, clapping on his hat and holding the door. One moment more he looked at her—her own eyes were closed; then he exclaimed, pitifully, "Oh Miss Wing, oh Miss Wing!" and stepped out of the box.

When he had gone she collapsed into one of the chairs again, and sat there with her face buried in a fold of her mantle. For many minutes she was perfectly still—she was ashamed even to move. The one thing that could have justified her, blown away the dishonor of her monstrous overture, would have been, on his side, the quick response of unmistakable passion. It hadn't come, and she had nothing left but to loathe herself. She did so, violently, for a long time, in the dark corner of the box, and she felt that he loathed her too. "I love you!"—how pitifully the poor little perfunctory words had quavered out and how much disgust they must have represented! "Poor man—poor man!" Laura Wing suddenly found herself murmuring; compassion filled her mind at the sense of the way she had used him. At the same moment a flare of music broke out; the last act of the opera had begun and she had sprung up and quitted the box.

The passages were empty and she made her way without trouble. She descended to the vestibule; there was no one to stare at her, and her only fear was that Mr. Wendover would be there. But he was not, apparently, and she saw that she should be able to go away quickly. Selina would have taken the carriage—she could be sure of that; or if she hadn't it wouldn't have come back yet; besides it would be too long to wait there while it was called. She was in the act of asking one of the attendants, in the portico, to get her a cab, when someone hurried up to her from behind, overtaking her—a gentleman in whom, turning round, she recognized Mr. Booker. He looked almost as bewildered as Mr. Wendover, and his appearance disconcerted her almost as much as that of his friend would have done. "Oh, are you going away, alone? What must you think of me?" this young man exclaimed; and he began to tell her something about her sister and to ask her at the same time if he mightn't go with her—help her in some way. He made no inquiry about Mr. Wendover, and she afterwards judged that that distracted gentleman had sought him out and sent him to her assistance; also that he himself was at that moment watching them from behind some column. He would have been hateful if he had shown himself; yet (in this later meditation,) there was a voice in her heart which commended his delicacy. He effaced himself to look after her, and provided for her departure by proxy.

"A cab, a cab—that's all I want!" she said to Mr. Booker; and she almost pushed him out of the place with the wave of the hand with which she indicated her need. He rushed off to call one, and a minute afterwards the messenger whom she had already despatched rattled up in a hansom. She quickly got into it, and as she rolled away she saw Mr. Booker returning in all haste with another. She gave a passionate moan—this common confusion seemed to add a grotesqueness to her predicament.

[To be concluded in September.]

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EPILOGUE TO "AN INLAND VOYAGE."

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE country where they journeyed, that green, breezy valley of the Loing, is one very attractive to cheerful and solitary people. The weather was superb; all night it thundered and lightened, and the rain fell in sheets; by day, the heavens were cloudless, the sun fervent, the air vigorous and pure. They walked separate: the Cigarette plodding behind with some philosophy, the lean Arethusa posting on ahead. Thus each enjoyed his own reflections by the way; each had perhaps time to tire of them before he met his comrade at the designated inn; and the pleasures of society and solitude combined to fill the day. The Arethusa carried in his knapsack the works of Charles of Orleans, and employed some of the hours of travel in the concoction of English roundels. In this path, he must thus have preceded Mr. Lang, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Henley, and all contemporary roundeleers; but for good reasons, he will be the last to publish the result. The Cigarette walked burthened with a volume of Michelet. And both these books, it will be seen, played a part in the subsequent adventure.

The Arethusa was unwisely dressed. He is no precisian in attire; but by all accounts, he was never so ill inspired as on that tramp; having set forth indeed, upon a moment's notice, from the most unfashionable spot in Europe, Barbizon. On his head, he wore a smoking cap of Indian work, the gold lace pitifully frayed and tarnished. A flannel shirt of an agreeable dark hue, which the satirical called black; a light tweed coat, made by a good English tailor; ready-made cheap linen trousers and leathern gaiters completed his array. In person, he is exceptionally lean; and his face is not, like those of happier mortals, a certificate. For years he could not pass a frontier or visit a bank without suspicion; the police, everywhere but in his native city, looked askance upon him; and (though I am sure it will not be credited) he is actually denied admittance to the casino of Monte Carlo. If you will imagine him, dressed as above, stooping under his knapsack, walking nearly five miles an hour with the folds of the ready-made trousers fluttering about his spindle shanks, and still looking eagerly round him as if in terror of pursuit—the figure, when realized, is far from reassuring. When Villon journeyed (perhaps by the same pleasant valley) to his exile at Roussillon, I wonder if he had not something of the same appearance. Something of the same preoccupation he had beyond a doubt, for he too must have tinkered verses as he walked, with more success than his successor. And if he had anything like the same inspiring weather, the same nights of uproar, men in armor rolling and resounding down the stairs of heaven, the rain hissing on the village streets, the wild bull's-eye

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of the storm flashing all night long into the bare inn-chamber—the same sweet return of day, the same unfathomable blue of noon, the same high-colored, halcyon eves—and above all if he had anything like as good a comrade, anything like as keen a relish for what he saw, and what he ate, and the rivers that he bathed in, and the rubbish that he wrote, I would exchange estates to-day with the poor exile, and count myself a gainer.

But there was another point of similarity between the two journeys, for which the Arethusa was to pay dear: both were gone upon in days of incomplete security. It was not long after the Franco-Prussian war. Swiftly as men forget, that country-side was still alive with tales of uhlans, and outlying sentries, and hair-breadth 'scapes from the ignominious cord, and pleasant momentary friendships between invader and invaded. A year, at the most two years later, you might have tramped all that country over and not heard one anecdote. And a year or two later, you would—if you were a rather ill-looking young man in nondescript array—have gone your rounds in greater safety; for along with more interesting matter, the Prussian spy would have somewhat faded from men's imaginations.

For all that, our voyager had got beyond Château Renard before he was conscious of arousing wonder. On the road between that place and Châtillon-sur-Loing, however, he encountered a rural postman; they fell together in talk, and spoke of a variety of subjects; but through one and all, the postman was still visibly preoccupied, and his eyes were faithful to the Arethusa's knapsack. At last, with mysterious roguishness, he inquired what it contained, and on being answered, shook his head with kindly incredulity. "*Non*," said he, "*non, vous avez des portraits.*" And then with a languishing appeal, "*Voyons*, show me the portraits!" It was some little while before the Arethusa, with a shout of laughter, recognized his drift. By portraits he meant indecent photographs; and in the Arethusa, an austere and rising author, he thought to have identified a pornographic colporteur. When country folk in France have made up their minds as to a person's calling, argument is fruitless. Along all the rest of the way, the postman piped and fluted meltingly to get a sight of the collection; now he would upbraid, now he would reason—"*Voyons*, I will tell nobody;" then he tried corruption and insisted on paying for a glass of wine; and at last, when their ways separated—"*Non*," said he, "*ce n'est pas bien de votre part. O non, ce n'est pas bien.*" And shaking his head with quite a sentimental sense of injury, he departed unrefreshed.

On certain little difficulties encountered by the Arethusa at Châtillon-sur-Loing, I have not space to dwell; another Châtillon, of grislier memory, looms too near at hand. But the next day, in a certain hamlet called La Jussière, he stopped to drink a glass of syrup in a very poor, bare drinking shop. The hostess, a comely woman, suckling a child, examined the traveller with kindly and pitying eyes. "You are not of this department?" she asked. The Arethusa told her he was English. "Ah!" she said, surprised. "We have no English. We have many Italians, however, and they do very well; they do not complain of the people of hereabouts. An Englishman may do very well also; it will be something new." Here was a dark saying, over which the Arethusa pondered as he drank his grenadine; but when he rose and asked what was to pay, the light came upon him in a flash. "*O, pour vous*," replied the landlady—"a half-penny!" *Pour vous?* By heaven, she took him for a beggar! He paid his half-penny, feeling it were ungracious to correct her. But when he was forth again upon the road, he became vexed in spirit. The conscience is no gentleman, he is a rabbinical fellow; and his conscience told him he had stolen the syrup.

That night the travellers slept in Gien; the next day they passed the river and set forth (severally, as their custom was) on a short stage through the green plain upon the Berry side, to Châtillon-sur-Loire. It was the first day of the shooting; and the air rang with the report of firearms and the admiring cries of sportsmen. Overhead the birds were in consternation, wheel-

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ing in clouds, settling and re-arising. And yet with all this bustle on either hand, the road itself lay solitary. The Arethusa smoked a pipe beside a milestone, and I remember he laid down very exactly all he was to do at Châtillon: how he was to enjoy a cold plunge, to change his shirt, and to await the Cigarette's arrival, in sublime inaction, by the margin of the Loire. Fired by these ideas, he pushed the more rapidly forward, and came, early in the afternoon and in a breathing heat, to the entering-in of that ill-fated town. Childe Roland to the dark tower came.

A polite gendarme threw his shadow on the path.

"*Monsieur est voyageur?*" he asked.

And the Arethusa, strong in his innocence, forgetful of his vile attire, replied —I had almost said with gayety: "So it would appear."

"His papers are in order?" said the gendarme. And when the Arethusa, with a slight change of voice, admitted he had none, he was informed (politely enough) that he must appear before the Commissary.

The Commissary sat at a table in his bedroom, stripped to the shirt and trousers, but still copiously perspiring; and when he turned upon the prisoner a large meaningless countenance, that was (like Bardolph's) "all whelks and bubuckles," the dullest might have been prepared for grief. Here was a stupid man, sleepy with the heat and fretful at the interruption, whom neither appeal nor argument could reach.

The Commissary. You have no papers?

The Arethusa. Not here.

The Commissary. Why?

The Arethusa. I have left them behind in my valise.

The Commissary. You know, however, that it is forbidden to circulate without papers?

The Arethusa. Pardon me: I am convinced of the contrary. I am here on my rights as an English subject by international treaty.

The Commissary (*with scorn*). You call yourself an Englishman?

The Arethusa. I do.

The Commissary. Humph.— What is your trade?

The Arethusa. I am a Scotch Advocate.

The Commissary (*with singular annoyance*). A Scotch advocate! Do you then pretend to support yourself by that in this department?

The Arethusa modestly disclaimed the pretension. The Commissary had scored a point.

The Commissary. Why, then, do you travel?

The Arethusa. I travel for pleasure.

The Commissary (*pointing to the knapsack, and with sublime incredulity*). *Avec ça? Voyez-vous, je suis un homme intelligent!* (With that? Look here, I am a person of intelligence!)

The culprit remaining silent under this home thrust, the Commissary relished his triumph for a while, and then demanded (like the postman, but with what different expectations!) to see the contents of the knapsack. And here the Arethusa, not yet sufficiently awake to his position, fell into a grave mistake. There was little or no furniture in the room except the commissary's chair and table; and to facilitate matters, the Arethusa (with all the innocence on earth) leant the knapsack on a corner of the bed. The Commissary fairly bounded from his seat; his face and neck flushed past purple, almost into blue; and he screamed to lay the desecrating object on the floor.

The knapsack proved to contain a change of shirts, of shoes, of socks and of linen trousers, a small dressing-case, a piece of soap in one of the shoes, two volumes of the *Collection Jannet* lettered *Poésies de Charles d'Orléans*, a map, and a version book containing divers notes in prose and the remarkable English roundels of the voyager, still to this day unpublished: The Commissary of Châtillon is the only living man who has clapped an eye on these artistic trifles. He turned the assortment over with a contumelious finger; it was plain from his daintiness that he regarded the Arethusa and all his belongings as the very temple of infection. Still there was nothing suspicious but the map, nothing really criminal except the roundels; as for Charles of Orleans, to the ignorant mind of the prisoner, he seemed as good as a certificate; and

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it was supposed the farce was nearly over.

The inquisitor resumed his seat.

THE COMMISSARY (*after a pause*). *Eh bien, je vais vous dire ce que vous êtes. Vous êtes allemand et vous venez chanter à la foire.* (Well, then, I will tell you what you are. You are a German and have come to sing at the fair.)

THE ARETHUSA. Would you like to hear me sing? I believe I could convince you of the contrary.

THE COMMISSARY. *Pas de plaisanterie, monsieur!*

THE ARETHUSA. Well, sir, oblige me at least by looking at this book. Here, I open it with my eyes shut. Read one of these songs—read this one—and tell me, you who are a man of intelligence, if it would be possible to sing it at a fair?

THE COMMISSARY (*critically*). *Mais oui. Très bien.*

THE ARETHUSA. *Comment, monsieur!* What! But do you not observe it is antique. It is difficult to understand, even for you and me; but for the audience at a fair, it would be meaningless.

THE COMMISSARY (*taking a pen*). *Enfin, il faut en finir.* What is your name?

THE ARETHUSA (*speaking with the swallowing vivacity of the English*). Robert-Louis-Stev'ns'n.

THE COMMISSARY (*aghast*). *Hé! Quoi?*

THE ARETHUSA (*perceiving and improving his advantage*). Rob'rt-Lou's-Stev'n-s'n.

THE COMMISSARY (*after several conflicts with his pen*). *Eh bien, il faut se passer du nom. Ça ne s'écrit pas.* (Well, we must do without the name: it is unspellable.)

The above is a rough summary of this momentous conversation, in which I have been chiefly careful to preserve the plums of the Commissary; but the remainder of the scene, perhaps because of his rising anger, has left but little definite in the memory of the Arethusa. The Commissary was not, I think, a practised literary man; no sooner, at least, had he taken pen in hand and embarked on the composition of the *procès-verbal*, than he became distinctly more uncivil and began to show a predilection for that simplest of all forms of repartee: "You lie!" Several times the Arethusa let it pass, and then suddenly flared up, refused to accept more insults or to answer further questions, defied the Commissary to do his worst and promised him, if he did, that he should bitterly repent it. Perhaps if he had worn this proud front from the first, instead of beginning with a sense of entertainment and then going on to argue, the thing might have turned otherwise; for even at this eleventh hour, the Commissary was visibly staggered. But it was too late; he had been challenged; the *procès-verbal* was begun; and he again squared his elbows over his writing, and the Arethusa was led forth a prisoner.

A step or two down the hot road stood the gendarmerie. Thither was our unfortunate conducted, and there he was bidden to empty forth the contents of his pockets. A handkerchief, a pen, a pencil, a pipe and tobacco, matches, and some ten francs of change: that was all. Not a file, not a cipher, not a scrap of writing whether to identify or to condemn. The very gendarme was appalled before such destitution.

"I regret," he said, "that I arrested you, for I see that you are no *voyou*." And he promised him every indulgence.

The Arethusa, thus encouraged, asked for his pipe. That he was told was impossible, but if he chewed, he might have some tobacco. He did not chew, however, and asked instead to have his handkerchief.

"*Non*," said the gendarme. "*Nous avons eu des histoires de gens qui se sont pendus.*" (No, we have had histories of people who hanged themselves.)

"What!" cried the Arethusa. "And is it for that you refuse me my handkerchief? But see how much more easily I could hang myself in my trousers!"

The man was struck by the novelty of the idea; but he stuck to his colors, and only continued to repeat vague offers of service.

"At least," said the Arethusa, "be sure that you arrest my comrade; he will follow me ere long on the same road, and you can tell him by the sack upon his shoulders."

This promised, the prisoner was led round into the back court of the building, a cellar door was opened, he was motioned down the stair, and bolts grated and chains clanged behind his descending person.

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The philosophic and still more the imaginative mind is apt to suppose itself prepared for any mortal accident. Prison, among other ills, was one that had been often faced by the undaunted Arethusa. Even as he went down the stairs, he was telling himself that here was a famous occasion for a roundel, and that like the committed linnets of the tuneful cavalier, he too would make his prison musical. I will tell the truth at once: the roundel was never written, or it should be printed in this place, to raise a smile. Two reasons interfered: the first moral, the second physical.

It is one of the curiosities of human nature, that although all men are liars, they can none of them bear to be told so of themselves. To get and take the lie with equanimity is a stretch beyond the stoic; and the Arethusa, who had been surfeited upon that insult, was blazing inwardly with a white heat of smothered wrath. But the physical also had its part. The cellar in which he was confined was some feet underground, and it was only lighted by an unglazed, narrow aperture high up in the wall and smothered in the leaves of a green vine. The walls were of naked masonry, the floor of bare earth; by way of furniture there was an earthenware basin, a water jug, and a wooden bedstead with a blue-gray cloak for bedding. To be taken from the hot air of a summer's afternoon, the reverberation of the road and the stir of rapid exercise, and plunged into the gloom and damp of this receptacle for vagabonds, struck an instant chill upon the Arethusa's blood. Now see in how small a matter a hardship may consist: the floor was exceedingly uneven underfoot, with the very spade-marks, I suppose, of the laborers who dug the foundations of the barrack; and what with the poor twilight and the irregular surface, walking was impossible. The caged author resisted for a good while; but the chill of the place struck deeper and deeper; and at length, with such reluctance as you may fancy, he was driven to climb upon the bed and wrap himself in the public covering. There, then, he lay upon the verge of shivering, plunged in semi-darkness, wound in a garment whose touch he dreaded like the plague, and (in a spirit far removed from resignation) telling the roll of the insults he had just received. These are not circumstances favorable to the muse.

Meantime (to look at the upper surface where the sun was still shining and the guns of sportsmen were still noisy through the tufted plain) the Cigarette was drawing near at his more philosophic pace. In those days of liberty and health he was the constant partner of the Arethusa, and had ample opportunity to share in that gentleman's disfavor with the police. Many a bitter bowl had he partaken of with that disastrous comrade. He was himself a man born to float easily through life, his face and manner artfully recommending him to all. There was but one suspicious circumstance he could not carry off, and that was his companion. He will not readily forget the Commissary in what is ironically called the free town of Frankfort-on-the-Main; nor the Franco-Belgian frontier; nor the inn at La Fère; last, but not least, he is pretty certain to remember Châtillon-sur-Loire.

At the town entry, the gendarme culled him like a wayside flower; and a moment later, two persons, in a high state of surprise, were confronted in the Commissary's office. For if the Cigarette was surprised to be arrested, the Commissary was no less taken aback by the appearance and appointments of his captive. Here was a man about whom there could be no mistake: a man of an unquestionable and unassailable manner, in apple-pie order, dressed not with neatness merely but elegance, ready with his passport, at a word, and well supplied with money: a man the Commissary would have doffed his hat to on chance upon the highway; and this *beau cavalier* unblushingly claimed the Arethusa for his comrade! The conclusion of the interview was foregone; of its humors, I remember only one. "Baronet?" demanded the magistrate, glancing up from the passport. "*Alors, monsieur, vous êtes le fils d'un baron?*" And when the Cigarette (his one mistake throughout the interview) denied the soft impeachment, "*Alors,*" from the Commissary, "*ce n'est pas votre passeport!*" But these were ineffectual thunders; he never dreamed

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of laying hands upon the Cigarette; presently he fell into a mood of unrestrained admiration, gloating over the contents of the knapsack, commending our friend's tailor. Ah, what an honored guest was the Commissary entertaining! what suitable clothes he wore for the warm weather! what beautiful maps, what an attractive work of history, he carried in his knapsack! You are to understand there was now but one point of difference between them: what was to be done with the Arethusa? the Cigarette demanding his release, the Commissary still claiming him as the dungeon's own. Now it chanced that the Cigarette had passed some years of his life in Egypt, where he had made acquaintance with two very bad things, cholera morbus and pashas; and in the eye of the Commissary, as he fingered the volume of Michelet, it seemed to our traveller there was something Turkish. I pass over this lightly; it is highly possible there was some misunderstanding, highly possible that the Commissary (charmed with his visitor) supposed the attraction to be mutual and took for an act of growing friendship what the Cigarette himself regarded as a bribe. And at any rate, was there ever a bribe more singular than an odd volume of Michelet's history? The work was promised him for the morrow, before our departure; and presently after, either because he had his price, or to show that he was not the man to be behind in friendly offices—"*Eh bien,*" he said, "*je suppose qu'il faut lâcher votre camarade.*" And he tore up that feast of humor, the unfinished *procès-verbal.* Ah, if he had only torn up instead the Arethusa's roundels! There were many works burnt at Alexandria, there are many treasured in the British Museum, that I could better spare than the *procès-verbal* of Châtillon. Poor bubuckled Commissary! I begin to be sorry that he never had his Michelet: perceiving in him fine human traits, a broad-based stupidity, a gusto in his magisterial functions, a taste for letters, a ready admiration for the admirable. And if he did not admire the Arethusa, he was not alone in that.

To the imprisoned one, shivering under the public covering, there came suddenly a noise of bolts and chains. He sprang to his feet, ready to welcome a companion in calamity; and instead of that, the door was flung wide, the friendly gendarme appeared above in the strong daylight, and with a magnificent gesture (being probably a student of the drama)—"*Vous êtes libre!*" he said. None too soon for the Arethusa. I doubt if he had been half an hour imprisoned; but by the watch in a man's brain (which was the only watch he carried) he should have been eight times longer; and he passed forth with ecstasy up the cellar stairs into the healing warmth of the afternoon sun; and the breath of the earth came as sweet as a cow's into his nostril; and he heard again (and could have laughed for pleasure) the concord of delicate noises that we call the hum of life.

And here it might be thought my history ended; but not so, this was an act-drop and not the curtain. Upon what followed in front of the barrack, since there was a lady in the case, I scruple to expatiate. The wife of the Maréchal-des-logis was a handsome woman, and yet the Arethusa was not sorry to be gone from her society. Something of her image, cool as a peach on that hot afternoon, still lingers in his memory: yet more of her conversation. "You have there a very fine parlor," said the poor gentleman.—"Ah," said Madame la Maréchale (des-logis), "you are very well acquainted with such parlors!" And you should have seen with what a hard and scornful eye she measured the vagabond before her! I do not think he ever hated the Commissary; but before that interview was at an end, he hated Madame la Maréchale. His passion (as I am led to understand by one who was present) stood confessed in a burning eye, a pale cheek and a trembling utterance; Madame meanwhile tasting the joys of the matador, goading him with barbed words and staring him coldly down.

It was certainly good to be away from this lady, and better still to sit down to an excellent dinner in the inn. Here, too, the despised travellers scraped acquaintance with their next neighbor, a gentleman of these parts, returned from the day's sport, who had the good taste

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to find pleasure in their society. The dinner at an end, the gentleman proposed the acquaintance should be ripened in the café.

The café was crowded with sportsmen, conclamantly explaining to each other and the world the smallness of their bags. About the centre of the room, the Cigarette and the Arethusa sat with their new acquaintance; a trio very well pleased, for the travellers (after their late experience) were greedy of consideration, and their sportsman rejoiced in a pair of patient listeners. Suddenly the glass door flew open with a crash; the Maréchal-des-logis appeared in the interval, gorgeously belted and befrogged, entered without salutation, strode up the room with a clang of spurs and weapons, and disappeared through a door at the far end. Close at his heels followed the Arethusa's gendarme of the afternoon, imitating, with a nice shade of difference, the imperial bearing of his chief; only, as he passed, he struck lightly with his open hand on the shoulder of his late captive, and with that ringing, dramatic utterance of which he had the secret—"*Suivez!*" said he.

The arrest of the members, the oath of the Tennis Court, the signing of the declaration of independence, Mark Antony's oration, all the brave scenes of history, I conceive as having been not unlike that evening in the café at Châtillon. Terror breathed upon the assembly. A moment later, when the Arethusa had followed his recaptors into the further part of the house, the Cigarette found himself alone with his coffee in a ring of empty chairs and tables, all the lusty sportsmen huddled into corners, all their clamorous voices hushed in whispering, all their eyes shooting at him furtively as at a leper.

And the Arethusa? Well, he had a long, sometimes a trying, interview in the back kitchen. The Maréchal-des-logis, who was a very handsome man, and I believe both intelligent and honest, had no clear opinion on the case. He thought the Commissary had done wrong, but he did not wish to get his subordinates into trouble; and he proposed this, that, and the other, to all of which the Arethusa (with a growing sense of his position) demurred.

"In short," suggested the Arethusa, "you want to wash your hands of further responsibility? Well, then, let me go to Paris."

The Maréchal-des-logis looked at his watch.

"You may leave," said he, "by the ten o'clock train for Paris."

And at noon the next day the travellers were telling their misadventure in the dining-room at Siron's.

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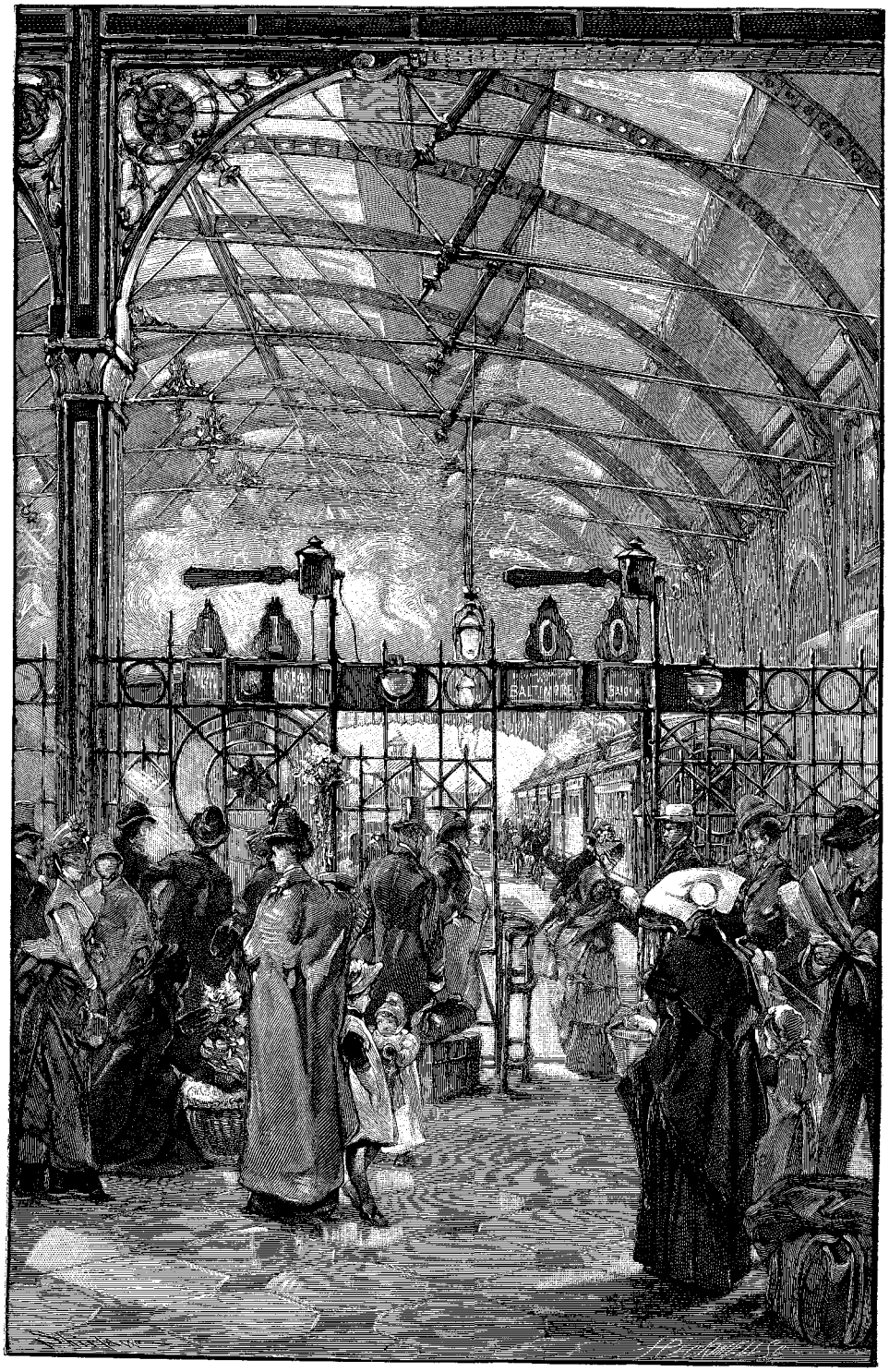

"SHOW YOUR TICKETS!"

(Passenger Station, Philadelphia.)

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